PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MA

DECEMBER 1984 $4.00

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

PET OF THE YEAR

THE INCREDIBLE SEX LIFE OF BILLY IDOL

THE 30-HOUR ERECTION: A SCIENTIFIC FACT

A MOB INFORMER EXPOSES THE MAFIA'S DEADLIEST THREAT

REMEMBER THE PLOT TO KILL THE POPE? GUESS WHO WAS BEHIND IT

R

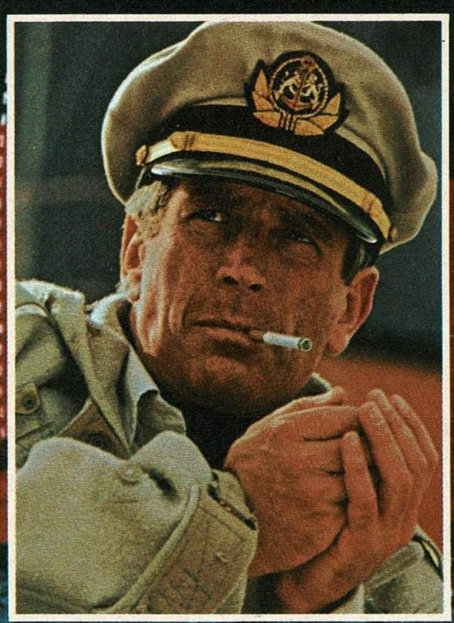
NEW SOUTH WALES NOT AVAILABLE TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS

Austria AS 135.00
Finland FIM 38.50
France FF 23.00
Germany DM 20.00
Greece DRS 850
Italy LRS 12,000

02242 12
0 778848

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84
A world of flavor in a

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984



low tar. MERIT

Low Tar-'Enriched Flavor'™

PENTHOUSE®

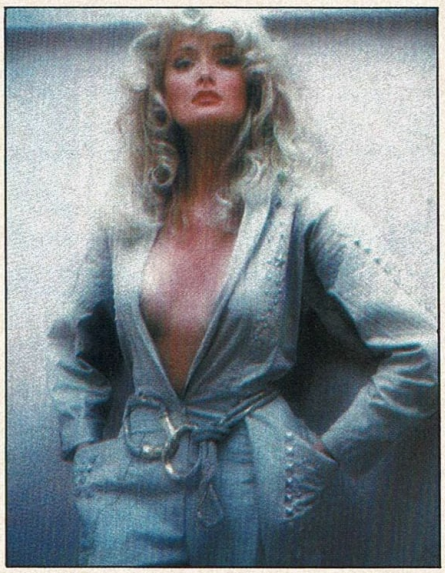
The International Magazine for Men/December 1984 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
WOMEN'S FORUM	Correspondence		26
PET FORUM	Correspondence		34
FEEDBACK	Opinion		38
FITNESS	Service	Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	40
POWER GAME	Service	Michael Korda	42
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	45
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	57
FOOD & WINE		Alexis Bespaloff	58
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	60
VIDEO		Robert Love	62
X-RATED VIDEO		Al Goldstein	64
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	66
COMPUTERS		J. Max Robins	68
WORDS		Marilyn Stasio	70
MAFIA WASTELAND	Article	Harold Kaufman, with Herb Jaffe	72
CAROL AND LYNN	Pictorial	Photos by J. Stephen Hicks	76
IDOL WORSHIP	Profile	Joseph Olshan	86
CLAIRE STERLING	Interview	Peter Manso	90
ANGELA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Carl Wachter	95
GRAY MARKET—A HOLIDAY WARNING	Essay	Harold L. Center	114
SAKURA	Pictorial	Photos by Akira Ishigaki	118
THE THIRTY-HOUR ERECTION	Article	Kevin Sanders	128
LINDA	Pet of the Year	Photos by Bob Guccione	131
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	146
PET OF THE YEAR GIFTS	Article		148
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	154
SWALLOW	Fiction	D. M. Thomas	156
HARD TIMES	Humor		163
DO YOU LOVE TO SAY "GOOD-BYE"?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	166
AN XMAS ROAST	Humor	Steve Attoe	171
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris	176
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	202

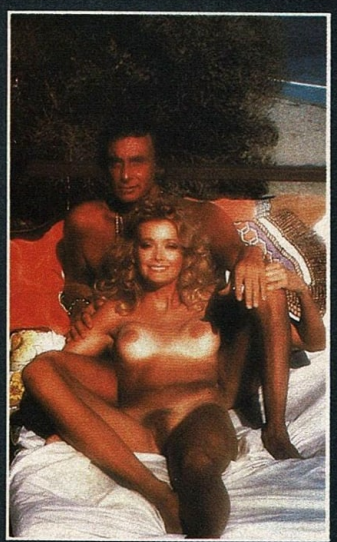


This month's cover features Pet of the Year Linda Kenton who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. Linda also appears on page 131. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 221.

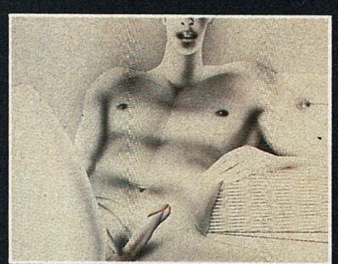
PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020), U.S. Volume 16, Number 4. © Copyright 1984 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to Penthouse Magazine, 80 Newbridge Road, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. Tel: 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to Penthouse Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication and republication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$30 one year; Canada—$40 one year; and elsewhere—$40.00 one year. Single copies $3 in U.S. and AFO ($3.50 December and January issues), $3.50 in Canada.
Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

"Cuervo 1800! What did I do to deserve it?"
"Santa never tells."
IMPORTED
Tequila
Cuervo
1800
Product of Mexico
80 PROOF • 750ml
IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY HEUBLEIN, INC.
HARTFORD, CT. • MENLO PARK, CA
Cuervo 1800 Tequila.
It takes a special occasion. Or makes one.
Send a gift of Cuervo 1800 Tequila anywhere in the continental U.S. Call toll free: 1-800-367-5683.
Void where prohibited by law.
CUERVO 1800 TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1984 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

HOUSECALL



PET OF THE YEAR
It's official! The votes are all in and tabulated and we're proud to announce that lovely Linda Kenton is *Penthouse*'s 1984 Pet of the Year. Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione, in keeping with one of the magazine's more self-serving traditions, took a moment to pose with Linda in a celebratory snapshot before photographing her for this issue's special pictorial (another celebrated tradition). Linda herself, who first appeared in these pages in the May 1983 issue, was naturally delighted when Bob broke the good news to her . . . a delight that is magically enhanced when she receives over a quarter of a million dollars in luxurious gifts and prizes, an auspicious beginning to an inevitable year-long reign of glory.



CAN YOU BELIEVE—A 30-HOUR ERECTION?
Neither could we! But, journalist Kevin Sanders in an exclusive *Penthouse* article reports that a new scientific breakthrough has the potential to cure impotence and provoke erections lasting up to 30 hours. Sanders discusses this as well as other recent medical breakthroughs that may to lead to the possible creation of sexual supermen. . . . And not to be outdone, Billy Idol, punk rock's greatest star, has also become rock and roll's biggest and busiest sex symbol. Writer Joseph Olshan spent several days watching Billy performing and fighting off (or *not* fighting off) the galloping groupies. If you could only say one thing about Billy, he found out, it wouldn't be that he's shy or retiring. "I don't think there's any such thing as sexual failure," Billy told him. "One night it's great having a wank, one night it's great screwing some bird, one night it's great getting a blowjob. What's the big problem?" What, indeed?

RADIOACTIVE GODFATHERS
It may be the Mafia's deadliest threat, but it's one that is hardly ever talked about. In "Mafia Wasteland," onetime mob associate Harold Kaufman discusses his firsthand knowledge of the Mafia's control of toxic waste disposal. Kaufman, who is now living under an assumed identity after putting several of his former colleagues behind bars, explains how this is "not just some victimless crime, such as prostitution, bootlegged alcohol, or illegal gambling . . . it is the murder of potentially millions of innocent men, women, and children."

WHO SHOT THE POPE?
The attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II should have been one of the biggest stories in the world. Yet, strangely, hardly any news organization seemed interested in finding out if there had been any connection between the Soviet Union and the terrible events in St. Peter's Square. Our interview this month is with the one exception to this strange silence—Claire Sterling, a determined, middle-aged, American foreign correspondent in Rome who kept on the story until she finally unearthed a direct link between the assassin and the Bulgarians (and therefore the Russians!).

CHRISTMAS TREATS
We also have lots of humor to enliven this holiday season, starting with artist Steve Attoe's "Xmas Roast," an outrageous Yuletide satire that could set Christmas, as well as cartooning, back a hundred years. . . . And in "Swallow," the prestigious novelist D. M. Thomas, whose *White Hotel* made publishing history a few years ago, presents a terrifyingly hilarious account of a madcap afternoon in the Oval Office of a thinly disguised aging president. . . . Our special holiday Pets however are not disguised at all, and will, we hope, make this a joyous season to be loved and remembered always. Merry Christmas, everyone!

ULTRX

MOST PEOPLE WOULD CALL IT OVERKILL.

The new ULTRX™ R100 receiver isn't for everybody.

You don't really need 100 watts per channel* of virtually distortion-less power. Unless you like listening to today's ultra-high quality recordings at "live concert" sound levels.

And a remote-controlled digital tuner with 20-station memory is probably more than enough—unless you're a dedicated FM listener with wide-ranging tastes.

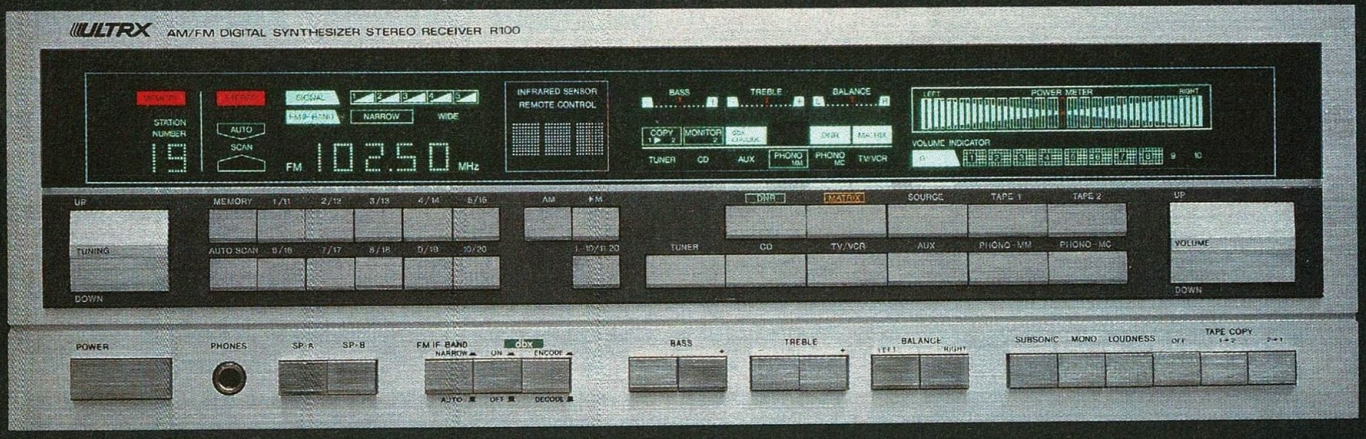
Likewise, most people could get along without the built-in dbx and DNR noise reduction systems. Except those few who've become spoiled by the almost eerie absence of noise in CD digital recordings. With the dbx, any cassette deck can make virtually noise-free recordings, while the DNR "cleans up" existing noisy signals.

Unless you're a nut about *video* sound quality, too, you won't have much use for the TV/VCR inputs and stereo synthesizer circuit.

The R100 is packed with features that are best appreciated by an audio perfectionist. It may be the best-equipped receiver ever built.

Get an ULTRX dealer to put an R100 (or one of our other new receivers) through its paces for you.

Some people might call it overkill. But you'll call it overwhelming.



Beyond the Ordinary.

*Minimum Continuous Average Power per channel, both channels driven into 8 ohms, from 20-20,000Hz, with no more than 0.009% Total Harmonic Distortion. dbx is trademark of dbx, Inc.

© 1984 ULTRX 1200 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

Overwhelm Your

With a gift of early radar warning, elegant design,

The perfect gift is more than a surprise; it hits the mark. If there's a driver on your list, you can give ESCORT or PASSPORT with absolute confidence. Here's why:

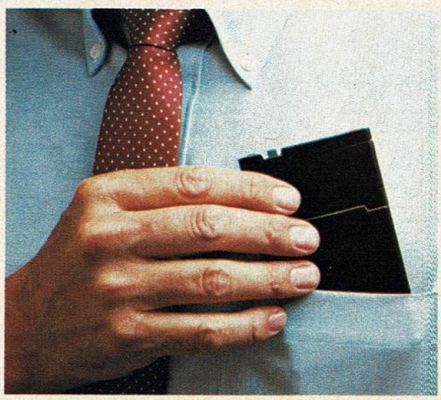
Head Of The Class

Car and Driver magazine rated ESCORT number one in its most recent test, calling it "...**clearly the leader in value, customer service and performance...**"

In fact, in the six years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. And the experts agree.

New Partner

PASSPORT is brand new. For the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, it provides ESCORT performance and features in a convenient miniaturized package. You can carry it in your pocket like, well, a passport. The magazine experts haven't tried it yet, but we think they'll have to search as hard for the superlatives to describe it as we did for the technology to make it. The SMD (Surface Mounted Device) circuitry that made PASSPORT possible is simply light years ahead.



PASSPORT fits comfortably in a shirt pocket.

First Class Performance

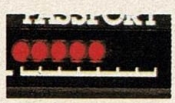
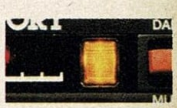
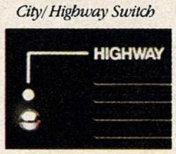
When radar is out there, the superheterodyne circuitry in ESCORT and PASSPORT will find it: over hills, around curves, hidden in the bushes, anywhere. But that's just half the story.

Just as important is the unique way they give you a full, easily understood report on the radar they find. ESCORT has led the way with its variable pulse audio warning, analog meter and amber alert lamp. These all work together to give you a precise indication of radar type and range. In PASSPORT, a bar graph of eight Hewlett-Packard LEDs replaces the meter. This allows the same thorough radar report in a pocket-size package.

Attention To Detail

The main point of a radar warning device is performance, but the perfect gift brings something more: pride of ownership. Both ESCORT and PASSPORT are finely-crafted instruments that look right at home in a Porsche, Mercedes, or any car.

Both have precision aluminum housings of just the right heft, finished in glare-resistant black. Each has a volume control as silky as that of a fine stereo. Each has a power-on indicator and a switch to choose between city and highway operation. They even have photoelectric sensors to adjust brightness to the light level of the car's interior. PASSPORT adds an

	Volume Control	*Signal Strength Meter*	*City/ Highway Switch*	*Alert Lamp*
PASSPORT				
ESCORT				

Tune in "Talkback with Jerry Galvin." America's new weekly call-in comedy talk show. Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.

© 1984 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

Favorite Driver

and precise craftsmanship–from an exclusive source

PASSPORT is only ¾" tall and 2¾" wide.

audio muting switch to temporarily defeat the audio during long radar encounters.

But all this sophistication doesn't make them hard to use. Just install on dash top or clip to the sunvisor, and plug into your lighter. Our precision electronics take over from there.

Apart From The Crowd

We've always felt that users of precision electronics are entitled to deal with experts. That's why we sell direct from our factory only. There are no middlemen. When it comes to customer satisfaction, we take full responsibility.

And while our system of factory-direct sales was not designed specifically for gift givers, it does offer some rather special benefits. For example, you needn't worry about buying a discontinued model still in a store's stock. Your gift will never be seen marked down in the discount chains. More importantly, giving either ESCORT or PASSPORT shows you were concerned enough about quality to track down the only source. And there's one more advantage.

Easy Shopping

ESCORT and PASSPORT let you do your Christmas shopping by phone and avoid the retail hassle. No searching for parking. No standing in lines. We're only a toll-free call and a parcel delivery away.

Most important of all, ESCORT and PASSPORT are guaranteed to please. Holidays or anytime, take the first thirty days as a trial. If you're not absolutely satisfied, return your purchase and we'll promptly refund your money and your mailing costs. We also back ESCORT and PASSPORT with a full one-year limited warranty.

ESCORT and PASSPORT come complete with accessories.

Car and Driver called us the "class act" in radar detection. So order now, and let ESCORT or PASSPORT overwhelm your favorite driver.

Order Today

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order, (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

TOLL FREE 800-543-1608
IN OHIO 800-582-2696
(Phone M-F 8-8, Sat 9-5:30 EST)

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many PASSPORTs and ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard. (Personal or company checks require 18 days processing.)

PASSPORT
RADAR·RECEIVER

PASSPORT $295 ($16.23 tax in OH)
(Available November 1, 1984)
Pocket-Size Radar Protection

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

ESCORT $245 ($13.48 tax in OH)
The Classic of Radar Warning

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-005
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

"When she finished sucking me dry, she searched for that errant drop of come, licked it off my cheek, and whispered, "You're the best!"

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

THE HUMAN PLOUGH

I am a 28-year-old computer program analyst and I live with my 26-year-old fiancée. Loni is a middle-school teacher. We both read "Forum" and would like to share a recent experience with you.

Both of us are very much into running and working out, and we have developed very hard, supple bodies. Loni is five feet six inches tall and has a perfect 35-22-35 figure, with the most beautiful, firm ass I've ever seen. She is very flexible and stretches her muscles extensively before running.

One night this spring, Loni was in a yoga position called the "Human Plough," which stretches the back muscles. To get into this position, she lies on her back, then brings her feet and legs up over her head, and touches her feet to the floor about one foot behind her head. (This position is seen frequently on TV workout shows.)

On this particular occasion, Loni was wearing only her bikini bottoms. I noticed that her perfectly round tits nestled sweetly against her chin, and her beautiful pussy was outlined by her bikini bottoms, only about five inches above her face. I was struck by an immediate desire to spread her legs and savor her pussy.

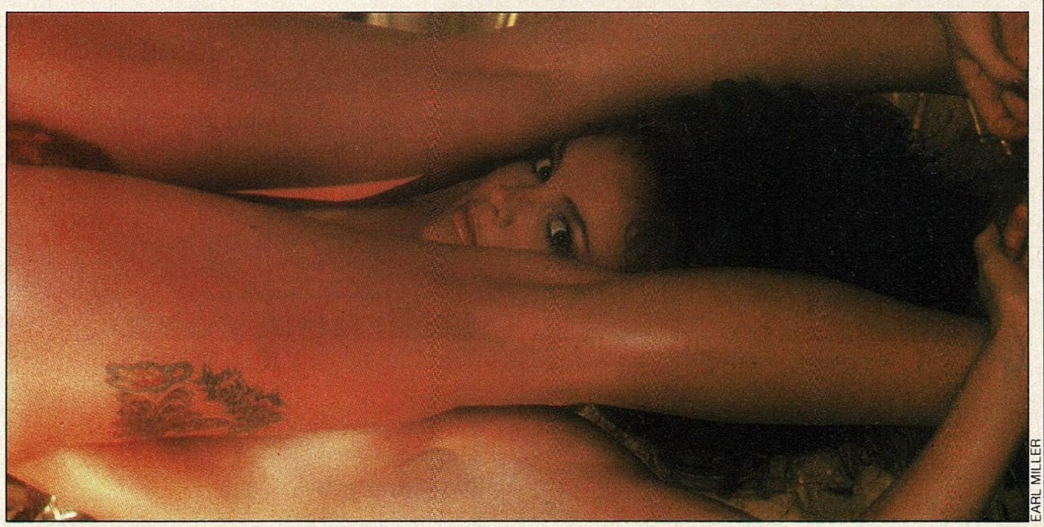
As I pulled aside the thin strip of cloth covering her cunt, she was somewhat surprised but she didn't stop me. I sucked her clit and pussy lips and probed her ass hole with my tongue. Loni was incredibly aroused to watch me suck her thick, swollen clit just inches above her face. Both of us enjoyed the fine smell of her pussy. She almost came immediately but pushed my face away. She had another idea. She reached behind her head, where my cock was bobbing in the air, and simply said, "Fuck me."

Since I was kneeling, I was able to move forward a bit, and placing one knee on either side of her head, I slipped my cock into her hot pussy. As I started to fuck her in this position my shaft bent downward and my long heavy balls dragged across her face. She licked them slick, then alternately licked my ass hole, balls, and her own nipples, while I slipped in and out of her juicy cunt and circled the rim of her ass hole with my wet finger. This was more than I could possibly stand, and I quickly shot an enormous load of come into her.

My wad was far more than her tight pussy could hold, and it oozed out around my shaft and onto her neck. Loni struggled slightly and I pulled out of her so she could catch dollops of our pussy juice-come in her mouth and on her cheeks. Finally I knelt over her face and let my swollen cock hang into her luscious mouth while she sucked off the remaining juice.

Of course this immediately brought on another raging hard-on, and I was ready for an instant replay. Loni, however, had another idea. She rolled me onto my back and told me to get into the same position she had been in. If I were as flexible, I probably could have sucked the last two inches of my dick, but, as it was, it dangled just out of reach. Loni started stroking my shaft, and, just as a small drop of come from my last orgasm threatened to drop onto my face, she pulled my organ to her mouth and quickly caught the droplet with the tip of her tongue. Then very slowly she started to suck my cock, just inches above my face. I could see her slick lips pass over every vein of my swollen cock. Her cheeks bulged as she sloshed my head around in her mouth, and some of her spit slipped out of the corner of her incredible mouth and into my hair.

Loni licked my shaft down to my balls then ran her tongue firmly around the rim of my ass hole, while her fine tits waved in my face and jostled my swollen cock. I was almost afraid I would shoot off in my own face while she rimmed my ass! Before it was too late, however, she returned to my dick and took its swollen purple head into her hungry mouth. Seeing my head slip, then plunge, through her lips made me hot. When Loni gently slipped one finger into my ass, she brought me over the brink. Her mouth was only about eight inches from my face as I watched my shaft pulsate and pump come into her mouth. She swallowed it all,



EARL MILLER

PENTHOUSE FORUM in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

"It's made by who?!"

Most people aren't aware that Magnavox makes anything as technologically advanced as the Total Audio Component System. Yet it's one of the most sophisticated, complete music systems ever assembled. It's even equipped with total remote control.

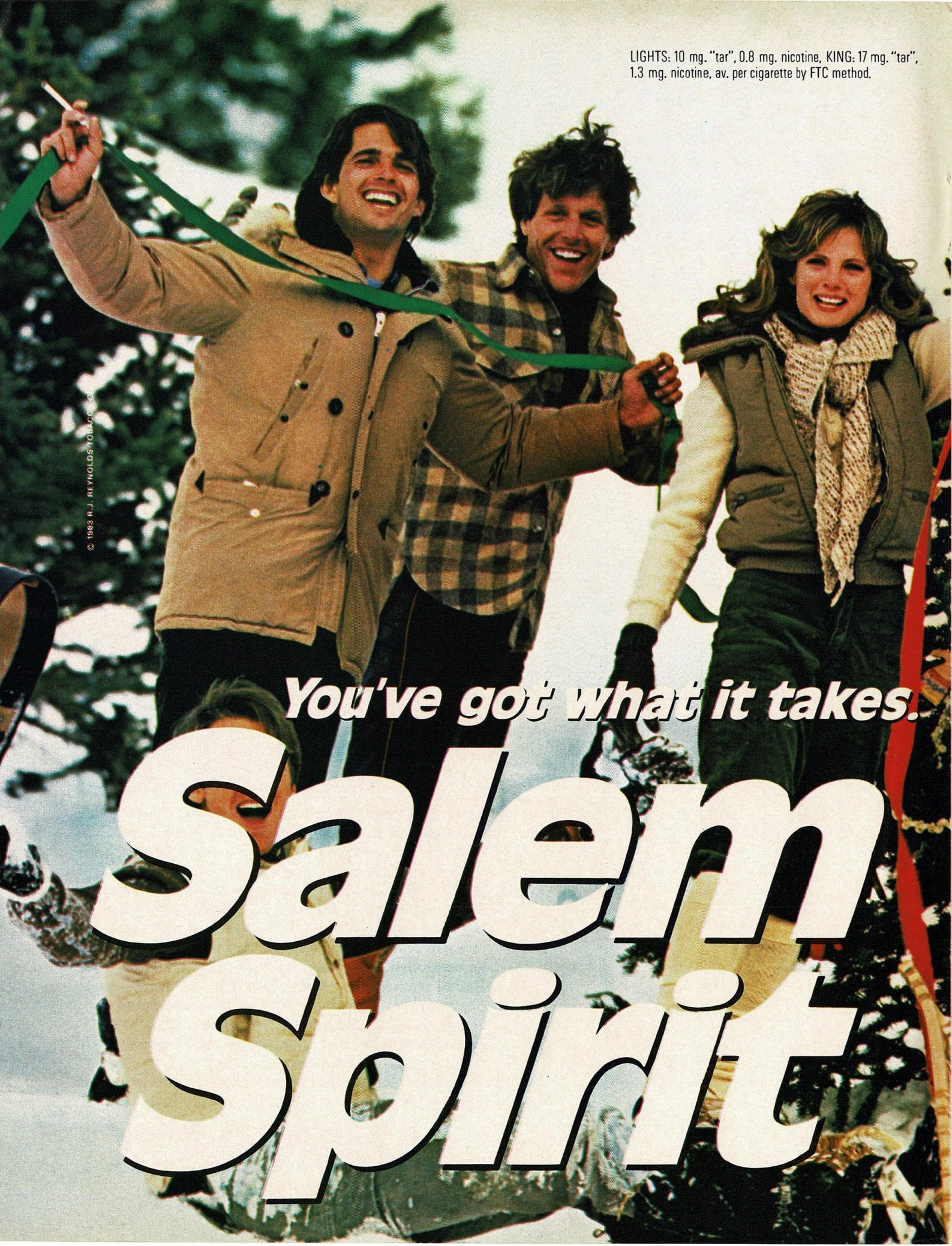
Here's how these exquisite components stack up: *Compact Disc.* From a recording sealed in an almost indestructible 5″ disc, a laser beam transmits the purest, most accurate sound ever. Music takes on the emotional intensity of a live performance. *Turntable.* Microcomputer controlled, fully automatic with linear tracking. *Tuner.* Digital synthesized with 8AM and 8FM random pre-sets. *Cassette Tape Deck.* Full record, playback and auto reverse. *Amplifier.* 100 watts per channel at .05% THD, 20Hz-20kHz at 8 ohms. *Speakers.* Two 12″ woofers, two 5″ mid range, two 3″ tweeters.

Now that you know us better, maybe next time you see a Magnavox, instead of saying "who?" you'll say "hello."

MAGNAVOX

America's best kept secret.

© NAP Consumer Electronics Corp.


LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO
You've got What it takes.
Salem Spirit

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
Salem
20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
SMOOTH AND REFRESH
Salem
20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
LIGHTS
REFRESHING

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione *(chairman)*
Kathy Keeton *(vice-chairman)*
David J. Myerson *(chief operating officer)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Senior Editors:* Kathryn Green, Robert Hofler, Lynn Kearcher; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Special Features Editor:* Allan Sonnenschein; *Associate Editor (research):* Karen Schwarz; *Asst. Editor:* Mark Jacobson; *Copy Associate:* Cyn. Zarco; *Rights and Permissions Editor:* B.C. Lefrak; *Editorial Assistants:* Mari Ann Fortuna, Shaina Hilsenrath, Karen McClatchey; *Contributing Editors:* Al Goldstein, Roger Greenspun, Heidi Handman, Xaviera Hollander, Katharine Lowry, Scot Morris (games), Robert Palmer, Emily Prager, Sidney Siller (men's rights), Bob Spitz, Marilyn Stasio, Ben Stein, Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; *West Coast Editor:* Tony Biggs

ART

VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Director, Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assistant Art Director:* Pablo Rodriguez; *Designer:* Susan Wilder; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill; *Associate Staff Photographer:* Randy Mayor; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Associate Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro; *Art Rights Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Photo Librarian:* Eugene Mooney; *Special Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Jane Hornlish

ADMINISTRATION

Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; *Sr. VP/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Sr. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *VP/Finance:* John C. Prebich; *VP/Publishing:* Don Myrus; *Controller:* Patrick J. Gavin; *Business Manager:* Cathe Charleston; *Dir., Newsstand Circulation:* Marcia Orovitz; *Circulation Marketing Manager:* Maureen Sharkey; *Dir., Eastern Regional Sales:* Charles Anderson Jr.; *Dir., Western Regional Sales:* Bruce Eldridge; *Dir., Circulation Int'l Sales:* Diane Foley Landberg; *Dir., Subscription Circulation:* Paula Collins Hope; *Traffic Manager:* William Harbutt; *Production Manager:* Michael Weinglass; *Ass't. Production Manager:* Tom Stinson; *Dir. of Public Relations:* Leslie Jay; *Publicist:* Joanne Zyontz; *Dir., Marketing Research:* Eileen Koslow; *Dir. of Sales Promotion/Merchandising:* Beverly Greiper; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli; *Pet Promotion Director:* Jeff Zelmanski; *Executive Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Phyllis Lemkowitz

ADVERTISING

Sr. VP/Director of Advertising: Howard S. Plissner; *Sr. VP/Corporate Director of New Business Development:* Beverley Wardale; *Sr. VP/Southern Advertising Director:* Peter Goldsmith; *New York Manager of Advertising:* Nancy Kestenbaum; *West Coast Advertising Director:* Wendy Bloxham; *Midwest Advertising Manager:* Gene Smith; *Director of Advertising Administration:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Advertising Production Director:* Toni Wagner; *Advertising Production Traffic Manager:* Pam Rizk. Offices: *New York* (Howard S. Plissner): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex 237128. *Midwest* (Gene Smith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Tel. (312) 565-0466. *Detroit* (Gayle Champagne): 380 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 230, Birmingham, Mich. 48011. Tel. (313) 642-2522. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006. Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corporation, 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *United Kingdom and Europe:* 134A Ashley Gardens, London SW1, England. Tel. 01-828-3336. *Japan:* (Bancho Media Service) 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-Chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101, Japan. Tel. 03-252-2721. Telex J25472

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England. Tel. 01-987-5090. Telex 24676

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty., Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411, Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England

DECEMBER

except for a few drops, which she intentionally let slip down her chin.

When she finished sucking my bone dry, she searched for that errant drop of come, licked it off my cheek, and whispered into my ear, "You're the best!"

We were too exhausted for our evening run that night, and frankly, I'm almost ready to give up the gym in favor of our new workout routine at home.—*Name and address withheld*

BEST FOOT FORWARD

Ever since my older brother first let me look through his issues of *Penthouse*, I have been hoping to have an experience worthy of "Forum" standards. Last week it finally happened, and I would like to tell you about it.

I just graduated from high school, but one morning a couple of weeks ago I had to attend a special lecture for my biology class. I was a few minutes late and had to grab a seat at one of the lab tables in the back of the classroom. A teacher from another school had arranged the program and was introducing the speaker. The lights were soon turned off, and our guest began his presentation with the aid of a slide projector. Meanwhile, the teacher who had opened the program took the last remaining seat in the room on the other side of my lab table. She was young, probably in her late twenties. I noticed how nicely she was dressed but quickly turned my attention to the lecture.

It was a very warm spring day and I was wearing loafers with no socks. I made myself comfortable by slipping out of my shoes and stretching my feet.

About halfway through the lecture, I felt something touch the top of my foot. When I realized that it was the teacher across the table from me, I froze! Her foot remained motionless on top of mine for what seemed an eternity. Then, when she began to move, I realized that she was wearing sheer nylon panty hose. She slowly rubbed her nylon-covered foot over the top of my foot. What a sensation! I looked right at her and she winked, as she brought her other foot into play. Now she was going over both of my feet and inserting her toes between mine. The texture of her nylons was driving me crazy! My erect cock had poked through the opening in my shorts and was jammed uncomfortably against my jeans. I shifted in my seat, trying to ease the pressure on my organ. Her smile told me that she knew just what she was doing to me, and she was enjoying every second of it.

I pushed my feet toward her until only my heels touched the floor. She responded as I had hoped, gently grazing the bottom of my feet with her nylons, sending a shiver down my spine. My toes began to tremble. She sensed my reactions and teased me more intensely. My heart pounded as I squirmed in an attempt to find a comfortable position for my throbbing shaft. The more I moved around, the more friction I caused between my cock and my jeans, but I didn't realize this until it was too late. Suddenly my whole body went rigid and I climaxed. Huge bursts of sperm gushed all over the inside of my pants. When I regained my senses, I noticed that the teacher was staring at me in amazement, unaware of what was happening.

The lecture soon ended and I made my way to the bathroom, where I did my best to clean up the mess inside my pants. I had to carry my books in front of me for the rest of the day to hide the come spots.—*Name and address withheld*

THREE ON A WATER BED

Several months ago I had an experience that still makes my dick hard everytime I think about it. I had just arrived home from work when my friend Steve showed up. He had arranged a get-together with a mutual friend of ours named Jill. Steve needed a place to bring Jill, so I offered him my house. Steve left to meet her, and I quickly jumped into the shower to prepare for an evening out.

When they arrived I fixed us all drinks. We sat around and talked. We all seemed a little uncomfortable. I fixed another round, and as we drank our tensions began to ease. Then Steve got up, took Jill by the hand, and led her to my bedroom. Feeling a bit envious I continued with my drink and imagined the activity going on in my bedroom.

As I sat there Steve appeared in the hallway, totally nude, sporting a full erection. Without a word he motioned for me. As I walked down the hall I stripped, and by the time I entered the room, I was pulling off my underwear to release my throbbing hard-on. Steve was on his back, leaning against the headboard of my water bed, enjoying what looked and sounded like one hell of a blowjob.

I carefully crawled into bed and nuzzled my face into Jill's beautiful bare ass. I was so excited my hands were trembling. I began to knead her ass and thighs. Jill did not resist as I spread her legs apart. With this improved access, I began to lick her crack and ass hole. I soon worked my way to her sweet cunt. She was already moist and responded to my tongue's efforts with a moan. I glanced up at Steve. He was enjoying her lips on his cock and began to move his hips, pumping his cock deeper into her mouth. I continued to eat Jill's pussy, enjoying every minute. She was starting to squirm. I knew she was getting hot. Her moans became louder and more intense. From the look on Steve's face and the sucking noises she was making, I knew he would not last much longer. He then grabbed hold of the back of her head and held it still. With a moan I knew he was coming. Jill sucked up every drop of his come as he thrust his hips a second and third time.

Now I took charge and rolled Jill over, spread her legs wide, placed them over my shoulders, and dove in. One of the greatest pleasures in life is eating pussy.

For over fifteen years Robert Koralja, Andrew Koralja and Joseph Koralja have helped to keep Jersey City safe, safe, safe. So they each received a bottle of V.O.

The reward.

© 1984. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 80.0 PROOF.

326835 MEL TILLIS *NEW PATCHES* (MCA)

326645* EDDY GRANT Going For Broke (PORTRAIT)

327148 *THE JACKSON 5 GREATEST HITS* (MOTOWN)

324954 THOMPSON TWINS *INTO THE GAP* (ARISTA)

324921 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *FOOTLOOSE* (COLUMBIA)

324871* ROCKWELL Somebody's Watching Me (MOTOWN)

322107 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *STAYING ALIVE* (RSO)

324632 JUDAS PRIEST DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH (COLUMBIA)

321406 Barbra Streisand GUILTY (COLUMBIA)

321349 CRYSTAL GAYLE Greatest Hits (COLUMBIA)

318998* SARAH VAUGHAN Crazy And Mixed Up (PABLO RECORDS)

328559 VARIOUS ARTISTS *MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH LAWRENCE WELK* (RANWOOD)

318964 JULIO IGLESIAS (COLUMBIA)

319939 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK *YOU AND YOUR LOVER* (EPIC)

318915 Hank Williams, Jr. STRONG STUFF (ELEKTRA/CURB)

319822 DAVID BOWIE *LETS DANCE* (EMI/AMERICA)

318881 LAURA BRANIGAN BRANIGAN 2 (ATLANTIC)

325795 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *AGAINST ALL ODDS* (ATLANTIC)

318733 MELISSA MANCHESTER'S GREATEST HITS (ARISTA)

325738* RATT OUT OF THE CELLAR (ATLANTIC)

318717 PETER NERO Peter Goes Pop (APPLAUSE)

318626 WILLIE NELSON *TOUGHER THAN LEATHER* (COLUMBIA)

322032 PAT BENATAR *LIVE FROM EARTH* (CHRYSALIS)

326595* IGOR KIPNIS *MUSIC FOR THE KINGS OF FRANCE* (NONESUCH SILVER SERIES)

315895 STRAY CATS Built For Speed (EMI/AMERICA)

326561* HAYDN: FAVORITE CONCERTOS WYNTON MARSALIS; YO YO MA: CHO-LIANG-LIN (CBS MASTERWORKS)

326827 MARK GRAY *MAGIC* (COLUMBIA)

326553 PLACIDO DOMINGO *GREAT LOVE SCENES* (CBS MASTERWORKS)

326843 TONI TENNILLE More Than You Know (MIRAGE)

327957 DON WILLIAMS *CAFE CAROLINA* (MCA)

323923 TOM JONES *DON'T LET OUR DREAMS DIE YOUNG* (MERCURY)

328450* ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *GHOSTBUSTERS* (ARISTA)

323840 CHARLY McCLAIN *THE WOMAN IN ME* (EPIC)

324764 RAY CONNIFF'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)

327866 MOE BANDY & JOE STAMPLEY *GOOD OL' BOYS— ALIVE AND WELL* (COLUMBIA)

324293 The Oak Ridge Boys DELIVER (MCA)

327833 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *BREAKIN'* (POLYDOR)

326520 MORE SONGS FROM THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *THE BIG CHILL* (MOTOWN)

326512 NIGHT RANGER Midnight Madness (MCA)

326355 VERN GOSDIN There Is A Season (COMPLEAT RECORDS)

324707 VARIOUS ARTISTS *GREATEST COUNTRY HITS FROM THE MOVIES* (EPIC)

325704 MICKEY GILLEY CHARLY McCLAIN *IT TAKES BELIEVERS* (EPIC)

324657 VARIOUS ARTISTS 13 Original JAMES BOND Themes (LIBERTY)

319780 VIC DAMONE Over The Rainbow (APPLAUSE)

324863 CHRISTINE Mc VIE (WARNER BROS.)

322008 LINDA RONSTADT & THE NELSON RIDDLE ORCHESTRA *WHAT'S NEW* (ASYLUM)

315762 JOE JACKSON *NIGHT AND DAY* (A&M)

326751* SLADE *KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY POWER SUPPLY* (CBS ASSOCIATED LABELS)

328039* BRAHMS: SYM. NO. 3; HAYDN VARIATIONS MEHTA, NY PHILHARMONIC (CBS MASTERWORKS)

326736* R.E.M. *RECKONING* (I.R.S.)

327296 HANK WILLIAMS, JR. *MAJOR MOVES* (WARNER BROS./CURB)

326702* DENIECE WILLIAMS *LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY* (COLUMBIA)

324780 BOLLING: SUITE FOR CELLO AND JAZZ PIANO —YO-YO MA, BOLLING (CBS MASTERWORKS)

328625* GLENN FREY *THE ALLNIGHTER* (MCA)

318550 DEF LEPPARD *PYROMANIA* (MERCURY)

328609 *JUICE NEWTON GREATEST HITS* (CAPITOL)

318352 JOURNEY *FRONTIERS* (COLUMBIA)

319624 ZZ TOP *ELIMINATOR* (WARNER BROS.)

322099 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *FLASHDANCE* (CASABLANCA)

319616 WILLIE NELSON WAYLON JENNINGS *TAKE IT TO THE LIMIT* (COLUMBIA)

323774 KENNY ROGERS 20 Greatest Hits (LIBERTY)

323915 BILLY IDOL *REBEL YELL* (CHRYSALIS)

328492 GLEN CAMPBELL *LETTER TO HOME* (ATLANTIC/AMERICA)

324277 JOHN CONLEE *IN MY EYES* (MCA)

323378 EMMYLOU HARRIS *WHITE SHOES* (WARNER BROS.)

322172 EDDIE RABBITT Greatest Hits, Vol. II (WARNER BROS.)

323360* RICHARD PRYOR *HERE AND NOW* (WARNER BROS.)

325852 RUSH *GRACE UNDER PRESSURE* (MERCURY)

323337 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *THE BIG CHILL* (MOTOWN)

325845 SCORPIONS Love At First Sting (MERCURY)

323295 THE KENDALLS *MOVIN' TRAIN* (MERCURY)

325803 GO-GO'S *TALK SHOW* (I.R.S.)

319558 ELTON JOHN'S Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (MCA)

319608 MEN AT WORK *CARGO* (COLUMBIA)

SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES, AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS—WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX

328575 JANE FONDA'S *WORKOUT RECORD* (COLUMBIA) / 398578* (COLUMBIA)

328641 JULIO IGLESIAS IN CONCERT (COLUMBIA) / 398644 (COLUMBIA)

324053 VARIOUS ARTISTS OLDIES BUT GOODIES FROM THE RADIO (LAURIE) / 394056 (LAURIE)

313221 SHIRLEY BASSEY GREATEST HITS (LIBERTY) / 393223 (LIBERTY)

317859 ABBA® The Singles, THE FIRST TEN YEARS (ATLANTIC) / 397851 (ATLANTIC)

322149 BEE GEES GREATEST (RSO) / 392142 (RSO)

327213 VARIOUS ARTISTS IN PERFORMANCE AT THE Playboy Jazz Festival (ELEKTRA/MUSICIAN RECORDS) / 397216 (ELEKTRA/MUSICIAN RECORDS)

318337* ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST CATS (GEFFEN) / 398339 (GEFFEN)

325961 COLLECTOR'S RECORDS OF THE 50's & 60's VOLUME 19 & VOLUME 20 (LAURIE) / 395954 (LAURIE)

324848 PRINCE *1999* (WARNER BROS.) / 394841 (WARNER BROS.)

322164 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER* (RSO) / 392167 (RSO)

311001 WILLIE NELSON'S GREATEST HITS (AND SOME THAT WILL BE) (COLUMBIA) / 391003 (COLUMBIA)

328286* (MCA) SPYRO GYRA *Access All Areas* / 398289 (MCA)

311373 LIVE ON BROADWAY LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC (QWEST) / 391375 (QWEST)

*Available on records and cassettes only

HERE COME THE HITS!

TAKE ANY 11 ALBUMS FOR A PENNY

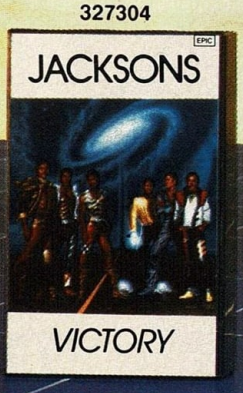
plus shipping and handling

PLUS A BONUS SELECTION, TOO!

if you join now and agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years

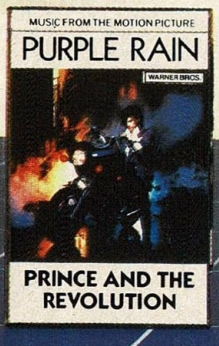
327858

327304

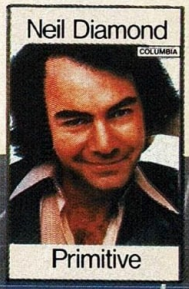


328245

328435



328443



328302* CAPITOL **TINA TURNER** *PRIVATE DANCER*	316034 COLUMBIA **MEN AT WORK** Business As Usual	324616 PORTRAIT **CYNDI LAUPER** *SHE'S SO UNUSUAL*	320499 A&M **THE POLICE** *SYNCHRONICITY*	320630 PASHA RECORDS/CBS ASSOCIATED **QUIET RIOT** *METAL HEALTH*	318089 EPIC **MICHAEL JACKSON** *THRILLER*
326942 ARISTA **JERMAINE JACKSON**	328351* ELEKTRA PEABO BRYSON *STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART*	328054* CBS BACH'S TOPS KAPPS, PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI NY	318154 CAPITOL **DURAN DURAN** *RIO*	328237 COLUMBIA **RAY CHARLES** *FRIENDSHIP*	328294 MCA **THE WHITES** *FOREVER YOU*
328336* EMI AMERICA **COREY HART** *FIRST DEFENSE*	328369* ATLANTIC **TWISTED SISTER** *STAY HUNGRY*	323279 ARISTA **BARRY MANILOW** Greatest Hits VOL. II	328062 CAPITOL *DURAN DURAN*	327767* ATLANTIC ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *BEAT STREET,* VOLUME 1	327700* COLUMBIA OFFICIAL MUSIC OF THE 23RD OLYMPIAD LOS ANGELES 1984 • Various Artists
326900 MCA **REBA McENTIRE** Just A Little Love	327817 WARNER BROS. **CONWAY TWITTY** *BY HEART*	328047 LIBERTY Ferrante & Teicher *Concert For Lovers*	323261 MOTOWN **LIONEL RICHIE** Can't Slow Down	327288 WARNER BROS. *CHICAGO 17* ® Chicago is a registered trademark	328385 MCA ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *STREETS OF FIRE*
326892 EPIC MERLE HAGGARD *IT'S ALL IN THE GAME*	327791 POLYDOR ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM*	322545 RSO ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK *FAME*	328229 EPIC MICKEY GILLEY TOO GOOD TO STOP NOW	326082 COLUMBIA **STEVE PERRY** *STREET TALK*	320770 MODERN **STEVIE NICKS** *THE WILD HEART*
324558 PRIVATE MATTHEW WILDER *I DON'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE*	326850 EPIC GEORGE JONES *YOU'VE STILL GOT A PLACE IN MY HEART*	324434 MCA **GEORGE STRAIT** *RIGHT OR WRONG*	318188 EPIC *MICKEY GILLEY BIGGEST HITS*	325993 COLUMBIA LARRY GATLIN & THE GATLIN BROTHERS BAND *HOUSTON TO DENVER*	327130 MOTOWN *THE BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON*
327312* COLUMBIA ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS *GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD*	326348 A&M **SERGIO MENDES** *CONFETTI*	324418* SIRE **MADONNA**	328682 MCA LEE GREENWOOD *YOU'VE GOT A GOOD LOVE COMIN'*	324384 COLUMBIA **JOHNNY MATHIS** A Special Part Of Me	321018 COLUMBIA **BILLY JOEL** An Innocent Man
324582 WARNER BROS. **VAN HALEN** *1984*	328484* GEFFEN **WHITESNAKE** *SLIDE IT IN*	325043 COLUMBIA VARIOUS ARTISTS *GREATEST HITS OF COUNTRY BLUES*	318287 LAURIE COLLECTOR'S RECORDS OF THE 50'S & 60'S VARIOUS ARTISTS	324327 MCA *JOHN CONLEE'S GREATEST HITS*	327023* ATCO **INXS** *THE SWING*
322909 WARNER BROS. **Hank Williams, Jr.** MAN OF STEEL	326124 WARNER BROS. GARY MORRIS *FADED BLUE*	320523 GEFFEN **ELTON JOHN** Too Low For Zero	321331 COLUMBIA **HERBIE HANCOCK** Future Shock	324301 MCA **Barbara Mandrell** SPUN GOLD	321166 BAINBRIDGE **AL CAIOLA** Guitar Of Plenty
322867 COLUMBIA **LACY J. DALTON** *GREATEST HITS*	328674* ARISTA **KROKUS** *THE BLITZ*	317990 EPIC MERLE HAGGARD & WILLIE NELSON *PONCHO AND LEFTY*	318303 EPIC/VIRGIN CULTURE CLUB *KISSING TO BE CLEVER*	321307 ARISTA **AIR SUPPLY** *GREATEST HITS*	326975 CBS MASTERWORKS MOZART: VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 4; ADAGIO; RONDO, ZUKERMAN, St. Paul Chamber Orch.
322438 ATCO **YES** *90125*	322412 RIVA JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP *UH-HUH*	322321 MERCURY **THE STATLER BROS.** TODAY	322248 A&M **CARPENTERS** Voice Of The Heart	322198 COLUMBIA LARRY GATLIN & THE GATLIN BROTHERS BAND *GREATEST HITS, VOL. II*	322180 EPIC RICKY SKAGGS *DON'T CHEAT IN OUR HOMETOWN*
322842 EPIC **CULTURE CLUB** Colour By Numbers	319962 COLUMBIA **LOVERBOY** *KEEP IT UP*	316638 COLUMBIA **BILLY JOEL** The Nylon Curtain	317800 CAPITOL **LITTLE RIVER BAND** *GREATEST HITS*	317412 ARISTA **DIONNE WARWICK** *HEARTBREAKER*	327692* A&M **CHRIS DE BURGH** *MAN ON THE LINE*
325233 AMERICAN HARKETY **LIBERACE** *LIVE WITH THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC*	325217* GEFFEN **WANG CHUNG** Points On The Curve	325209 LAURIE VARIOUS ARTISTS *COLLECTOR'S RECORDS OF THE 50's*	324996 ELEKTRA **THE CARS** *HEARTBEAT CITY*	324988 VIVA RECORDS DAVID FRIZZELL AND SHELLY WEST *IN SESSION*	325506 WARNER BROS. JOHNNY LEE *'TIL THE BARS BURN DOWN*
328666 COLUMBIA **JULIO IGLESIAS** *HEY*	325266 MCA BEST OF **DON WILLIAMS** VOLUME III	316992 MOTOWN **LIONEL RICHIE**	317396 CAPITOL **JUICE NEWTON** *QUIET LIES*	325662 LIBERTY KENNY ROGERS WITH KIM CARNES, SHEENA EASTON, AND DOTTIE WEST	325605* ROCK 'N ROLL **"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC IN 3-D**
324509 EPIC **EXILE**	316315 COLUMBIA **NEIL DIAMOND** *HEARTLIGHT*	325928 ATLANTIC **LAURA BRANIGAN** *SELF CONTROL*	325910 A&M **JOE JACKSON** *BODY AND SOUL*	317768 ASYLUM **EAGLES GREATEST HITS · VOLUME 2**	327643 BAINBRIDGE MYSTIC MOODS ORCHESTRA *STORMY WEEKEND*
324475 SIRE **PRETENDERS** Learning To Crawl	319541 MCA **ELTON JOHN'S** GREATEST HITS	317149 FULL MOON/EPIC **DAN FOGELBERG** *GREATEST HITS*	317271 ATLANTIC **LAURA BRANIGAN** *BRANIGAN*	325886* CBS MASTERWORKS **LIONA BOYD** *LIVE IN TOKYO*	323022 CAPITOL **ANNE MURRAY** A Little Good News
328658 COLUMBIA **JULIO IGLESIAS** 1100 Bel Air Place	322933* COLUMBIA ENTERTAINMENT **EDDIE MURPHY:** *COMEDIAN*	322917 A&M **.38 SPECIAL** *TOUR DE FORCE*	323386 LIBERTY Michael Martin Murphey *The Heart Never Lies*	328898* COLUMBIA **HERBIE HANCOCK** *SOUND-SYSTEM*	327551 LONDON LUCIANO **PAVAROTTI** *MAMMA*
323444 ELEKTRA **MOTLEY CRUE** *SHOUT AT THE DEVIL*	323428 LONDON *MANTOVANI'S GOLDEN HITS*	323410 WARNER BROS. **JOHNNY LEE** GREATEST HITS	323402 WARNER BROS. **CRYSTAL GAYLE** Cage The Songbird	328708 COLUMBIA JANIE FRICKE *THE FIRST WORD IN MEMORY*	327544 MERCURY **Statler Brothers** ATLANTA BLUE
				328781 CAPITOL **BILLY SQUIER** *SIGNS OF LIFE*	322958 FULL MOON/EPIC **DAN FOGELBERG** Windows & Walls
				323220 COLUMBIA **Barbra Streisand** "YENTL"	323162 ATLANTIC **GENESIS**

© 1984 Columbia House

Just look at this exciting array of hit albums by America's greatest recording stars! Over 210 in all to choose from—and you may have ANY 11 for only a penny! To get *your* 11 tapes or records, simply fill in and mail the application together with your check or money order for $1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 11 selections, plus $1.85 to cover shipping and handling). And if you also fill in the Gold Box, you'll get an extra album as a bonus! In exchange, you simply agree to buy 8 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and you may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

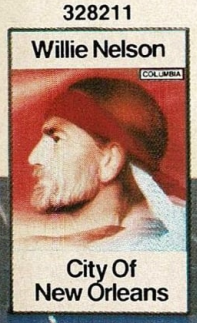
The tapes and records you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $7.98 to $9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.) And if you decide to continue as a member after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan.

10-Day Free Trial: we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days for a full refund and you will have no further obligation. So you risk absolutely nothing by acting now!

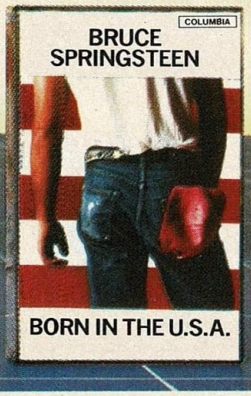
Special Start-Your-Membership-Now Offer: you may *also* choose your first selection right now—and we'll give it to you for at least 60% off regular Club prices (only $2.99). Enclose payment now and you'll receive it with your 11 introductory selections. This discount purchase reduces your membership obligation immediately—you'll then be required to buy just 7 more selections (instead of 8) in the next three years. Just check the box in application and fill in number you want.

NOTE: all applications are subject to review and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.

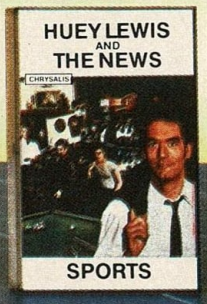
328211



326629



322024



Fill in this gold box to get your Bonus Album

Columbia Record & Tape Club
P.O. Box 1130, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

I am enclosing check or money order for $1.86 (which includes 1¢ for my 11 selections, plus $1.85 for shipping and handling). Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy eight more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

Write in numbers of 11 selections		

Send my selections in this type of recording (check one):
☐ Cassettes ☐ Records ☐ 8-Track Cartridges

My main musical interest is (check one):
(But I may always choose from any category)

☐ **HARD ROCK** *Van Halen, Quiet Riot, Bruce Springsteen*
☐ **SOFT ROCK** *Billy Joel, Culture Club, Lionel Richie*
☐ **POP** *Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow, Neil Diamond*
☐ **COUNTRY** *Willie Nelson, Barbara Mandrell, Oak Ridge Boys*
☐ **EASY LISTENING** *Mantovani Orch., Frank Sinatra, Johnny Mathis*
☐ **CLASSICAL**
☐ **JAZZ**

☐ **Mr.**
☐ **Mrs.**
☐ **Miss**

(Please Print) *First Name* *Initial* *Last Name*

Address **Apt. No.**

City

State **Zip**

Do you have a telephone? (Check one) ☐ Yes ☐ No
Do you have a credit card? (Check one) ☐ Yes ☐ No

606/$85

Offer not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico: write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto.

☐ **Also send my first selection for at least 60% discount,** for which I am also enclosing additional payment of $2.99. I then need buy only 7 more (instead of 8), at regular Club prices, in the next three years.

3T2/BJ 3T3/AF 3T4/ZE 3T5/ZF

I take pride in my expertise and enjoy making a woman scream in ecstasy. I gave her my best. I darted my tongue in and out of her cunt. Her moans grew louder. She was enjoying it as much as I was. My nose was buried deep. The smell of her pussy was strong and wonderful. Her juices were beginning to flow. I moved up to her hard clit. I teased it with my tongue and gently nibbled on it. Jill's hips started to squirm again. I placed my mouth over her entire cunt and began to suck hard. Jill kept working her hips as my nose rubbed her clit. She was bucking so hard it was difficult to keep my face on her cunt. She was rubbing her pussy all over my face, soaking it with her juices. I held her hips tight as she began the first of her many orgasms. My tongue kept fucking her until she could stand no more, and she pushed my face away from her delicious cunt.

Steve moved around and positioned himself between Jill's legs. As I lay there watching, she begged for his cock. Steve smiled at me, growled, and rammed it home. Jill let out a cry as Steve filled her cunt with his big cock. She was coming. She shook all over and kept screaming, "I'm coming. Fuck me, fuck me hard." I had never witnessed such a scene. Her cunt was stretched to the limit. Steve's cock was wet with her juices. Both of their bodies were wet with sweat. Her orgasms began again. Steve's face grimaced. He groaned, and with one last thrust, froze, sending his load deep inside her cunt. As her spasms subsided Steve pulled out and rolled over.

My dick was throbbing and my balls begged for relief. I wasted no time in mounting her. Her cunt sucked my rod in, and I began making long slow strokes. I pulled out three or four times until she begged for my dick. She groaned each time I entered her; I was pushing my dick in her cunt up to my balls. As my pace quickened she raised her hips to meet my thrusts. She could not get enough. I was more than happy to oblige. My balls tightened as I began to really explode. I kept pounding as I delivered the largest load ever.

I got up and fixed us all another drink. We lay there in bed drinking and talking about our experience.

Since our night with Jill, Steve and I have talked about it several times. Each time we wind up jacking off wherever we are. We both agree that we will never forget it.—*Name and address withheld*

NONBINDING FIT

While my clothes mean business, it's the panty hose I wear underneath that I love.

I hope that you print this story. I think that if any man were to try on a pair of panty hose, feel its wonderful fit and the nonbinding nylon material surrounding every inch of his entire lower body, he would find it to be the most wonderful and stimulating experience imaginable. If you men aren't into great personal satisfaction and communication with yourself, your body, and others, I hope that you can at least think about buying yourself a few pairs of panty hose (a ten-dollar investment), whether they're the support or sheer-to-the-waist kind.

I now have about four dozen pairs and have also expanded my lingerie wardrobe to include some of the sexiest bikini panties and briefs. These include fashionable shades such as light blue, yellow, and white, with the cute one-inch lace border that surround my hips and waist.

I look forward to putting on these lingerie items every morning. On hot days, when it's uncomfortable to wear my panty hose to the office, I wear my beautiful silk or nylon sheer panties.

As fashion magazines, posters, and advertisements now clearly point out, women are now wearing men's underwear. Therefore, I no longer suffer the potential guilt feelings that a woman may attempt to inflict on me for wearing and enjoying the wonderful lingerie surrounding my tremendous hard-on as it enjoys the full length of nylon.

I do not get upset with my fetish, certainly not. I hurt absolutely no one. Several of the women I have dated have gone along with my fetish and participated in my fantasy, and in several instances they have actually supported my desire to look and feel absolutely feminine all under.

I love wearing my sheer panty hose to the office. As I write this from my office, I am dressed in a $600 suit, a $100 silk shirt, a tie, and my beautiful sheer-to-the-waist panty hose. Between my secretaries' legs, now 20 feet away, also rests a cotton crotch, and so many times I would love to just walk over to her desk, drop my trousers, and await the bewildered expression that would certainly follow my action.

I am forced to wear severely tailored, respectable, straitlaced pinstripes to work in order to make my way in the corporate world, but underneath it all lives a man with white nylons of silk or satin next to his sensitive skin.

Masculine, athletic underwear may suit my active public life, but it doesn't suit my inner life that lies hidden in that secret place, my lingerie drawer, and I suspect that millions of men would try it if they could only deal with the happiness and the security that would surely be theirs.—*Name and address withheld*

SEEING IS BELIEVING

I live in a large city in the Midwest. Like most of my friends, I am a college graduate. Aside from my job at a large financial institution, I am interested in having a good time. I work hard, and on the weekends I like to hit the bars, hopefully to meet an interesting, attractive, sexually free woman for an evening of fun sex to last until morning.

"Now I've seen everything."

If your next color TV doesn't bring you stereo broadcasts, you're only getting half a TV.

TV sound is going to be broadcast in stereo. Make sure your next TV can receive it. Panasonic adds true stereo sound to our spectacular CompuFocus™ picture with Data-Grade. Anything less won't give you the whole picture.

Today, TV is on the threshold of a whole new era. All the TV networks are going to be broadcasting TV in stereo. So, make sure your next color TV is ready.

Introducing the Panasonic CTF-2077R. Our new Square-Corner 20" color TV (meas diag). It receives full stereo broadcasts. Through its integrated amplifier. Decoder. And built-in stereo speakers. For the first time, TV sound will have depth and motion. From movies to musical performances. As people move across the screen so will their voices. The effect is amazingly realistic.

CompuFocus with Data-Grade. Ready for the Future.

CompuFocus is an advanced system of video optics and electronics. Data-Grade produces a picture with more dots per square inch than ordinary TV. Together they give you an incredibly sharp picture.

You're ready for all the new technologies that will center around your TV. Data-Grade lets you read the fine print from computers, Teletext and Videotex. And RGB brings pure color to computer graphics.

Panasonic color TV. With stereo. CompuFocus. And Data-Grade. For the whole picture.

Simulated TV picture courtesy of San Francisco Opera.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kent

Low tar | Lights | Ultra

Kent III: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1984. Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984
It's the taste
that counts.

Last Saturday was like most other Saturdays. I slept late, took care of some business during the day, worked out, showered, ate dinner, and then hit the bars. I decided to try a new bar since I was having a bad streak at my usual place. This new place was fairly expensive as bars go, and the clientele was appropriately affluent-looking. In addition to a bar, this place has a restaurant too, and when I glanced towards it, I saw a woman I recognized, an upper-level management official who works in a different department than me, but at the same place. Claire is very attractive and I was surprised to find her eating alone. She saw me, I waved, and she gave me an extended stare signifying that she was not sure who I was. I introduced myself, and she asked me if I would care to join her. I readily agreed and ordered a drink. To my surprise she insisted on paying for the drink, and I promised to buy the next round we had.

The more I spoke with Claire, the more attractive she seemed to me. She was very formal at work, wore relatively conservative clothes, and was, by no means, a flirt. Most of the guys don't pay too much attention to her because there are more attractive women at work who are less formal, dress more attractively, and, in short, are more friendly. She is very intelligent, has a terrific sense of humor, and makes an excellent "date." Incidentally, she's 29, a year older than me, five-foot-six-and-a-half, with small-sized breasts, a good figure, and medium-length, curly brown hair. When she excused herself to go to the bathroom, I saw that she was wearing a dress, fairly tight, at that, and that she had beautiful long legs, which I had never seen before as she wore slacks at work whenever I saw her there.

After we ordered a bottle of wine, the conversation flowed freely. I noticed that she was smiling at me and looking deep into my eyes. I decided to ask her if I could walk her home. I was a little nervous because she was part of the brass at work, but when she eagerly agreed, I felt like a million dollars.

She lived about six blocks away from the bar and on the way home, we stopped in the park to look at the stars. She turned to me and gave me the softest kiss on the cheek. I kissed her back and she smiled at me, took my hand, and led me to her apartment.

She had a nice place even for a managerial-level employee. She asked me if I would like more wine, and I surprised her by saying no. When she asked me why not, I turned to her and kissed her. She smiled and suggested we sit on the couch. We began to kiss more passionately. I had had such a nice evening I wanted to give her more pleasure than she ever had before, so I made sure we had a long tender session of foreplay. I kissed her neck and stroked her breasts lightly through her dress. She pressed my hand hard against her right breast. I started kneading it and kissing her chest, slowly nuzzling my way to her breasts. Claire began to breathe softly but heavily as I unbuttoned her dress and slowly licked her exposed tit. By now we were lying on the couch, and I freed her other breast from her bra and began to lick it. Her head snapped from side to side, as she clutched my shoulders and neck.

She was sweating quite a bit and moaning even louder. I continued for what seemed like an hour, and then ran my hand down her torso toward her love box. When my hand glided over it, she let out what could be described as a gentle scream. I ran my hand slowly up her legs and stroked her through her wet cotton panties. She just lay there, sweating, moaning, and languishing as I continued my assault of pleasure.

I took off my shirt, shoes, and belt, and I pressed my skin against hers. I undid the rest of her dress and bra, and gave her a passionate French kiss. She began to massage my crotch, which had been erect for what seemed like hours. I told her to lie still, parted her lovely thighs, and began to kiss her pelvic mound. I slowly removed her soaked panties and slithered my tongue into her warm, moist pussy. She writhed and squirmed and I continued the licking and gentle nibbling of her clitoris. For fear of ruining her couch with stains, I asked her where the bedroom was. She told me she was too weak to move, so I picked her up and carried her to our future love chamber. I had never seen a woman so weak from foreplay. Most of the women I had been with get more excited and energetic and animalistic, but not Claire. This turned me on beyond belief. I removed my pants and socks and freed my aching cock from my underwear. I removed the rest of Claire's clothes and lay down next to her, and we locked ourselves in each other's arms.

We kissed for a few minutes, then I climbed on top of her and pressed my cock on her pelvic area. She begged me to enter her, but I just continued to stroke my cock on her moist pussy. Finally, I could stand it no longer.

As slowly as I could, I slid my penis deep into her hot vagina. She wrapped her arms around my neck and locked her legs around mine. She continued to moan louder as I stroked her longer and deeper. I had never felt a warmer, wetter love box. Claire was so wet my strokes were effortless. The deeper I penetrated, the more she would groan. After about ten minutes, she began a convulsing, screaming orgasm that brought me to the most satisfying climax of my life. She held me tight for a while and said she had never had such a satisfying experience, and that I should lay back so that she could return the favor. She played with my penis, got it hard, and gave me the

"Then it's a deal: You promise to bring me everything on the list, and I'll let go of your balls."

longest, best blowjob a guy could want.

The moral of this story is: Don't ignore the women in the world who aren't outwardly beautiful, and remember a woman's figure and passion are often greater than the clothes she wears.—*Name and address withheld*

THE PIANO MAN

I had a very unique sexual experience this past summer that I would like to share with your readers. It all took place at a convention held in California, where I was playing the piano in a talent contest that was part of the convention. Needless to say, I looked forward to ten days of total relaxation. My plans for relaxation quickly faded when I met Vicki. She was a beautiful 20-year-old blonde with a pair of the largest breasts I have ever seen.

I met her in the hotel lobby as she checked into the last room available until the next day. I was next in line, so she sympathized with my situation and offered me the use of her room for my luggage that evening. I quickly accepted her offer and followed her upstairs.

She had rented a beautiful suite with a baby-grand piano positioned by a large picture window overlooking the bay. When I asked her if she played the piano she said no, but she said she was hoping to find someone who could play her a love song. I quickly sat down and began to ad lib words to a Liszt sonata. Obviously, she liked it very much, as she began to unbutton her shirt while sitting on the piano. As she continued to take off her light summer bra, my tune changed to a striptease melody. She danced in front of me, exposing those large, beautiful breasts. As she slipped out of her shorts, the sight of that blond mass of pubic hair made me lose concentration on my song. Lifting her onto the piano, I licked her pussy until she shook the whole instrument with a massive orgasm. Returning my favor, she traded positions so that I was on top of the piano and she was kneeling on top of the keys, giving me the best deep throat I have ever had. I stopped her just short of my orgasm, but she had been fingering her clit while she was giving me head, so she almost fell off the piano when she came. I then told her to remain bent over with her knees on the keys.

As I came around and entered her from behind, I reached for the keys and began to play my college fight song. The rhythm of the song was perfect to have a healthy fuck by, and we were both grinding together to the beat. Her large breasts swayed, making me play harder and faster as I drove my stiff member deep inside of her. Our climax was building as the song got faster, and she began to scream with pleasure when we both started to come together.

I ended up staying with Vicki for the entire vacation, as I needed the piano "practice" that she made so enjoyable. She was by my side when I received a

COMFORT EGGNOG

6 eggs. ¾ cup sugar. 2 cups whipped cream. 1 cup cream. 1 cup milk. 2 cups Southern Comfort. Ground nutmeg. Chill the eggs and liquid ingredients. Separate egg whites from yolks. Beat yolks. Continue beating and add sugar. Stir in whipped cream, cream, milk and Southern Comfort. Beat egg whites and fold in. Dust with nutmeg and chill. Makes 10 5-oz. servings.

To make Easy Comfort Eggnog, chill a cup of Southern Comfort and a quart of dairy eggnog. Beat together in a punch bowl and dust with nutmeg. Serves 10. For a single serving, combine 1 oz. of chilled Southern Comfort with 4 oz. of dairy eggnog in a short glass. Dust with nutmeg.

For a free copy of Southern Comfort's newest recipe guide, please write to: Recipe Booklet, Dept. EG, Box 12427, St. Louis, MO 63132, or call toll-free: 1-800-325-4038.

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you.
We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times. So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word.
Get the bold/shy scent of English Leather Musk.
MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE N.J. 07647

trophy. With my prize money, we made reservations at the same hotel for another week of sex next year, as I am now learning plenty of "love" songs for us to have sex by.—*Name and address withheld*

OUTSTANDING AFFAIR

I am assigned to an air force base in Florida. Most of the people in my squadron are fine but there are a few pricks. One of them is an E-8 named Bill. He is tall, red-headed, and wimpy and believes that everyone should kiss his ass; when they don't, he gives them a poor performance rating and doesn't give a damn.

When I saw the report in my ratings records I planned my strategy carefully. I knew Bill spent most of his off-duty time "out" and I'd also seen his wife on two or three occasions. She is Oriental and fairly attractive. Anyone who has had contact with Oriental women knows how special they are in bed!

One day I saw her in one of the shopping malls. We talked for a while and she accepted my invitation to get a bite to eat. I ordered some food and a few imported beers. After drinking three bottles she was pretty tipsy. I offered to drive her home and she accepted.

They live in a nice house not far from the mall, and when she turned to thank me for taking her home, I planted a deep kiss on her mouth. She was shocked and tried pretty hard to pull away but I held her close to me.

"Bill told me that you like to fuck other men," I stated.

"He told you that?" she asked. Her voice registered surprise, but not anger. "Yes, he did. He also told me that he allows you to be with other men if you wish." She smiled. Bill had told the guys at work about their open marriage and extramarital affairs. I looked into her eyes. "You are beautiful." She blushed and lowered her eyes. "Thank you. And you are handsome, Phil." "I would love to sleep with you," I said. She nodded and led me into the house.

In spite of her age she wasn't built too badly. Her beautiful breasts bounced out of her top as she removed it. I went over to her and kissed each one gently.

By now the volcano of passion within her erupted and she began to pull off my sweater. She knelt reverently before me and slowly began to undo my pants. My bulging cock popped out of my trousers and into her waiting mouth. Her lips and tongue bathed my cock with her saliva, in promise of the hot wet sweetness yet to come. Then she gripped my ass with her hands and plunged my cock into her mouth to the hilt. In less than a minute I ejected a full load into her mouth which she swallowed greedily. She stepped out of her skirt and led me to the television. Near the VCR was a pile of hard-core tapes. She told me that Bill couldn't get hard without using them as an aid. She looked down and was visibly pleased that I needed no encouragement. We pushed some magazines off the couch and she lay back with her legs spread. I knelt on the floor and touched my tongue to her pussy. Her hot juices practically exploded out of her as I covered every inch of her tender snatch with my tongue. She begged for more as I pushed my tongue deep inside her hole. I lifted my head, gazed into her almond-shaped eyes, and placed my hard, glazed member at her pussy opening. She spread her legs further and lifted her pelvis to meet me. I drew back, feeling her slick lubricant, and suddenly thrust into her as if it were a samurai sword. She gasped and pulled me in deeper. She began bucking up and down and moaning with each penetration. I came once and could not withdraw because she held me inside. "You will think I am terrible," she whispered. I promised I wouldn't and listened as she asked me to fuck her in the ass. I agreed and she got up.

She came back with some lubricant and spread it generously over my cock. Then she had me lay still as she straddled me, placing my dick at the crack of her ass. Slowly I entered her. I passed through the tightness of her sphincter and then began to move in and out smoothly and steadily. I shot my third load and she came again as my hot sperm exploded into her anal passage. She climbed off of me and we cleaned up and dressed. Before I left she gave me a long, loving goodbye kiss. She told me that Bill usually jacks off to his movies and asked if I would help her fulfill her sexual needs. I promised I would, and she's called for my services several times since. This is no longer revenge against my superior but an outstanding affair that outshines any other.—*Name and address withheld*

HARD WORKING

I wanted to write and tell you all about my new job and working conditions. My company has several offices in this building but my boss works in another state. Because of this, no one checks up on me during the day. My office is on the second floor of a two-story building and overlooks the backyard of a very sexy woman. She is in her forties but obviously has taken very good care of herself. She has a better figure than most women half her age. All last winter I'd watched her and thought that she was good-looking, but once the summer started, I changed my mind. She's beautiful. Of course, everyone has seen beautiful women and that is no reason to write a letter to *Penthouse*, but what *is* worthy of a letter is what she does during the day while her husband is at work.

During the winter I caught glimpses of her doing her daily housework. Usually she wore only long fluffy sweaters. This did not seem too unusual—it never gets very cold here in Tucson. But, as the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 218

Toe to Toe.

Northlake
$73.00

The Competition
$95.00

Feature for feature, our boots are the same as boots that cost around $20 more.*

Check the material, the construction, the **Waterproof Guarantee,** the look and the fit. All things equal, Northlake is the smarter buy.

These days it's a good feeling to know you got your dollar's worth. Northlake Boots. You owe it to yourself.

Northlake

By **Georgia Boot**

Franklin, Tennessee 37064

*Prices may vary in different regions of the country. Also available in 6" version.

"Without a word, Joan came toward me and unzipped her cutoffs with one hand while the other tugged the bow that held her bikini top. I lowered my head and our mouths met."

WOMEN'S FORUM

HOW SWEET IT IS

A couple of years ago, I was on my way to visit an old friend at a large Southern university where he was teaching. It was spring-break time, and I was really ready for some fun in the sun.

As I drew closer to my destination, I decided to take a shortcut that I had discovered during my college days. It was a bumpy country road, but it saved quite a bit of time. A few miles down the road I was greeted by a detour sign that rerouted me onto a graded sand and clay road. It was hot and humid from an earlier rain. The detour was a mess, full of mud and potholes. After hitting a particularly deep hole, my car skidded and I found myself stuck in a ditch.

I remembered having passed an old farmhouse a mile or so back down the road, so I decided to go there for help. Not wanting to ruin my sandals, I removed them and put them in my bag. I was dressed lightly in red shorts and a white blouse, which I had left unbuttoned and tightly tied under my breasts. As I walked along the road with the warm red mud oozing through my toes, making sucking sounds with every step I took, my nipples began to stiffen and my pussy became wet. About halfway to the house, the rest of me got wet too when a sudden sun shower fell. The rain was warm, but I still felt like a drowned cat by the time I reached the short lane that led to the house. I was also a little bit embarrassed since my white blouse had turned quite transparent in the rain, and my 38Cs

R. BERTRAND

were straining against the tightly tied fabric. My sense of worry faded quickly as I was greeted by a very pretty woman carrying a towel. She explained that she had seen me walking from the porch where she was folding laundry. She, too, was dressed for the weather in a pair of faded cutoffs that were so short I could see at least half her ass cheeks (and pretty cheeks at that) and so tight that they rode up the crack of her ass. On top she wore a bikini top that barely covered her breasts.

She introduced herself as Joan and asked if she could be of some help. I explained what had happened with the car and asked if she knew anyone who could tow me out. As we turned to go into the house, she replied in a charming drawl that her housemate worked for one of the stations in town as the tow-truck driver. She then telephoned someone named Ray.

Joan said that we would have an hour or so to wait before the tow-truck arrived, and that if I wanted she would be happy to toss my wet clothes into the dryer. I happily accepted her offer and asked if there was somewhere I could wash the mud off my feet and legs. She showed me to the bathroom and gave me one of her robes to wear. I was amazed to find a sumptuous, newly appointed bathroom complete with a sunken pink oversize tub, a pink vanity, and pink tile everywhere. After I washed off the mud I slipped into Joan's robe, which barely covered my five-foot, eleven-inch frame.

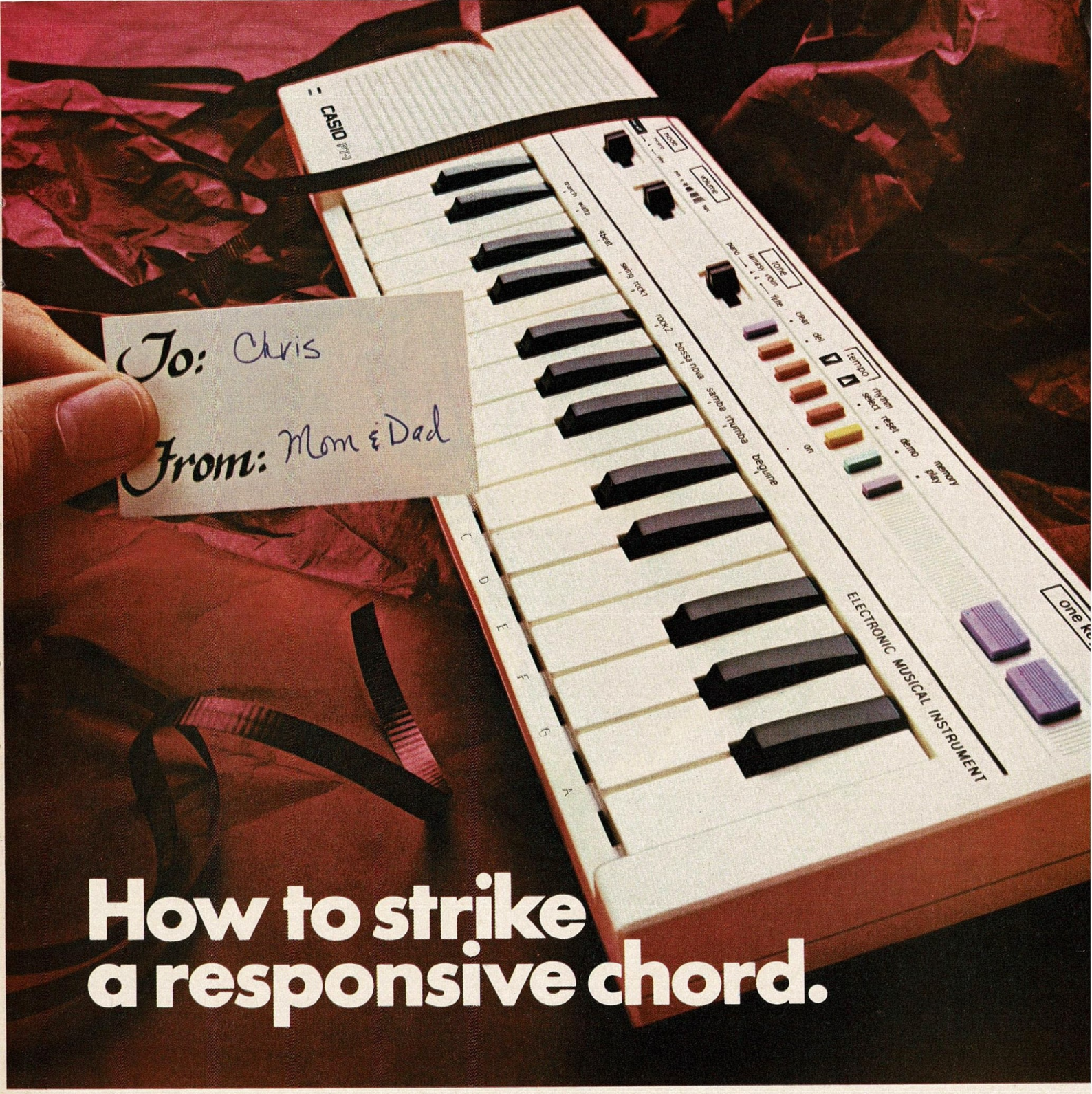
I gave my wet things to Joan and commented that Ray must sure be handy with tools to have done such a terrific job on the bath. "Oh," she said, "it's not Ray, it's Faye, and she's handy with a lot of things." She followed that rather intriguing statement with a look that spoke volumes. Being decidedly bisexual myself, I understood what she meant and hoped that something interesting would develop here.

Joan put my clothes in the dryer and asked if I would like a cold drink. I said yes. The drink had an interesting taste and quite a kick to it. She explained that it was their own mixture of sangria and white lightning. I playfully asked if she was trying to get me drunk and take advantage of me. She asked if that would be necessary. I replied by reaching down and untying the belt to my robe, which fell open, exposing my body from head to toe, hard nipples, wet pussy, and all.

Without another word, Joan came toward me and unzipped her cutoffs with one hand while the other tugged the bow that held her bikini top. I lowered my head and our mouths met. Our bodies made contact a second afterward, as she put her arms around my neck and molded her body to mine. Her breasts were warm and her nipples drove into the flesh of my upper belly. She spread her legs and rubbed her pussy against my leg. She was soaked! As she removed her mouth from mine, her lips were nearly at the level of my breasts, and she took first one, then the other into her mouth, nibbling and sucking my eager nipples. We fell to the floor and arranged ourselves in a sixty-nine position. Her

---

In WOMEN'S FORUM, female readers of *Penthouse* discuss their sexual interests, aspirations, and relationships. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Women's Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



How to strike a responsive chord.

Yesterday it was guitars. Today it's keyboards. And if you'd like to put a song in someone's heart, a Casio PT-1 keyboard will make a great gift. Because it makes great music at a great price.

Its keyboard (with 29 real keys, not buttons) is in standard piano format, for easy playing. But the PT-1's repertoire also includes flute, violin and fantasy. It also features a rhythm section with 10 background rhythms for rock to rhumba. And a headphone jack, so practicing won't be painful for the neighbors.

The PT-1 can even perform as a mini recording studio, by storing in its memory up to 100 notes—enough for a song or two—that can be played back at the touch of a button. Plus it has an editing memory that lets mistakes be deleted while recording.

But perhaps the nicest touch of all is its price. At less than $50, the PT-1 is one keyboard that won't put the touch on you.

If you're looking for a gift for someone—no matter how gifted—a Casio PT-1 is bound to strike a responsive chord.

CASIO®

Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Electronic Musical Instrument Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 575-7400, Los Angeles (213) 803-3411.

© 1984 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CAMEL FILTERS

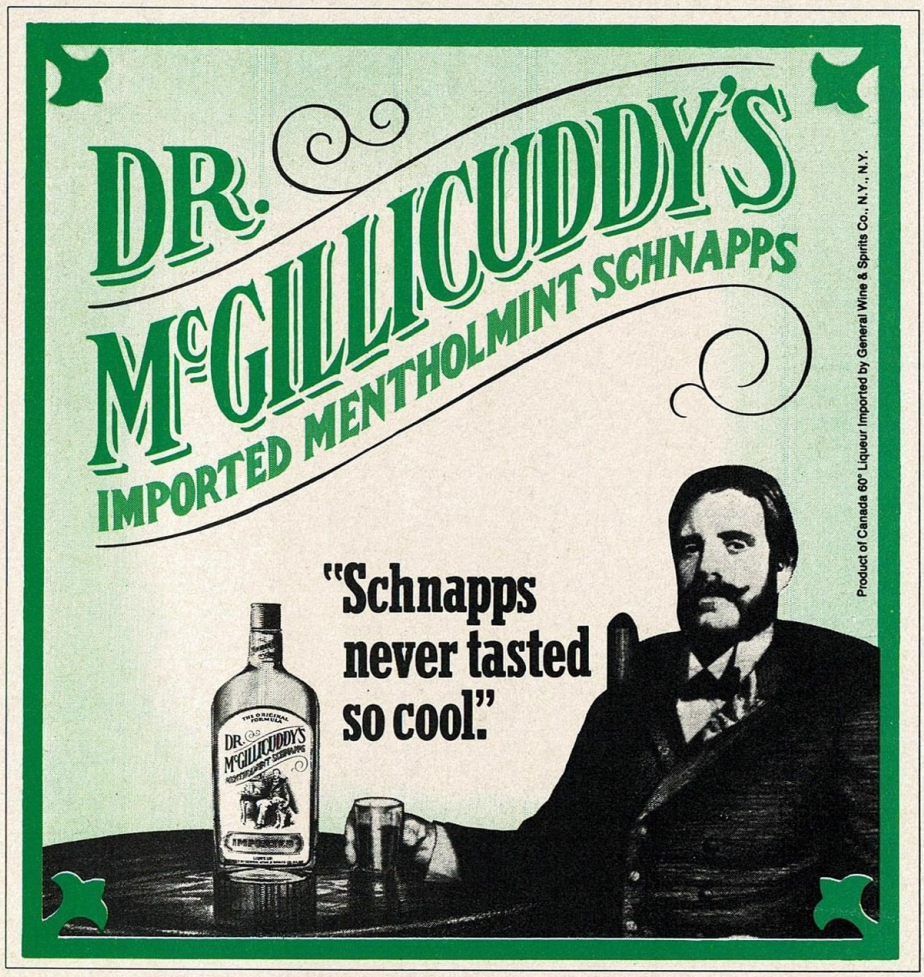
It's a whole new world.

Today's
Camel Filters,
surprisingly smooth.

pussy was sopping wet and tasted delicious. I was in absolute heaven.

We explored each other's bodies hungrily and were so engrossed that we were totally startled—at least I was—when a voice said, "My, that looks good. May I join in?" Without looking up, Joan said, "Hi, Faye. Come on in. The pussy's fine." I looked up and was greeted by the vision of someone nearly as tall as me, but slimmer, with the largest breasts I had ever seen outside an erotic dream or an X-rated movie. I would learn later that Faye was the proud possessor of a 36DD chest and that she loved to have her beautiful tits sucked as much as I would love to suck them. I also realized when I saw Faye that Joan had purposely set me up by giving me her small robe, when one of Faye's would have covered so much more of me. I really didn't mind at all.

Late that evening I called my friend to say that I had been delayed and wasn't really sure if I would be able to make it after all. The next morning I called my office and extended my vacation another week. The next two weeks would have made a terrific porn movie. When I returned to work, I had a terrific tan with no tan lines and memories of the best vacation I had ever spent. Joan, Faye, and I still get together at least twice a year, and the sweet life we share is something really special.—*Name and address withheld*



BIRTHDAY FANTASY

This is my fantasy, written for my fantasy man, Frank. I have wanted him since I started working for him over a year ago. He is one of the sexiest men I've ever laid eyes on. His hair is light brown and I'd love to run my fingers through it. I start getting very horny just looking at him!

From the first time our hands accidentally touched and our eyes met, I have wanted him. Every waking moment is spent thinking of how it would feel to make love to him. Small glances, stimulating conversations, and intimate small talk tell me that he'd love to love me, too.

Just one time (unless he just can't resist a repeat performance) is all I'm asking for. I want you, Frank, and for your birthday this year, I'd like to give myself to you. Read on.

I bathe and get ready for you. As I rub lotion on my body, I imagine that it's your fingers caressing me. Over my shoulders and breasts you roam, then down my stomach to my thighs, and finally to my pussy. I can see your face: just your mustache and nose and your sparkling blue eyes. I can feel your lips softly kissing my pussy hairs. I slide my fingers through your hair and pull your face tighter to my crotch. Your tongue is sliding in and out of me, sometimes straying up to my clit. As I feel myself come I can still feel your tongue inside me, sucking.

You look up at me and I can see your eyes twinkling as you climb up to lie next to me. I smile when I see that you are rock-hard. I gently push you on your back and start kissing your nipples and licking around your belly. I let my tongue lead, and it heads straight for your cock. I lick the clean liquid from the head; with long wet strokes, I lick it from top to bottom. I lightly run my finger over your ass hole. You moan lightly and hold my head as I take your entire shaft in my mouth.

Your hands hold my head tightly as I feel my mouth fill with your come. I swallow all I can and let my tongue clean up the rest.

We both smile as you pull me into your arms. I can feel your cock against my thigh. I spread my legs in anticipation as I feel the head of your cock slide in. Slowly, the entire length pushes inside, and, as I catch my breath, you pull back until only the head is submerged.

Suddenly, you plunge all of it into me. My pussy is throbbing and I can feel your cock growing bigger inside of me. You fuck me slowly, making me wait for the final moment. Our movements are evenly matched, and we are both near orgasm. Our movements quicken to take both of us over the edge. Your head is on my shoulder as the final waves shake me. Coming back to earth you look at the clock and say, "Three hours down, three more to go!" I know that I'm in for the loving of my life. Happy Birthday, Frank!—*Name and address withheld*

TEACHERS PETTING

I know my colleagues would be shocked to read this letter. Let me begin by saying that I am a high school teacher. I am conscientious and am considered to be one of the more ambitious members of a very straight (or what I thought was really straight!) Catholic faculty. As the years go by I've discovered that there are affairs going on between some of the teachers (most of them quite discreet). As our school's faculty is large, there is a wide and complex assortment of personalities; some of them are quite kinky.

I had developed a friendship (platonic) with a beautiful, dark, and sexy geography teacher named Jeremy. I had always found him to be the only attractive man in school, but I knew he was married, with a young family. He was entertaining and had a great sense of humor, yet seemed happy with his suburban domesticity. Little did I know that I was the subject of his fantasy.

Last month we had a teachers' party. The dance floor was dark and fairly crowded as we danced to the strains of my favorite tunes. Jeremy was some dancer! Those hips! And that lovely ass! The way he moved—my attraction increased. We were terrific together, and, as I love to dance, we continued on into the evening. Then, we danced to some slow music. As I am somewhat shy, I kept my distance—for about five minutes. He obviously wanted me glued against him!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

Superstar

The new Canon T70 makes the great shots simple.

When N.H.L. superstar Wayne Gretzky shoots a goal, he does it so well he makes it look simple.

When Gretzky shoots pictures, he uses the superstar SLR—the incredible new Canon T70, with automatic features so advanced it makes the great shots simple.

The new T70 actually loads itself! A built-in power winder advances the film and rewinds, too. Electronic touch-buttons control all functions and a bright LCD display provides a full information readout.

You just focus-and-shoot with three programmed modes: standard program for most subjects, TELE for action and telephoto shots, WIDE for scenics and wide-angle shots. Shutter-priority mode lets you set speeds for total control over action, and the optional Canon Speedlite 277T provides fully automatic flash. So you can make really great shots without giving up automatic convenience.

The optional Command Back 70 adds even more incredible capabilities, and the entire line of over fifty Canon FD lenses can be used.

Get the superstar SLR. It makes the great shots simple.

Canon T70

Canon USA, Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042
140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, IL 60126
6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071
2035 Royal Lane, Suite 290, Dallas, TX 75229
123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
4000 Burton Drive, Santa Clara, CA 95050
Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, HI 96814
Canon Canada, Inc., Ontario
© 1984 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

Behold the po

The distinction between a good performance car and a great one is made early in its development. A truly responsive, sure-handling and comfortable road machine is born of truly advanced thinking.

The new Mitsubishi Starion Turbo is the exhilarating product of just such forethought and ingenuity.

Its 2.6-liter OHC engine and water-cooled turbocharger were made for each other. Literally. They function in synergistic concert with a computerized fuel-injection system to yield vast quantities of hot, eye-opening, on-demand acceleration.

Patented Mitsubishi Dual Engine Stabilizers™ help provide uncanny smoothness. And you can choose a five-speed manual overdrive, or a four-speed automatic transmission.

The aerodynamic Starion ES rolls on 15-inch alloy wheels and high-performance 60-series tires. Its four-

1985 Mitsubishi Starion Turbo™

Call 1-800-447-4700 for your nearest Mitsubishi Motors Dealer. For *Motor Trend's 1985 Mitsubishi Buyer's Guide*, send check or money order for $3.95, payable to MMSA, to: Buyer's Guide, Box 26470-PH, Santa Ana, CA 92799-6470. ©1984 Mitsubishi Motor Sales of America, Inc.

wer of reason.

wheel independent suspension has front and rear stabilizer bars and gas-filled shocks. Vented power-assisted four-wheel disc brakes, a limited-slip differential and a Rear Brake Lockup Control System™ are also standard equipment.

The cockpit is no less state-of-the-art. With six-way adjustable seats. Brilliant instrumentation. Numerous power and convenience features.

Even a six-speaker AM/FM stereo cassette system with available touch-tune controls in the steering wheel.

Whether you choose the ES, LE or LS model, few high-performance cars can provide this level of technology and luxury in such clever combination. In fact, there's even one highly advanced feature the Starion offers that no other maker seems to have been able to perfect. An unusually affordable price tag.

Which just could be the most powerful reason of all to drive a new Starion.

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

Takes you where you want to be.™

"Thinking of these girls from my war days brings back very special memories for me, and you made it all possible. Thanks for being a beauty."

PET FORUM

J. STEPHEN HICKS

Hyapatia

GENTLE LEE
Dear Hyapatia,
Your September 1984 pictorial reminds me of the pinups we cherished on those lonely, fearful days and nights on the battlefield back in 1952. But I remember the good times too—like the day I had a drink in a bar off a dusty alley with a girl from Mexico. Or the time I shared a watered-down drink with a lovely Japanese girl.

Thinking of these girls brings back very special memories for me, and you made it all possible—thanks to your lovely pictorial. Thanks for being such a beauty.—*F. R., West Columbia, S.C.*

Dear F. R.,
My father used to tell me that Betty Grable's pinup helped the army win the second world war. I too would like to be known as the pinup who helped win a war. Except in my war there are no casualties, just a few prisoners. But I promise not to be too rough.—Hyapatia

Dear Hyapatia Lee,
In your September 1984 pictorial, "Indian Giver," you stated that you would love to hear from interested readers. Well, am I ever interested! I must say that your sexy photo definitely aroused my interest.

I am a 21-year-old full-blooded Italian—even though I was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, I speak fluent Italian and travel to Rome quite often. I am employed by a rent-a-car company, and like most other hot-blooded Italians, I love beautiful women.

If you're ever in Pittsburgh, please get in touch with me or let me rent you a car. I hope to hear from you soon. —*F. Ruberto, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Dear F. Ruberto,
If I'm ever in Pittsburgh, I promise to rent a car from you!—Hyapatia

TREASURE CHEST
Dear Rita,
Upon returning from my vacation, I found quite a backlog of mail awaiting me. Of all my mail do you know which particular piece woke me up and brought me out of my jet lag? None other than the May 1984 pictorial with your lovely, absolutely seductive, and beautiful photos.

Rita, your lovely chest is quite a treasure. And it may interest you to learn that this gentleman definitely prefers blondes with blue eyes. Without a doubt, Rita, you pass my test with a 100 percent score.

Now, how about sending me one of your very best and most seductive glossies? I would be most honored! And if you could kindly autograph it and add your own little love message underneath, I would be forever yours.—*Bill O'Brien, Cincinnati, Ohio*

J. STEPHEN HICKS

Tracy

Dear Bill,
So I have passed your test, huh? Well, I have my own test and few men have received a passing grade. So if you're really interested, be prepared, it's an oral exam!
—Rita

OPEN INVITATION
Dear Tracy Lords,
As I sit here with the September 1984 *Penthouse* open before me, I still cannot believe I have found the woman of my dreams. In all my years of collecting *Penthouse* your pictorial, "Slip Slidin' Away," remains unmatched. Your face, as well as your other delightful features, is a pleasingly inescapable fixture in my mind.

I know you must receive hundreds upon thousands of letters from other men who admire you, but I figured if I wrote only one letter to a beautiful woman, it would have to be you. Perhaps we can get together sometime for a "drink"?—*R. Sable, Montreal, Canada*

Dear R. Sable,
I can't think of anything better than wrapping myself up in Canadian sable.
—Tracy

MICHAEL ANCHER

Rita

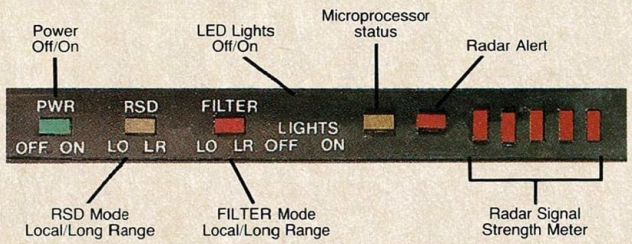
PET FORUM in which our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The ONLY Radar Detector in a Rear View Mirror ... MICRO EYE SUPREME

ANOTHER FIRST FROM BEL. This Compuheterodyne detector provides extra long range Police Radar detection front and rear, with equal sensitivity. Also around corners and over hills. The **panoramic mirror** eliminates those dangerous blind spots AND you won't have to worry about the "Windshield Obstructions" law in many states.
In June, 1982, BEL - the leaders in radar detection technology became the first to incorporate computer technology in a radar detector. Some competitors followed a year later, claiming a "new" breakthrough, using ambiguous designations to describe a technology which we pioneered - Compuheterodyne; the result of integrating signal processing and superheterodyne circuitry.

SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE. Escort met its match with our first Compuheterodyne detector, as reported at the time in Autoweek. Our latest technological advances have made our original Compuheterodyne and all of our competitor's radar detectors obsolete.

ADVANCED FEATURES. **RSD** (Radar Signal Discrimination Mode) rejects incoming signals from other radar detectors.



FILTER (Time Domain Filter Mode) virtually eliminates signals from microwave intrusion alarms, garage door openers, etc.
BAND IDENTIFICATION. Separate alerts for X and K band.

FOUR REASONS TO ORDER NOW! We are so confident that the unique MICRO EYE SUPREME will be your best defence against Police Radar, that we are offering, for a limited time only, these specials:

1. **SPECIAL PRICE $299.00** (Regular Price $349.95). Price slightly higher in Canada. New York State residents add 7% tax.

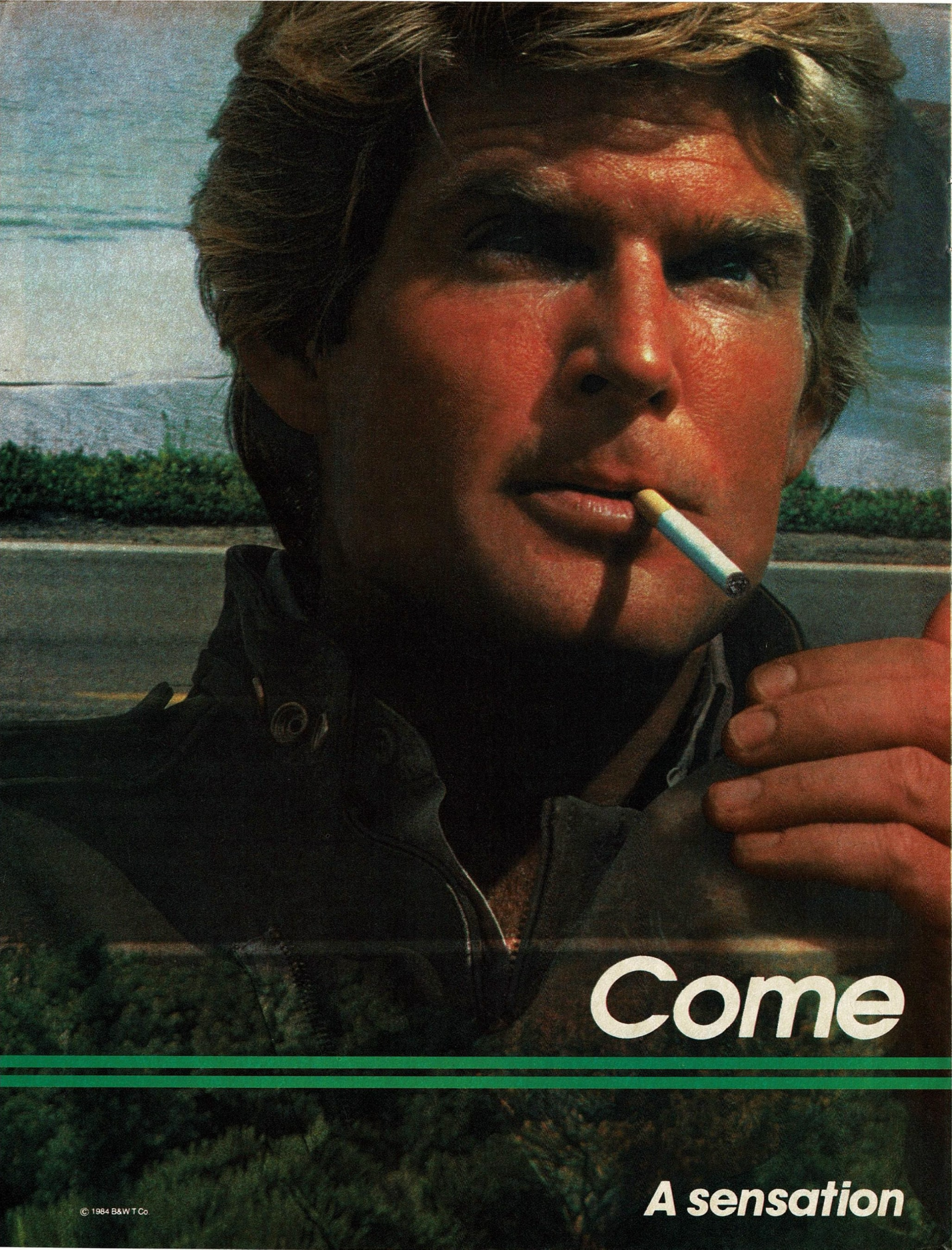
2. **30 DAY REFUND OFFER.** Customer satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded if you return your unit within 30 days from date of purchase.

3. **EXPRESS DELIVERY** at no extra charge if you pay with money order, credit card or certified cheque.

4. **ONE YEAR WARRANTY.** Full one year limited warranty on parts and labor.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER:
BY PHONE: Please have American Express, Visa or MasterCard ready.
In U.S. call toll free: 1-800-341-1401 or 1-800-457-3017
In New York State call: (716) 856-2222
In Canada call toll free: 1-800-268-3994
BY MAIL: Send a check, money order or the number and expiration date of American Express, Visa or MasterCard to:
B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED, 255 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, NY 14202.
In Canada: B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED, 2422 Dunwin Dr., Mississauga, Ont. L5L 1J9
DEALER ENQUIRIES INVITED

BEL **B.E.L—TRONICS - The leaders in radar detection technology.**


Come
A sensation
© 1984 B&W T Co

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.
up to Kool.
Kool gives you extra coolness for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.
beyond the ordinary.
KOOL FILTER KINGS
KOOL
Filter Kings
MENTHOL
KOOL
Milds
LOW TAR. MENTHOL
KOOL Milds

"Does what happened to Vanessa mean that all future contestants will have to sign sworn affidavits that they are card-carrying virgins last seen in the nude while they were still in diapers?"

FEEDBACK

VANESSA WILLIAMS

The appearance of Vanessa Williams in the September 1984 issue of Penthouse *was the top nonpolitical news story of the year. Some might even say of the decade. Almost six million copies were sold, and for the first time in 15 years a second printing had to be run off to satisfy those who couldn't get to their newsstands before the sell-out. For weeks, every news station, every front page covered the story. Below are just a few of the many hundreds of letters that flooded our offices.*—The Editors

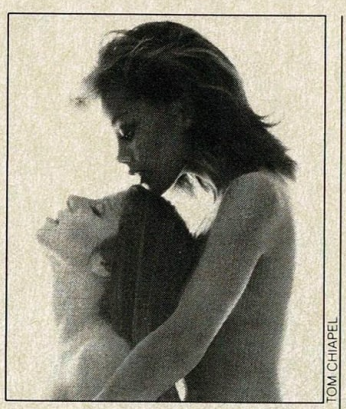
Vanessa Williams made one big mistake. She got caught.

Albert Marks and other pageant officials must be the world's biggest hypocrites or else its most naive inhabitants. Do they really believe that in the more than 50 years of this chauvinistic American institution no other contestants, or winners, have committed acts they would consider beneath "Miss America?"

Surely Vanessa was not the only one who was less than perfect. Or was she the only one who was human, and therefore capable of making what the pageant would and did consider a mistake?

I can't help but wonder whether there wasn't at least one other contestant who posed for similar photographs but wasn't found out because she didn't win.

And consider this possibility. There may have been at least one contestant who, for whatever reason, received payment for sexual services. But, like the above situations, it's really nobody's



TOM CHIAPEL

business, including Albert Marks's.

Does what happened to Vanessa mean that all future contestants will have to sign sworn affidavits that they are card-carrying virgins, last seen in the nude while they were still in diapers?

It's men like Albert Marks and others connected with the pageant who have made women a commodity. Television viewers should turn their dials elsewhere when the pageant is aired this fall, and consumers should definitely make known their displeasure to its commercial sponsors.—*Gerianne M. Spanek, Utica, N.Y.*

We are long-time monthly readers of your magazine and look forward to each upcoming issue. It is because of this devotion that we felt compelled to write of our disappointment with your decision to print the nude photos of Vanessa Williams.

It would have been a wise decision to wait until her reign had ended in September, and then printed the photos without disgracing her, her family, and her position *needlessly*.

Waiting one month would not have lost any sales for the magazine. *Penthouse* is commendable for not being one of those trendy magazines that is always jumping on the media bandwagon, and yet you have decided to disgrace our country by taking one of its most sacred symbols and sensationalizing it for your own benefit.

In short, *Penthouse* seems to have stooped to the lowly rung of whoring.

Looking forward to more mature decision-making and a much better issue next month . . .—*Ellen and Steve Sopkin, Alta Loma, Calif.*

I am angered by your decision to print the nude photographs of Vanessa Williams that were taken before she was a contender for the Miss America crown.

In her attempt to win the coveted title, Miss Williams demonstrated genuine musical talent along with a remarkable degree of personal poise, both achieved through countless hours of dedicated hard work and self-discipline. Once awarded the crown, she fulfilled her role with honor and dignity, and obviously valued her position as a representative of our nation very highly.

Surely you were aware that your efforts to capitalize on this incident would in all probability do great damage to her public career and possibly to her personal life as well.

Before your announcement she was well on her way to making a contribution of lasting value to the title of Miss America and to the position of black men and women throughout this country. I cannot see these pictures contributing anything of lasting value to either your readers or the world, but ironically they have jeopardized Miss Williams's ability to make a further contribution to her country.

I cannot respect a publication that is willing to put personal short-term gain ahead of all other values. I have purchased *Penthouse* on a regular basis for many years, but I will not purchase the September issue or any other.—*Stephen D. Humble, Winchester, Ky.*

In publishing the nude photos of Miss America, Vanessa Williams, I think that you uncovered what the majority of America's male population fantasizes about every September while watching the pageant on TV.

No matter what the pageant people may think, I think they've got another thing coming if they think every girl in their contest is a wax figure or a pristine, all-American virgin.

I would like to say, though, that your magazine should have used a little better judgment in publishing the photos of the lovely Miss Williams. You could have spared her the anguish of having to resign by waiting until November to print them. It still would have caused

FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

just as big a sensation.

Thanks again for fulfulling my fantasy of September '83. I enjoyed the photos of Vanessa very much.

I would like to wish Vanessa Williams, the chosen 1983 Miss America, a most successful acting and singing career. She's a very lovely lady any way you look at her.—*Name and address withheld*

TAKING IT ALL OFF

I am writing to commend Nick Tosches on his article "Strippers" [July 1984]. He did an excellent job of presenting a historical overview from past to present. Tosches also has a fantastic sense of humor. He had me belly laughing throughout each paragraph.

I hope to be seeing more of Tosches's work in future issues of *Penthouse*. Please give him a job-well-done salute for me.—*Gregory Heron, Newport, Va.*

JAPANESE WORK ETHICS

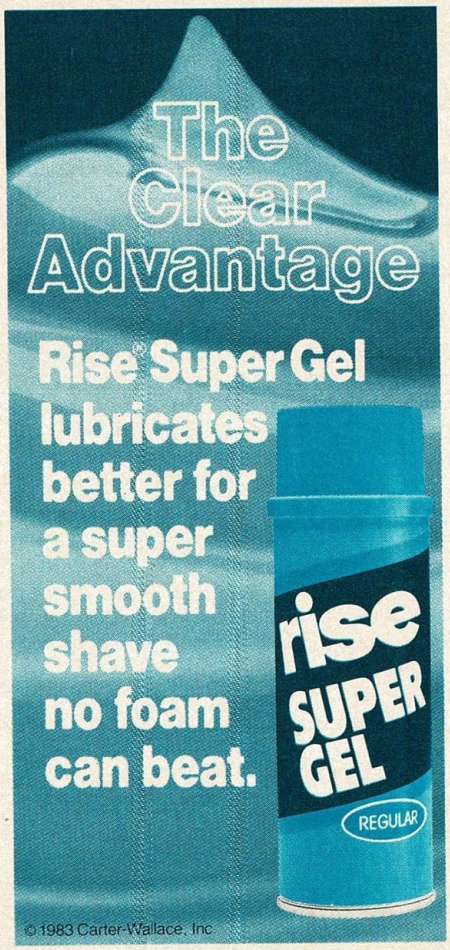
Jared Taylor's article, "What We Shouldn't Learn from the Japanese" ["Advice & Dissent," July 1984], goes right to the heart of the ongoing debate over what, if anything, we Americans should learn from the Japanese about how to do business. It was an excellent article, as was his book *Shadows of the Rising Sun*.

Having worked for a Japanese company in Tokyo for several years, I agree that it would be difficult indeed to motivate the average American worker to the same level of workplace devotion still widely achieved in Japan. Entertaining company guests six nights a week, having weekends that are seldom one's own, submerging of self, and chanting childish company songs would not be well received in this country, to say the least.

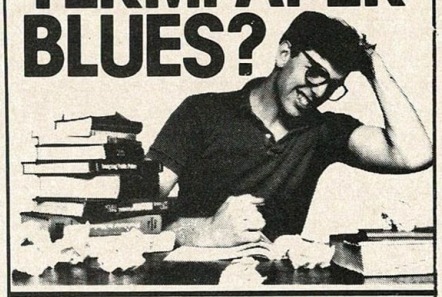
Mr. Taylor's mention of their "profound, agonizing sense of uniqueness" should be underlined, for it is most apt, as is his reference to their "powerful sense of national vulnerability." Without a firm hold on these two facets of their national character, the outsider cannot come to grips with what shapes Japanese actions and words.

I might take exception, however, to Mr. Taylor's sentence "No one knows why the Japanese make such good team players," for I think there are several postulates, such as the group effort required to maintain rice-paddy dikes and the centuries-old custom of making the neighborhood or village responsible for the act of the individuals, that go far to explain their cohesiveness.

Other than that minor quibble, I support completely what Mr. Taylor has written. Having attended Japanese schools he knows what goes on in the real Japan, which is not the Japan of most Americans who live there, with expensive homes and clubs in Tokyo and Yokohama.—*Jack Seward, coauthor of the soon-to-be-published,* Japan, The Hungry Guest, *and 27 other books about the country where he spent 25 years.*



TERMPAPER BLUES?



TERMPAPER CATALOG
(ASSISTANCE)

Our Catalog contains detailed descriptions of 14,278 research papers. A virtual library of information at your fingertips. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years. Our papers are time-proven winners. Footnote and bibliographic pages are included at no extra cost. Ordering a research paper is as easy as picking-up your phone.

Research Assistance also provides customized research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each highly trained in a specific academic discipline, can assist you with all your research needs.

SAVE TIME AND IMPROVE YOUR GRADES!

• **Easy Ordering** • **Speedy Delivery**
• **Quality Guaranteed !**

Rush $2.00 for your 250 page, mail order catalog !
(Sold for research purposes only)

RA SINCE 1970 **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE** Dept. CE
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206
West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 (213) 477-8226

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

I like to work out at a health club near my office, but by the end of the day I have a hard time getting through 20 sit-ups. I've heard of special vitamins and some snack foods that can perk you up. Do any of these work? What would you recommend to boost sapped energy?

This question and others like it come up a lot. It's not only what you eat before working out but also your nutritional habits in general that affect your workout performance and energy level. There are no answers to be found in pills and potions. Despite the commercial bonanza currently enjoyed by bee pollen, spirulina, wheat grass, protein powders, and assorted mixtures of vitamins, minerals, and amino acids, there is not a scrap of scientific evidence to prove that any of them will give you extra power. Anything you feel after ingesting them is purely psychological.

We just finished testing one such herbal mixture that, like several energy concoctions on the market, contains the Chinese herb *ma huang*. One group of athletes was given the mixture in capsule form, while the control group took an identical-looking but totally neutral capsule. All the capsules were coded in such a way that not even the scientists knew who took what. The weight lifters to whom I distributed the coded capsules all passed their previous best by at least one lift. But when the codes were unscrambled we learned that this group had swallowed nothing more than ground parsley.

The ma huang mixture did turn out to be a mild stimulant, but I don't recommend it. Ma huang will stimulate you just like the chemical phenylpropanolamine, an appetite suppressant used in popular over-the-counter diet pills, but after three weeks of taking it, your body will adapt to the dosage and you will have to double it to get the same effect. At this point it will also raise your blood pressure to a risky level and, to oversimplify a bit, start to exhaust your adrenal output. In six weeks you will be a biochemical mess, needing the stimulant just to avoid fatigue. More important, despite the slight amount of extra energy, we found it does not improve athletic performance at all.

The right way to boost energy for workouts is to use optimum nutrition to build an energy reserve in your body.

First, remember that you are a hairy bag of water. Your brain and muscles are three-quarters water. Water is the most important, and often the most ignored, nutrient in your body. A lot of exercise fatigue is caused by water loss. Recently, Dr. David Costill's Human Performance Laboratory, at Ball State University, purposely dehydrated runners 2 to 3 percent using a diuretic to increase the discharge of urine. Even that slight amount of dehydration reduced their performance by 6 to 7 percent. Be sure to drink water before, during, and after workouts.

Stored energy is the second component of good workouts. The muscles of elite athletes have more than twice the energy found in the muscles of the average person. This energy exists in the form of glycogen, which the body can make from any food. It makes glycogen quickest and easiest, though, from carbohydrates (sugars and starches).

But different carbohydrates will have different effects. Drs. Keller and Schwartzkopf have just published, in *Physician and Sports Medicine*, the latest in a plethora of studies that show eating sugary snacks before exercising causes a rapid rise in blood glucose, giving you a temporary burst of energy that then plummets 30 to 60 minutes later.

The Human Performance Laboratory and the Colgan Institute in San Diego, California, have both shown that complex carbohydrates (starches) build up muscle glycogen approximately 20 percent better than sugars. The problem is, many starches have the same yo-yo effect on blood glucose as sugars do. "Complex carbohydrates" has become a popular catchphrase for the good stuff, but it just isn't that simple. The best way to choose your energy foods is by using the "glycemic index," which ranks foods by the degree of their effect on blood glucose. For power workouts eat those foods with the lowest glycemic index. These include all types of legumes (peas and beans), sweet potatoes, apples, oranges, whole wheat pastas, oats, buckwheat, and brown rice. Avoid sugars, alcohol, white potatoes, parsnips, dates, raisins, white- or enriched-flour breads and bakery goods, cornflakes, white rice, and all sugared foods. In addition, take nutrients that enhance muscle-glycogen buildup, especially B-complex vitamins and the mineral chromium.

Editor's note: Readers with questions about nutrition and fitness are invited to submit them to Dr. Colgan. Some of these will be answered in upcoming issues. Please send questions to Dr. Colgan, c/o Penthouse, *1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.*

Technics Linear Tracking and Quartz Drive. If your next turntable gives you less, you're settling for less of a turntable.

To create a turntable with either linear tracking or quartz drive is an achievement in itself. But to create a turntable with both linear tracking and quartz drive is pure Technics.

A Technics turntable with linear tracking gives you a tonearm that moves straight across the record. The way the record was originally cut. So you get none of the distortion or tracking error that are so common with conventional turntables.

Quartz drive is the most accurate drive system in the world. That means the wow and flutter that plagues conventional turntables is inaudible.

So Technics turntables, with both linear tracking and quartz drive, deliver performance few turntables anywhere can match.

The new Technics SL-J2 offers completely automatic operation: automatic speed selection, automatic disc size selection, automatic start, stop, return and more. There are front-panel controls. Including a digital display of the track number you're listening to. And all of this technology has been placed in a turntable about the size of a record jacket.

Technics turntables also feature the innovative P-Mount plug-in cartridge system. For optimum tonearm/cartridge performance and ease of cartridge installation.

So why settle for less. Explore the entire line of Technics turntables at a dealer near you.

Technics
The science of sound

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

I often hear people running down various things as "mere status objects," but in general the only people who are against status objects are those who can't afford them (or aren't entitled to them) and those who already have so many that they can afford to sneer at them. Most of us, to be perfectly frank, love them. In this context, let me hasten to add, it is always somebody else's status object that is vulgar, seldom our own.

Status objects not only define our importance, vis-à-vis our fellow men (and women); they make us feel good. Life is hard and full of pitfalls. The bigger goals—fame, celebrity, marriage to Elizabeth Taylor, the passionate love of the world's most beautiful women, a body that makes muscle builders gasp in envy, a bank account in seven figures—may elude you, but the modest glow of owning a few status objects is probably within your reach, so why deny yourself?

Besides, in corporate life status objects roughly fulfill the same function as do medals and rank in the armed forces. They're not as good as a six-figure salary, an unlimited expense account, and floating stock options, but they count for something in the eyes of peers and subordinates.

Status objects can be divided into two basic categories: The first consists of those things we can buy (i.e., award to ourselves), the second of those that can only be awarded to us by the organization we work for. A gold-plated desk thermos is an example of the second, since in most organizations this award is determined by position (at the lowest level, nothing, then plastic, then chrome-plated, then gold-plated, and finally, at the summit, sterling silver with engraved initials).

Most organizations have certain marks of status built into their promotion system. In one company, for example, important executives get a daily visit from the shoeshine boy; the first sign that one is "on the fast track" is his appearance at the door. In such cases, acquiring these marks of status is not within the status seeker's direct control and can't be faked.

Personal status objects are more democratic. You are entitled to what you can afford. Some are indispensable, others a matter of personal choice, but in business all have one definition in common: A status object must be something that you would either need or own under any circumstances, something that exists in both status and non-status form. Corporate status objects are objects that you use in some form every working day. They do not include $8,000 motorcycles, yachts, $5,000 stereo systems, or the like, since these possessions are not visible to your colleagues, clients, customers, or subordinates.

Therefore it is not all that expensive to put on a good show, since the average businessman (or woman) doesn't need to carry around all that much. In rough order of importance, they are:

- A few good, well-tailored suits, plain shirts, and dark ties—the best you can afford
- Good, expensive, well-polished shoes
- A quality raincoat, with a lining (preferably cashmere or camel hair) so it can double as an overcoat
- A decent watch (it need not be gold; a stainless-steel Rolex has just as much status, except among oil sheikhs and South Americans, as an 18-karat-gold one)
- A real pen, in gold or sterling silver
- A leather briefcase, preferably of good quality and showing hard use, i.e., a "serious" briefcase
- A good wallet, preferably slim (status people carry their money folded in two in a gold clip in their pants pocket, never in a wallet).

The following items are *anti*-status:

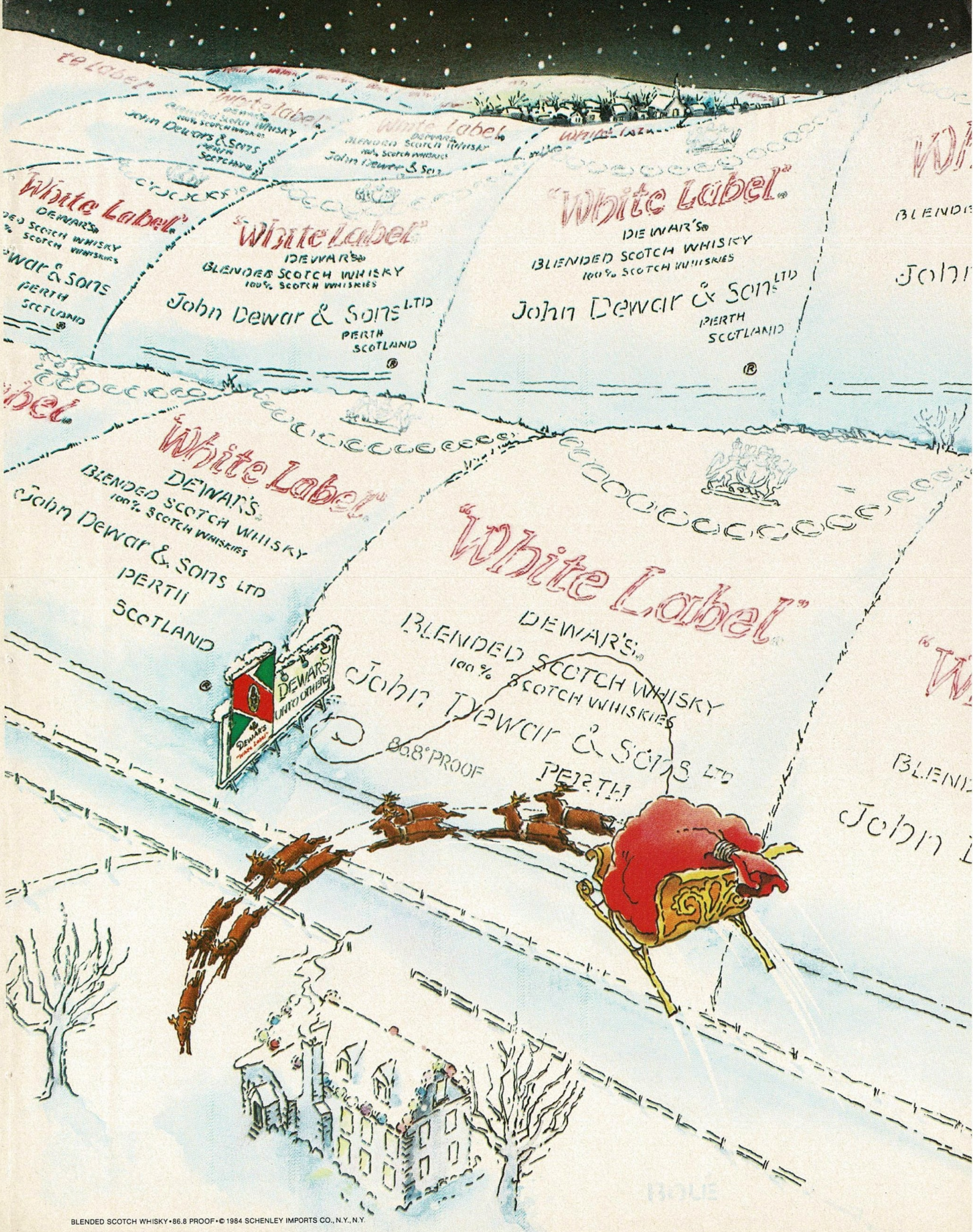
- Pocket calculators
- Pocket dictating machines
- Pens clipped to the shirt pocket
- Paper bags
- Socks that show off your hairy calves when you sit down

As for the higher echelons of status, there are certain things that instantly establish you as belonging there:

- A beautiful young woman on the arm of an older man is a No. 1 status object anywhere in the world.
- There is a big gap between renting a limousine and owning one, since the real status lies in having your own *driver* (the status word for "chauffeur," by the way), so you can say: "Take Miss Green home, Robert. Then wait for me until I'm ready to go back to the office."
- Among those with access to corporate jets, the Gulfstream II has status over the LearJet, and among those who have access to a Gulfstream II, status lies in whether there is a stewardess on board or not.

Above all, remember that the status game actually pays off. Those who have status always get more status. Those who have none, get nothing.

After all, it's the oldest game in town, and it began when our most remote ancestors first started decorating themselves with bones, and feathers.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © 1984 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Come to Marlboro Country.

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84

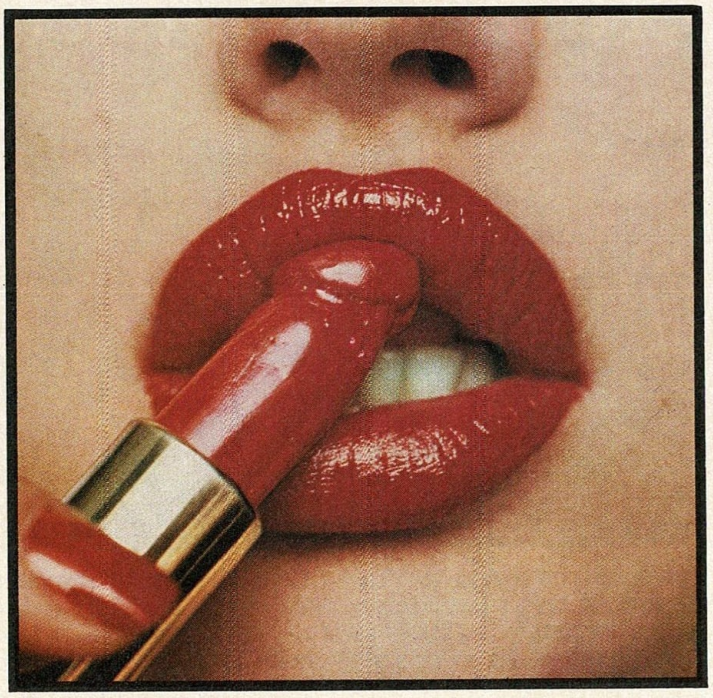
"You encouraged your wife
to make love to the most superb specimen
of manhood imaginable.
And now you expect her to go away and
quietly forget about it?!"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I need your advice on a recent event that happened while my wife and I were on a short vacation.

I am 36 years old and my wife is 33. We are happily married and have two children. My wife is a very attractive blonde, five feet five inches tall with an impressive figure, approximately 36-26-36. Some of my close friends have told me they think my wife is very sexy, and if not for me would like to take her to bed. I am six feet five inches, weigh 225 pounds, am balding and beginning to have a little paunch around the middle but have no problem picking up the ladies when out of town, which isn't very often. My wife, of course, knows nothing about these other women.



Now I will get back to my situation. As I said, we were on a short vacation alone; my folks kept our kids while we were gone. The second night we were away we went out to eat, had a couple of drinks, and returned to our hotel. We stopped by the lounge for a nightcap before we went up to our room. After we were there only a few minutes, a big well-dressed black man came in. There were no tables available so the waitress came over and asked if we would mind if he sat at our table since we had two extra chairs. I said okay and she went back to him and told him he could sit with us. He seemed real hesitant but came over and stated he didn't want to impose on us. We told him we were planning to go to our room when we finished our drinks so he should please sit down.

After he ordered his drink, we began a cordial conversation. This guy, like I said, was a tall guy—probably six feet eight inches—weighing approximately 250 pounds. Anyway, he was larger than me. I would judge his age to be around 45 years old, and he said he was from St. Louis and was a sales rep. I still don't know how all this happened but as we left he also left and his room was on the same floor. When we got to our room, he said he had some very special wine that was given to him by one of his customers and he would like us to have it in return for our hospitality toward him. We tried to persuade him that that wasn't necessary, but he insisted. So we went into our room, and he said he would be right back.

My wife was pretty tipsy by now and so was I. She was getting into her nightgown in the bathroom when I opened the door and began to play with her bottom. I didn't realize the door to the hall was open, but I heard footsteps in our room and looked up to find Dennis standing there holding the bottle of wine and getting a good look at my wife naked. Something about how he looked at her made me feel a sense of pride that she was my wife. I, of course, closed the bathroom door, but not before he got a good eyeful. For some unexplained reason, his expression gave me an arousal I hadn't had before. The arousal came from me thinking about someone watching me and my wife fuck. Without my wife realizing it, I asked him to stay and share the wine with us. Believe me, he was more than willing. About that time my wife came walking out of the bathroom in one of her short see-through camisoles and bikini panties. She turned and went back into the bathroom and motioned to me to come in there. I went in, and she wanted to know what I was doing, especially since she didn't bring a robe along with her. I told her to be cool and have a drink of wine with him. That we would tease him a little. Well, she must have liked the idea, because she walked back out into the bedroom, got her glass of wine, and apologized to Dennis for not

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

having a robe to put on. By this time he was beside himself. I could see a large bulge in his pants even though he was sitting down. He sat in a chair while my wife and I sat on the bed—a king-size. We began drinking the wine, and, like I said, my wife and I were already tipsy so our conversation soon turned to sex. I still couldn't believe what was happening but I wanted it to go on.

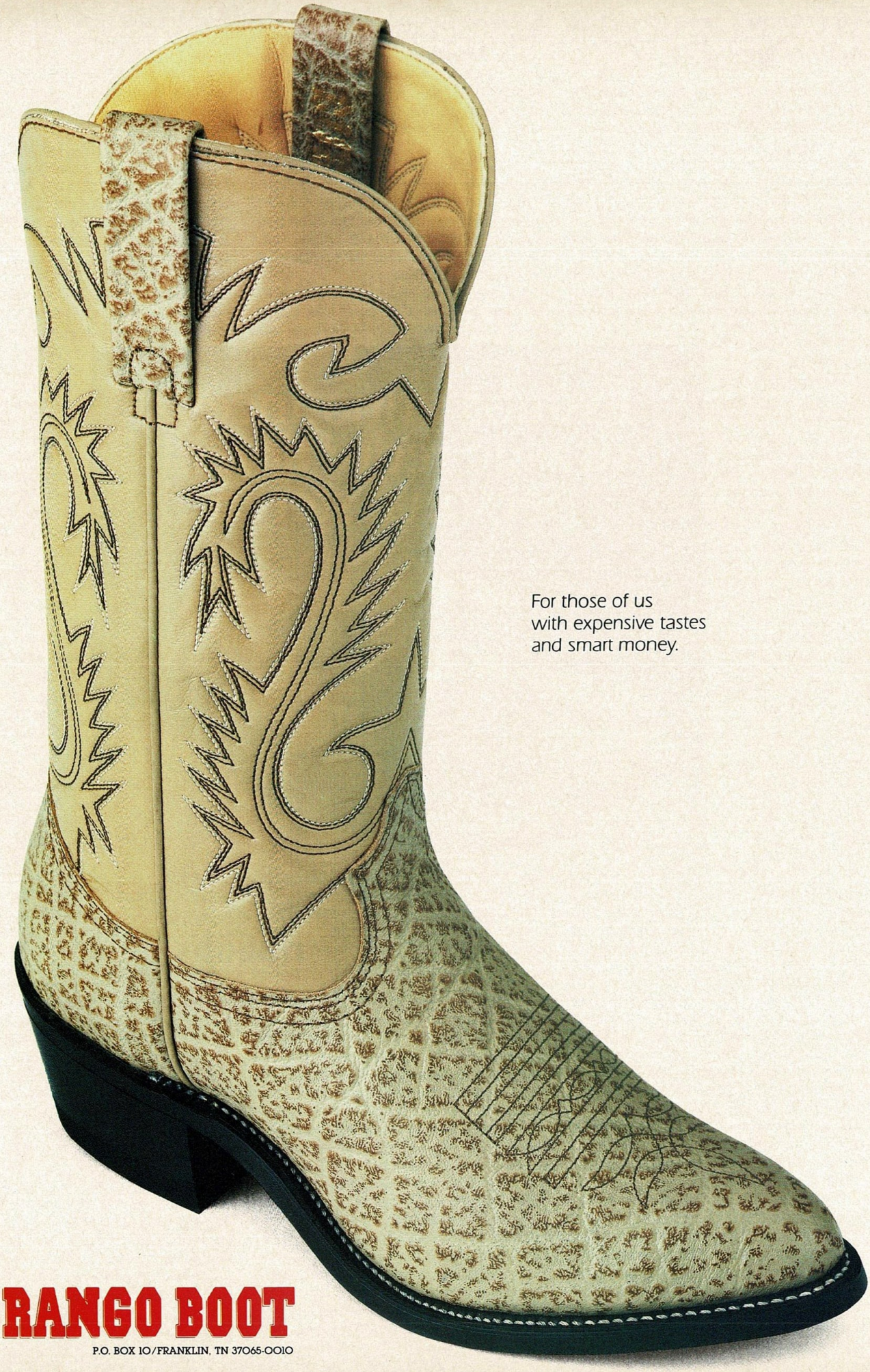
After a while the conversation got even bolder and my wife—I couldn't believe it, she's so conservative—asked if black men really do have larger dicks. Dennis and I both died laughing. Dennis then said there was one way to find out. At that point we all got quiet. Then my wife asked, "How?" Dennis said he could compare his to mine since we were close to the same size in weight and height. Well, my wife didn't say anything else, so I said, "Okay, just for the hell of it we will." I stood up and dropped my pants and underwear, exposing my semi-hard cock. Dennis then stood up and took off his suit jacket and tie and dropped his trousers. I looked at my wife as she stared at his bikini underwear with the huge bulge in it. Then he eased out of his underwear with his back to us. When he turned around my wife's eyes nearly popped out. His dick was hard, but not nearly to a full erection. Still, it must have been nine or ten inches long and very, very thick. It looked like a pound of salami or something.

Brief, but convincing. Toshiba's V-X340 VCR is one of the world's smallest, lightest, long-play portables. Weighing a mere 7.1 lbs. even with its rechargeable battery, it gives you up to 2 hours, 20 minutes of recording time. With the SK-45, an amazingly small CCD color video camera with electronic viewing, it's a portable video system that's definitely going places.

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA
Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

He then walked over by me and held our cocks out together. Believe me, there was no comparison. He stroked his a couple of times and it grew to about 12 inches. My wife didn't know what to do. She just sat there and stared. About that time I said I had to piss, which I did, and went into the bathroom. When I walked back into the bedroom my wife looked over at me, but since I didn't say anything she went back to playing with Dennis. She was going wild by now, moaning and groaning. I had the biggest hard-on I've ever had, as I watched. My wife took his huge dick and tried to suck it but couldn't do it very well because it was so big. Then Dennis got up and asked if we had any lubricant. My wife got up and went into the bathroom and brought out a jar from her cosmetic bag. Dennis told her to put just a little on the end of his dick. She got some on her fingers and then ran them up and down his dick a few times. He then laid her down on the bed on her back, with her butt almost on the edge. Then he leaned over her with his feet still on the floor. His dick stood out a foot. He then told her to put it in if she wanted him to fuck her. She reached down and got his dick and guided the head to her pussy. She then looked into his eyes and told him to please not hurt her but to fuck her good. I didn't see how her tight pussy could let his dick in, but putting her legs over his shoulders he began to inch in stroke by stroke. Pretty soon he had about eight inches in and my wife was looking up at him and telling him how great it was. This made me a bit jealous but also turned me on, seeing this huge dark black man against my wife's white skin, fucking her slow and easy with that huge dick. My wife probably had three or four orgasms while Dennis fucked her this way for about 30 minutes. When she was really wet and open, he moved her up into the middle of the bed and told her the next fuck was for his pleasure as well. He stuck his dick back in and began inching more and more in. I couldn't see how, but pretty soon he had nearly every inch in and my wife was going crazy with her legs high in the air, her arms around his neck, and fucking him back like I've never seen. Soon his strokes picked up. He'd have almost all of his dick in, then he would pull nearly all of it out. He got faster and faster until they both came. So did I, just watching. Come ran out of her pussy and soaked the bed. After they rested for a minute, my wife said she needed to clean up. While she was in the bathroom he got his clothes on and said he had to get up early, and he left. When my wife came back she asked me why he left and I told her. I then got her on the bed, and we fucked like never before although my dick was lost in her pussy after Dennis's. This leads to my problem. The next day nothing was said. I went to play golf while she went shopping. I wasn't playing too well so I went back to the hotel a little earlier than I had told her I would. But when I opened the door I heard some moaning coming from the bedroom.

I looked in to see my wife sitting naked in the chair sucking on Dennis's big cock. He was undressed, too. They stopped for a second when I came in, but when I didn't say anything she continued to suck his cock. She was trying to get all she could in her mouth while he reached down and fingered her with his long hands. Finally Dennis came in her mouth. She didn't swallow it but let it run down her face and drip on her tits. She wiped her mouth off when he was through and asked him if he would please fuck her again. She then got on the bed on her back. Dennis climbed between her legs and put his dick in. This time they began kissing—something they didn't do the night before. He again kept inching his dick in until he had it all in. My wife had several orgasms while they fucked for about 45 minutes until Dennis came again. I sat in the chair again and jacked off while they fucked. I didn't like what was happening but I was so turned on again I didn't do anything to stop it. Dennis got up and my wife got on her knees and began to lick up and down his dick cleaning it off. Finally, Dennis said he had a late appointment and he left. I asked my wife how they had gotten together and she said they had met in the hall. She said since we were leaving the next day she had



For those of us
with expensive tastes
and smart money.

DURANGO BOOT

P.O. BOX 10/FRANKLIN, TN 37065-0010

thought she would get it on one more time with him while she had the chance. We did leave the next day.—N. T.

What do you want me to do? Give you reassurance? You encouraged your wife to make love to the most superb specimen of manhood imaginable, and you expect her to go away and quietly forget about it. Just reading about Dennis made my clit twitch, but your wife enjoyed the reality. Of course she will never forget it. If I know anything about women, she has his phone number as well, and I wouldn't be surprised if some day he shows up on your doorstep. But remember: Everything that happened was due basically to your instigation.

A while back I was planning a party, and although I did not design it to be an evening of sex, the guest list had orgy potential. While I was in the supermarket shopping for the necessary goodies, I saw the most gorgeous seven - foot - tall specimen of black manhood buying washing powder. I really fancied this guy. I went up to him, almost drooling with desire, and said: "Do you like jazz?"

He gave me a toothpaste - commercial smile and said, "How original. Everyone always asks me if I am a basketball player, which, as a matter of fact, I am. Of course I like jazz."

"All that jazz?" I said, with a smile.

He looked me over approvingly. Before he had time to say anything else I said, "I am giving a party tonight. Would you like to come? And by the way, what is your name?"

"My name is Bruce," he chuckled, "What's yours?" and he held out an enormous hand. My hand totally disappeared inside his as we shook. "I am Xaviera Hollander," I answered.

"Oh . . . I'll definitely be there," he said. "What is the address?"

The party got off the ground rather slowly. Some of the guests realized what I had in mind, but a few dedicated swingers were sitting around fully dressed, obviously determined to be party poopers. It was up to me to get the "amateurs" moving. At this point Bruce showed up dressed to kill, and all I could think of was how quickly I could get those fancy clothes off his superb muscular body.

In no time all the women were after him, and they almost tore him apart. I was wondering how to get the orgy going, but here was the answer. I said, "Shall I issue numbers, or why don't you just stand in line!"

I don't know how it happened but suddenly everyone was naked. Bruce's magnificent physique tended to make the other male guests look small. Even pygmies sometimes have big cocks, but I must admit Bruce had no competition: He was the *greatest*.

A week or two ago I was showing my present boyfriend a lot of old photographs, among which, to my surprise, was a shot taken at this party. I was on all fours, smiling up at the camera and the whole of the background, including *my* background, was filled with Bruce. His torso towered over my ass and his enormous prick, which of course was not visible, was buried in my delighted pussy. Believe you me, he matched up to Dennis almost to the last inch. My boyfriend got very quiet. He was not amused. He said, "Do you still know this guy?"

"Sure," I answered. "I have his phone number in my address book." Then I quickly changed the subject.

My experience with outsized cock is that it is a tremendous turn-on once in a while but it can be painful, and it is definitely hard to live with. If you and your wife are honest with each other, and if she does want to see Dennis again, suggest to her that she does it either in your company or that at least she tells you about it. It seems to be just as much of a turn-on for you as it is for her.

THE CALL GIRL NEXT DOOR

I am currently in a situation about which I need your advice. I am 43 years old, moderately well-off, and have an ex–call girl for a neighbor. I will call her "Katie." She is a very attractive and intelligent young woman. Not at all what I thought call girls were like. She owns about 20 acres next to mine, and as neighbors we have become good friends and are intimate. She told me that she began working in massage parlors at 18 years of age, and that then she was a call girl until she was 26.

She told me this after we had become good friends. I was very intrigued rather than being shocked. She is very adept sexually and likes to kid me about all the freebies I get. I have to say that I have never known anyone like her. I live alone, as does she, and except for guests sometimes, I manage with a housekeeper just three days during the week. So Katie and I have some very nice weekends.

Katie has a nice, very modern-style house, and I visit there now and then. One day when I was over, she came out of the shower wearing only a towel around her hair, and she came right into the kitchen where I was fixing sandwiches—that is how she is, very relaxed about sex and such matters.

This is a whole new life for me, and I am enjoying it. We have sex in all sorts of places and ways. We have even done it on top of my horse! It took a bit of work—and I almost fell off at the end—but it was some experience.

She is a very pretty young lady, with a nice full figure and very shapely legs and a pretty face. She is not only pretty and sexy but interesting to talk to. She has had a very interesting life, to say the least.

I sometimes wonder about her sex life. Can she still feel anything after all those men? Eight years of sex for hire, and consider all the property she's managed to

The thin, water-resistant Longines Gold Medal®

Very Swiss. Very Supple. Very Sensuous.

You've never seen a design this superb, at a price this remarkable. The luxurious look of brushed gold. The studied excellence of Swiss craftsmanship. Exclusive Longines quartz movement. Gold Medal® is the classically elegant sports and dress watch. An impressive gift for him...$550. For her... $525. Also available in all-gilt dial.

All prices manufacturer's suggested retail.

buy. Even if she made some good investments, that's still a lot of men.

I will not say I am falling in love. I do look forward to seeing her when she comes over. We do have more than sex. We go into the city to see shows and to eat out, and last winter we went to Hawaii. But do you know if call girls ever really settle down to an ordinary life?—T. D.

Fashions change. In ancient Greece the lady we now refer to as a hooker was a priestess, or in some cases even a goddess. On the other side of the coin, only a few hundred years ago members of the now-respected profession of dentistry were regarded as untrustworthy quacks and were considered very low on the social scale. The fact is, if your neighbor has been so successful financially she must have been very good at her job, which your experiences with her confirm. A popular misconception is that prostitutes hate sex or men or both. Usually the reason a girl turns professional is that she needs the money, but she generally loves both sex and men. Of course, in her working years, Katie must have met her fair share of idiots and assholes, but this has obviously not prejudiced her against sex. As you yourself say, she is very relaxed about it. You don't last long as a call girl if you have sexual hang-ups.

From my own point of view the only hang-up I have from my professional background is that I prefer to be loved for my wit and intelligence than to be considered merely a sex object.

Call girls, even if they settle down with one man, sooner or later seem to crave sexual variety. I have been living with one man more or less full-time for the past three years. Every now and then I take a break for one month from my lover so I can do some exploring with new and younger lovers. I return to the arms of my lover, realizing that he is the best of all. However, he is then so furious with my exploits, which I describe to him in detail, that it often takes us a few days to get settled again. Eventually his horniness gets the better of him, though, and he forgives me my escapades.

MEDICAL MALE-PRACTICE

You seem to know a great deal about the psychology of the human male, so I'm hoping you can help me with this problem of mine.

I'm 26 and an aide in a health clinic. When a patient comes in for a complete physical, my job is to take his weight, height, pulse, temperature, and blood pressure before the doctor completes the examination. The patients must take everything off, of course.

Jeanette is a clerical worker, 30 years old. One day last month she told me she was caught up with her own work and offered to help me with the exam I was about to begin. Not wishing to refuse her kindness, I agreed to let her join me in the examination room. She jotted down the data as I took the patient's measurements. After that day Jeanette helped me quite often, and after a while I noticed something, which I jokingly teased her about at lunch one afternoon.

I told her I noticed that whenever she is free to help me with an exam the patient always turns out to be a gorgeous young male. Jeanette blushed red as a beet, but finally admitted I was right. She said she loves looking at nude men and had been dying to find a way to get into the examination room ever since she started the job. She recently hit upon the idea of helping me with certain exams.

When I suggested that maybe, out of fairness to the patients, she should not help me anymore, Jeanette came back with some good points. She said she is not in there staring and ogling. She really does help me with the exams. This is true. She also said that if it was okay for her to be in the room all this time, why should I keep her out now, just because I learned that she enjoys the view? And finally, she pointed out that the men are already required to be nude in front of me so one more presence in the room doesn't make any difference.

Does it really make any difference to a male if he is nude in front of one woman or two women? Should I continue to let Jeanette help me with exams?—D. W.

As long as your friend restrains herself from leaping on your patients and raping them, I see no harm in her helping you. Most handsome young males are very happy to expose their naked bodies to as many women as possible.

Anything that brings a little bit of extra happiness into the routine of our daily tasks must be good. I think you could suggest, however, that she also assist you with some of your uglier patients. Let her earn her pleasure.

THE JOY OF GIVING

I am a 23-year-old woman who has been living with my lover for the past nine months. I have a problem and I'm not sure what to do about it. My boyfriend seems to want to make love almost constantly, and I must admit that most of the time I'm not as enthusiastic as he is. Some of the time this really upsets him and I feel there is something wrong with me.

Rick really enjoys getting a blowjob, and the only time I can give him one is when I'm really turned on. This also raises a problem with us. This is probably selfish, but the only way I get really turned on is by having my pussy eaten. That's the only thing that makes me want a cock in my mouth or in my pussy. I think I could have my pussy eaten 24 hours a day. Fingering my pussy is okay, but after a while it becomes a real turn-off for me.

Xaviera, could you give me some advice? I'm not sure what to do and I think we really need some help. How can one

A cassette player four-fifths the size of Beethoven's Fifth.

Toshiba's Super Mini KT-AS10 offers features that cassette players many times its size don't. Like Dolby* NR, auto-reverse, AM/FM stereo tuner pack and metal tape capability. Only a first from Toshiba could improve Beethoven's fifth.

*TM Dolby Labs

In Touch with Tomorrow
TOSHIBA
Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

tell if she's in love? I sometimes think maybe that is the problem. I think I love him, but I'm not always sure. It's normal to have doubts, isn't it?—O. S.

There are a lot of things left unsaid in your letter. First, you say that your boyfriend wants to make love constantly but that you are not always enthusiastic. Then you say that you would like to have your pussy eaten 24 hours a day.

He likes you to suck his cock, but it sounds to me as if he doesn't do much in return. Suggest that you'd like to make love *with* him rather than *to* him and get him to participate.

I think sixty-nine is the most loving and most intimate position in the sex calendar. There is nothing selfish about wanting to receive as well as give. You just tell him, if he doesn't suck, *he* sucks. However, if you are uncertain whether you love him, you probably don't. Loving someone is not all pleasure, but if you are in love, you know.

LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH

I'm a 40-year-old mother of three. I've been married for over 15 years and have never made love to anyone except my husband. Our sex has been great right from the start. We have always been able to try new things and have always been able to talk about the things that satisfy us the most. We have never had any trouble bringing each other to orgasm. Mine have never been the nerve-shattering kind you read about, but I always felt satisfied by the end of our lovemaking.

Lately, things have been different. One day I was taking a shower and completely by accident started to play around. Before I knew what was happening I had an orgasm that made me fall to my knees. I had uncontrollable muscle spasms, and all I wanted was to be fucked. Since then I have been able to locate this spot again and again and my husband says that our lovemaking is better than ever. I guess this comes from experience.

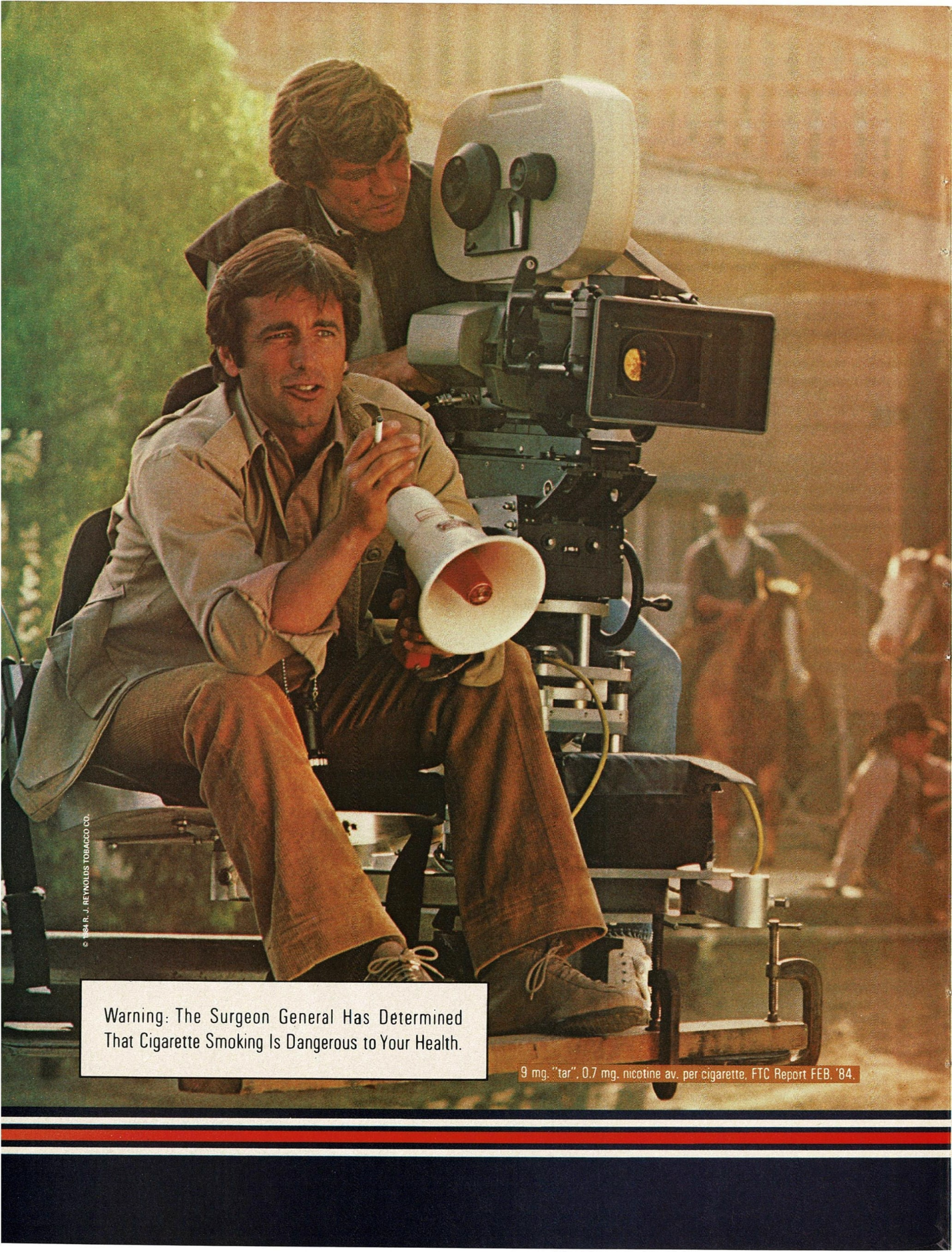
The problem is I can't get enough sex. I feel like I have to be made love to twice a day sometimes. My husband has a job where he is gone by six and sometimes doesn't come home until eight. He is usually very tired, and it's rare that we can make love more than twice a week. It isn't enough lately. I find that I am bringing myself to satisfaction when he can't. My question is, if I feel so horny, is it wrong to want to be satisifed any way I can? Should I control it and wait for him to make love to me or should I continue to satisfy myself?—A. C.

In my bathroom I have a shower massage, and with this playing on my clit, I can give myself a superb orgasm in a matter of seconds. If my boyfriend catches me, he goes apeshit, as he feels he is missing out. He may even be right, considering that given the opportunity he would like to make love to me almost con-

A Dutch of Class.

Grolsch®
HOLLAND BEER
A brewer's masterpiece from Holland.™

Imported by Grolsch Importers, Inc., Atlanta, GA 30339 © 1984


© 1984 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '84.

THE TASTE OF SUCCESS

VANTAGE

Great Taste with Low Tar.
That's Success!

Give them the card to keep on top of all the rest.

Next time you're buying a gift, give them a card instead.
A Canon FlashCard.

It's as small as a credit card, but it's really an incredible calculator. Perfect for having along when using a credit card.

It has raised numbers that respond beautifully to touch. And an 8-digit display and a memory to help check all the figures.

Better still, it runs on light. Any light. So you can take it anywhere.

The Canon FlashCard. In white, silver, or gold.
It's one card that makes a perfect gift.

Where quality is the constant factor.

Canon FlashCard®
ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS

Canon U.S.A., Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042
140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, IL 60126 · 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071
2035 Royal Lane #290, Dallas, TX 75229 · 123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

© 1984 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

tinuously.

As you say, you can't get enough sex. Your husband certainly isn't missing anything if you satisfy yourself without him.

I would advise that you suggest to your husband that he spend a little more time making love rather than money. Remember, we work to live—not the other way around. If he continues to stagger home too exhausted to perform, you should purchase a vibrator. That will make him think, and even if it doesn't, you can have a lot of fun with it on your own anyway.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with masturbation.

A SLICE OF LIFE

I have what could be termed "an unusual problem." Let me give you some background. I am 23 and engaged to be married to a wonderful, sexy woman, Carla. I am not circumcised, but my foreskin has never given me or my lovers any problems. I am always careful to wash under it to get rid of smegma, urine, sweat, and dirt before I engage in sex. I would guess half my lovers have found it a turn-on because it is so different.

Carla and I have a very active and satisfying sex life. She is especially adept at performing fellatio and deep-throating my cock. I love feeling her tongue on my stiff, throbbing prick, and having my balls tickled by her soft chin. She loves the taste and feel of come and eagerly sucks me dry. The problem is her tonsils. She feels that germs from my uncircumcised dick have been the cause of the two attacks of tonsillitis she has had in the last six months. These have been very painful and have caused her to miss several days of work. The doctor has told her that her tonsils are large for her age and should come out to avoid any future problems.

She has said she will not give me head for this reason until I get circumcised. She is going to have a tonsillectomy anyway, as her health plan at work will pay for it. She says she has also read that women who have uncircumcised lovers have a higher rate of cancer of the cervix. She also says she thinks a pruned pecker is more attractive.

I like my penis just the way it is and am skeptical that germs from fellatio performed on an uncircumcised or even circumcised pecker can cause infected tonsils. I had my tonsils out two years ago because of chronic tonsillitis and I think Carla should have hers out without trying to remodel my reproductive system.

Have you ever heard of this problem? Do you still have your tonsils, and if so, have they ever interfered with your ability to perform fellatio?—R. V.

Wow! American women have an international reputation for choosing their husbands' suits, ties, etc., but I think redesigning their boyfriends' bodies is going a little too far.

The fact is that we like to conform to the rules, and in the United States where

75 percent of men are circumcised I expect your girlfriend feels secretly embarrassed because her husband-to-be is "different." In Europe, of course, it is the other way around. On most European beaches nowadays the girls go topless, whereas in the States it is still the exception rather than the rule.

There is no medical basis for circumcision, except in rare cases where the foreskin is too tight to be rolled back, although I recall reading a Victorian medical book in which circumcision was recommended because "the presence of an irritating foreskin might lead to the unwholesome practice of self-abuse."

The religious aspect has even less to defend it. My Jewish friends joke about it saying it proves the optimism of the Jewish race because they cut a bit off even before they know how long it's going to be. The Arabs also practice circumcision, but they do it to women as well. They chop off the clitoris and sometimes even part of the labia.

Tonsillitis is an infection of the tonsils caused by bacteria, and you can catch it, by drinking out of a cracked cup in a restaurant, kissing, or even swimming in the sea, if the germs are around. As far as cancer of the cervix is concerned, I have never heard of such nonsense in my life. A clean uncircumcised penis is quite as healthy and germfree as a circumcised penis. If you allow your fiancée to lead you into a course of action you don't agree with before you are married, you are probably going to have a pretty henpecked married life.

OEDIPUS REVISITED

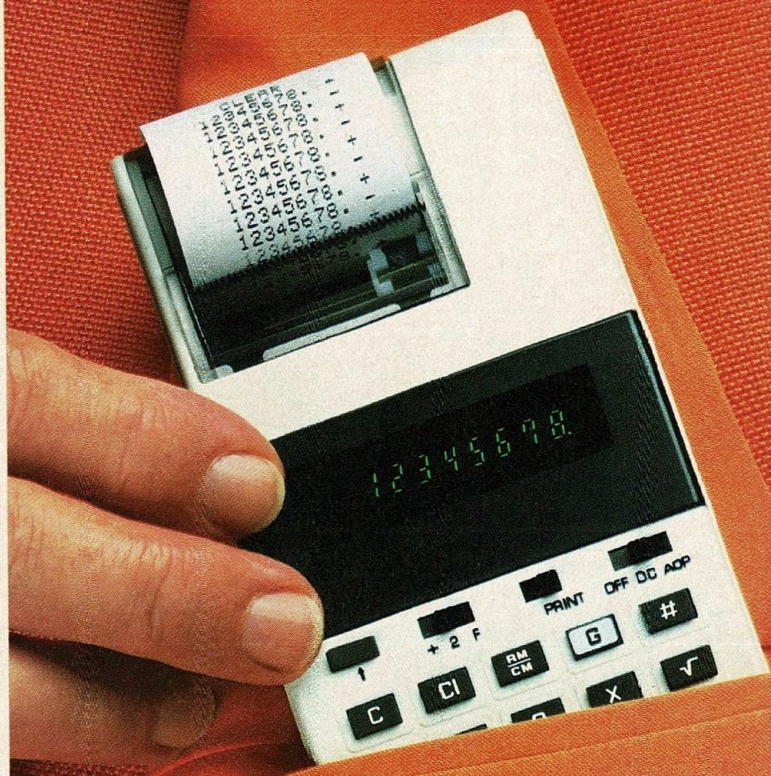
I am currently involved in a situation that I feel needs the advice of an expert like you. I am a 22-year-old male born in a small town but raised by my father in a big city. My parents were divorced when I was a child and I never knew or saw my mother, except for a few old family pictures. My father and I never got along, so on my eighteenth birthday I left home and wandered around from job to job. Eventually I found my way back home where I took a job delivering flowers.

I led an uneventful life there until one day my boss asked me to deliver a dozen long-stemmed roses to a widow in a ritzy section of town. I went to the house and rang the bell. After a few seconds the door opened, revealing the most beautiful middle-aged woman I had ever seen.

She had on an oversized man's shirt that showed the lower portion of her ass when she turned around. Her breasts were large, and I could see her large nipples forming an outline against her shirt. She invited me in and before I knew it we were French-kissing on her couch. By this time my penis was growing rock-hard and I wanted to fuck this beauty in the worst way. I unbuttoned her blouse and let her oversized breasts push against my body. I then slid my hand between her legs and under her panties, which were very wet,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 201

Or the PocketPrinter to put it all down in black and white.



Another thoughtful gift is a record.
The kind of a record that comes with Canon PocketPrinter calculators.
That's because they quietly print out all the figures on thermal paper.
And for the record, they're small enough to fit in a pocket.
Why, they even give you a choice of models. The reasonably priced TP-8 with its easy-to-read blue fluorescent display. Or the even more affordable TP-7 with its liquid crystal display.
So give them a PocketPrinter. And show you care in black and white.

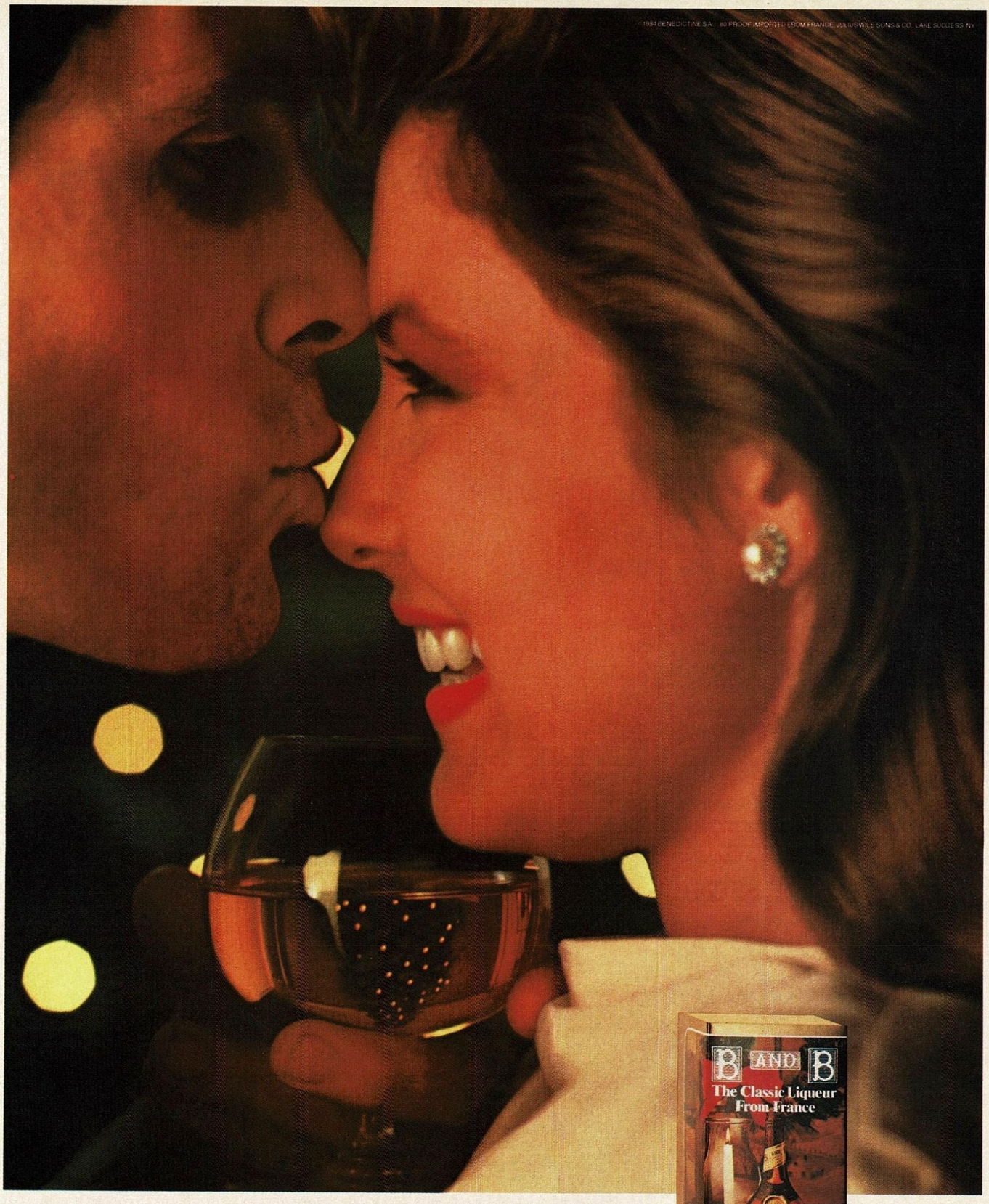
Where quality is the constant factor.

Canon ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS Pocket Printer®

Canon U.S.A., Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042
140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, IL 60126 · 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071
2035 Royal Lane # 290, Dallas, TX 75229 · 123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

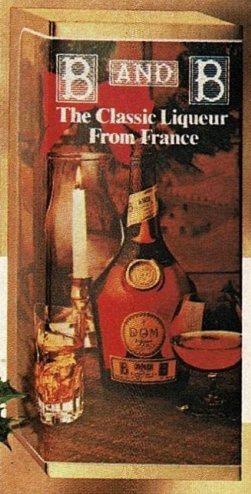
© 1984 Canon U.S.A. Inc

1984 BENEDICTINE S.A. 80 PROOF IMPORTED FROM FRANCE JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. LAKE SUCCESS NY



B&Bestow

Share the warmth of B&B
the delicate balance of Benedictine
and fine Brandy.



B&B
LIQUEUR

TO SEND A GIFT OF B&B LIQUEUR ANYWHERE IN THE U.S. CALL 1-800-238-4373. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

AMERICANS ARE NOT PAYING ATTENTION!

BY EMILY PRAGER

It's Christmas 1984, another hype-encrusted Yuletide season, and despite our hopes that by this time Big Brother would surely be watching us, his focus is clearly elsewhere. The rigid, authoritarian control Orwell promised us has not materialized—quite the opposite. In fact, things have gotten so loose and slovenly that all America seems like one oblivious couch potato: feet up, TV controls in hand, knee-deep in the litter of useless consumer goods and old frozen dinners; interest roused only by eating, making money, shopping, or gossip.

Americans seem to have abandoned their savvy. We are not concentrating. We are not paying attention to basics. Submerged in a vat of trivial information, our powers of observation are selectively shriveling. Use it or lose it, as they say in orthopedics. We can tell if Michael Jackson has had eye surgery, but we can't tell if our children have been raped at day-care. This is a sorry state of affairs.

Last summer in a town on Long Island, teenagers gouged out a friend's eyeballs in a pretty good approximation of human sacrifice *before* parents noticed that something was amiss. News footage of local playgrounds showed that satanic graffiti had been spray-painted everywhere for weeks prior to the horror. So what did people think? "Oh, those teenagers! Over at the playground worshiping the devil. It's that darned rock music!" How long could you share a house with a teenager on angel dust and not know it? Three minutes maybe—unless of course you weren't paying attention.

A friend of mine compares this new syndrome of distraction to that of the betrayed lover—the person who's the last to know. Someone tells you that you've been cheated and it's the shock of your life. And then the file cards flip over in your head and you realize that all the evidence was there, right in front of you. You just weren't paying attention.

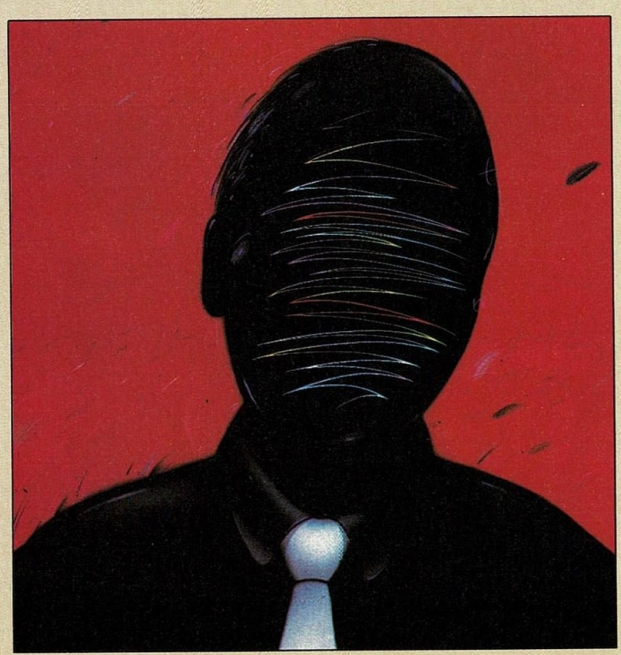
So much stupid information is jamming Americans' circuits that we no longer are sure that a forest consists of trees. Due to this alarming state of affairs, *Penthouse* has put together a Christmas guide designed to prevent tragedy:

"How to Tell if Your Husband Is a Potential Mass Murderer."

Introduction. There is nothing more poignant than the look of shock and surprise on the face of a woman who has just found out that her husband or son has committed mass murder. Though mass murder is an American tradition, close relatives who find it shameful often express total ignorance when asked how they could have missed the symptoms of such explosive tendencies in loved ones. After Richard Speck, scientists claimed that potential mass murderers have a lot of acne and an extra Y chromosome. Acne you can look for. An extra Y chromosome requires the skill of an expert cytologist, which may be beyond the scope of the average middle-income family. There are things in the home environment, however, that can alert the housewife or mother that all is not well in the psyches of those close to her.

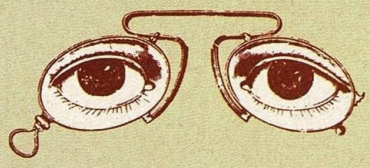
A Loner. Every report of mass murder in the last 20 years has described the culprit in question as a "loner." A loner is someone who does not hang out. He does not go bowling with buddies. He does not throw backyard barbecues. He does not organize expeditions to amusement parks. He sits by himself and broods. Or disembowels animals. You're lucky if he says two words. If this sounds like your teenage son, don't necessarily panic. Puberty gives everyone the potential for mass murder—it's just that some people never get over it.

Guns and Ammo. Though many American men adore guns, using the den to stockpile enough ammunition to retake Khe Sanh is not normal. Mining the lawn is also strange. Sandbagging the veranda is going way too far. And the housewife or mother who ignores these signs is begging for headlines.



NORMAN CATHERINE

Telltale Phrases and Acts. A murderous rage-ball will often say or do things that give himself away. John Wayne Gacy buried his victims in his basement crawl space. Dean Corll filled his rec room with medieval torture gear. One mass murderer had human-skin lampshades. These are all things that a mother or wife with a keen sense of smell or a quick eye can detect if she's paying attention. Mass murderers rarely have a sense of humor. So if your husband or son has all the symptoms mentioned and he says to you what the guy who massacred McDonald's said to his wife—"Good-bye. I'm going out to hunt humans"—you can be pretty sure he isn't making a joke. Merry Christmas. O+



FOOD & WINE

SPARKLING WINES

It has been said that you can have too much champagne, but you can never have enough. Champagne is the most glamorous of wines, and its appearance on any occasion, whether a formal dinner or a casual tête-à-tête, creates an immediate air of festivity that no other wine can match.

You can buy sparkling wines for as little as $4, but the real thing is produced in the delimited Champagne region, about 90 miles east of Paris. Unlike the finest wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy, which are the products of specific vineyards, champagne is a blended wine. The *cuvée* (or blend) includes wines from different villages in the Champagne region; from different grapes—Chardonnay, Pinot Noir, and Pinot Meunier; and from reserve wines from previous vintages. It is the *cuvée*, which may contain 20 to 50 different lots of wine, that enables each champagne firm to maintain its "house style" from one year to the next.

The *cuvée* is then bottled, along with a measured amount of sugar and yeast. This causes a second fermentation to take place in the bottle, which produces alcohol and carbon-dioxide gas; the gas is trapped in the bottle, and that's how champagne gets its bubbles.

This *méthode champenoise* is costly, of course, especially since the second fermentation creates sediment that has to be disgorged from each bottle without losing the bubbles. As a result, many of the world's sparkling wines are made by the bulk, or Charmat, process of tank fermentation. The second fermentation of the base wine takes place in large sealed tanks rather than in individual bottles. The resulting sparkling wine is then drawn off and bottled under pressure, a method that is obviously quicker and cheaper than individual-bottle fermentation.

There are about two dozen champagne firms whose wines are readily available in this country—among them Bollinger, Krug, Lanson, Laurent Perrier, Moët et Chandon, Mumm, Perrier-Jouët, Piper-Heidsieck, Pol Roger, Pommery, Roederer, Ruinart, and Taittinger. The driest champagnes are labeled "brut."

Nonvintage brut champagnes sell for about $17 to $22, but many of the top brands can be found in discount stores in many cities for $12 to $15. Dated vintage champagnes, made primarily from the grapes of a single harvest, cost about $5 more. There are, in addition, a number of deluxe champagnes priced from $30 to $60, most of them in specially designed bottles. Moët's Dom Pérignon is the most famous; others include Taittinger Comtes de Champagne, Roederer Cristal, Krug Grande Cuvée, Bollinger R.D., and Perrier-Jouët Fleur de Champagne.

For all of their fame, wines from France's Champagne region account for less than 20 percent of the imported sparkling wines consumed in this country. There are mousseux from France, espumosos from Spain, spumante from Italy, and Sekt from Germany. In France, a number of excellent dry sparkling wines are produced along the Loire, primarily from the Chenin Blanc grape. Examples include Bouvet, Gratien, Monmousseau, and Veuve Amoit. Kriter is a popular wine made in Burgundy.

A great deal of dry, attractive, and moderately-priced sparkling wine is produced in Spain, near Barcelona, by the traditional *méthode champenoise*. Such wines, which may be labeled "cava," are good values at $5 to $7, and their popularity has increased enormously in the past five years. Producers include Codorniú, Freixenet, Castellblanch, Segura Viudas, and Conde De Caralt.

ANDREW UNANGST

Italy's best-known sparkling wine is Asti Spumante. This distinctive wine, produced from Muscat grapes around the village of Asti, in Piedmont, is low in alcohol—under 9 percent—and quite sweet, containing 8 or 9 percent sugar. Its intense ripe-fruit flavor and sweetness make it an excellent accompaniment to desserts.

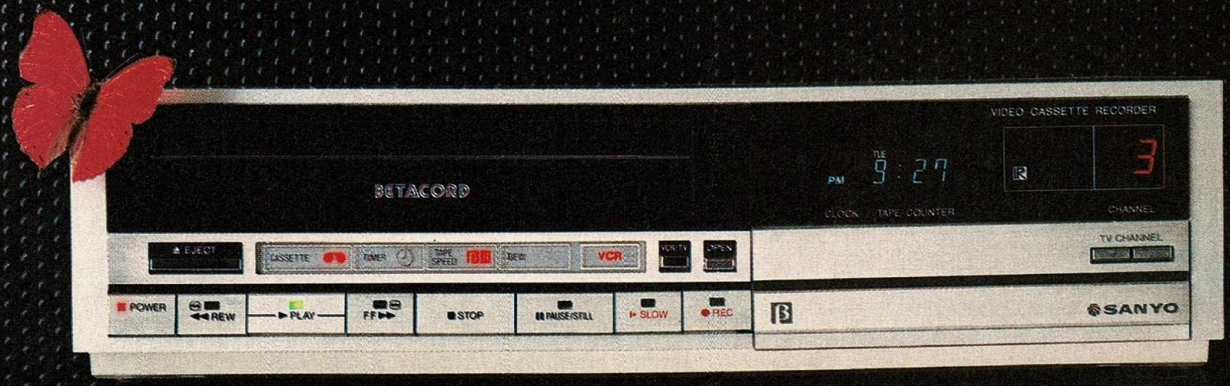
The Germans produce a tremendous amount of Sekt and drink most of it themselves. Henkell Extra Dry is the best known label here; others are Deinhard Lila Imperial and Fürst von Metternich.

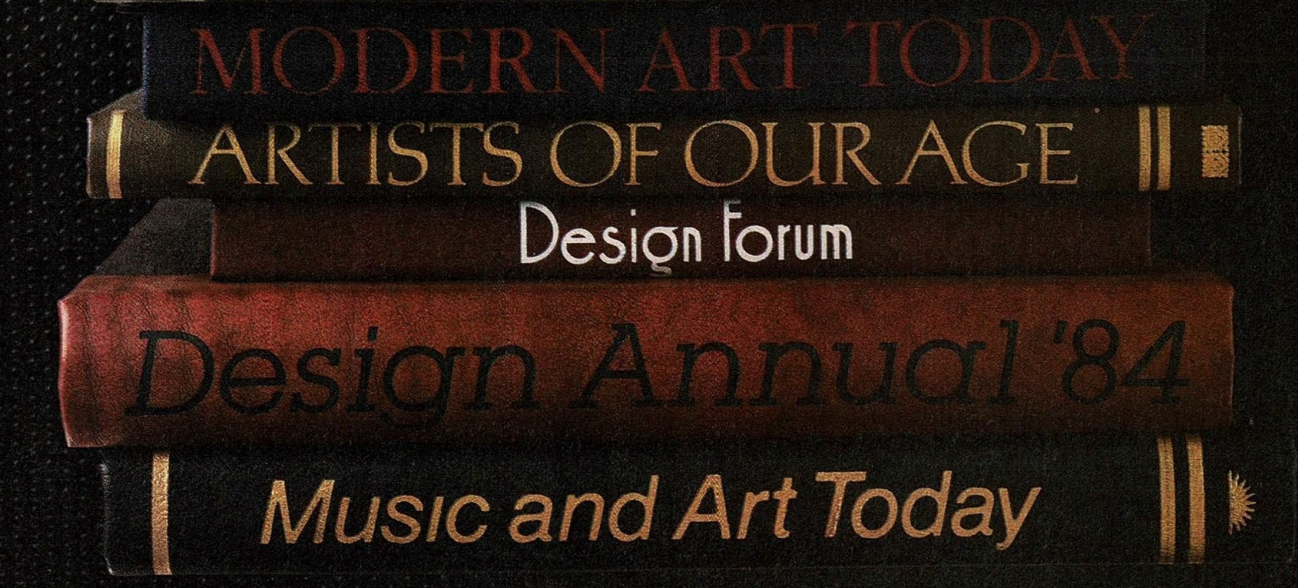
Actually, most of the sparkling wines we consume are made in this country, and most of these come from California. Well-known California sparkling wines include those of Almadén, the Christian Brothers, Paul Masson, and Weibel. Two firms that have long specialized in premium sparkling wines are Korbel and Kornell.

In recent years, a number of California wineries have begun to specialize in *méthode champenoise* wines made from the classic Chardonnay and Pinot Noir grapes. Schramsberg, founded in 1965, was the first. More recently Domaine Chandon, owned by Moët-Hennessy, and Piper-Sonoma, partly owned by Piper-Heidsieck, have been producing fine sparkling wines.

New York has a history of producing sparkling wines, most of them made with such native grapes as Delaware and Catawba, which give them a different taste than those from California. Taylor, Great Western, and Gold Seal are all familiar names.

There's no need to wait for a special occasion to enjoy sparkling wine; the sound of a popping cork makes any occasion special.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

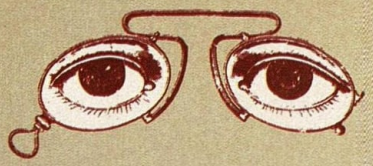




The New Sanyo VCR-3. It does everything but take up space.

Our VCR-3 Video Recorder is so small it represents a very large step in VCR technology. It's no bigger than an audio cassette deck, yet it has features even some of the big VCRs don't. Like our advanced PC heads for sharp, clear slow motion and freeze frame. 105-Channel capability. And a 16-function infrared remote control. There's even an electronic tape counter, a versatile 14-day/8-event timer and a convenient auto rewind feature. So as you can see, our VCR-3 is everything an advanced VCR ought to be. Except, of course, big.

SANYO
THE MODERN ART OF ELECTRONICS.



FILMS

CLASS ACTS

Odd things happen to Broadway plays on their way to the movies. Some of the oddest things have happened to Peter Shaffer's plays—*Equus* a few years back and now the celebrated ***Amadeus***. What may have seemed great theater dissolves into an embarrassment of tricky theatrics, and the promise of deep thinking onstage materializes as self-evident pseudo profundity before the camera.

I'm not even sure in what way *Amadeus* wants to be taken seriously. There is, for example, the murder plot: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart dies at the age of 36 because one Antonio Salieri, a rival eighteenth-century Viennese composer, kills him; that is, he secretly works Mozart to death writing the great *Requiem Mass* that he never lives to finish. It's a clever notion, but untrue. Mozart died while writing, not *because* of writing, the *Requiem*; and the commission came not from Salieri but from a nobleman who wanted to claim a Mozart piece for his own.

Then there is the contrast, and the ensuing attraction-repulsion, between the two men: the child-prodigy Mozart, grown arrogant, vulgar, lecherous, an artist of genius residing inside an almost unapproachable "natural" man; Salieri, older, industrious, cautious, refined, ambitious, inclined to be generous toward Mozart, whose music he is cursed to appreciate fully but never remotely to equal.

That situation sounds like real Peter Shaffer material, but in the movie it is curiously underdeveloped. The love-hatred of Salieri for Mozart becomes less a dramatic crux than a narrative device for framing the story—a story at bottom not so different from the steamier, great-composer biopics of movie history. They've done some psychological updating here, however. For example, Mozart is portrayed as sublimating the images of his father, Leopold, and of his mother-in-law into figures of doom in two major operas. (Salieri, ever the explicator, makes sure we understand this.) But on the whole he is the traditional artistic character—an impetuous, devil-may-care Mozart, drinking, screwing, performing, and composing his way to an early (pauper's) grave while a stream of imperishable masterpieces flows from his pen.

Of course they *are* imperishable masterpieces. What makes *Amadeus* surprisingly bearable despite its length, the kindergarten character analysis, and the too-spectacular location shooting under Milos Forman's ponderous direction is the music. Where everyone else's inspiration fails Mozart's doesn't. And so with good performances, mainly by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under Neville Mariner, there is something great to listen to every few minutes while watching the film.

As for the acting, Tom Hulce plays Mozart like an unkempt college sophomore. F. Murray Abraham makes his Salieri a fastidious aesthete occasionally brought alive by the greatness of Mozart's music. The distinction is grotesque, finally, but nothing so grotesque as Elizabeth Berridge as Mozart's wife, Constanze, who enters the Viennese royal court as if fresh off the family farm in Kansas. By contrast, Jeffry Jones as royalty incarnate, Mozart's patron, the Emperor Joseph II, establishes such an authoritative breadth of dullness it makes his scenes the happiest moments in the movie.

F. Murray Abraham as Salieri: The inspiration is Mozart's alone.

Anyone who has seen his work in the past will know in advance the qualities of the new Eric Rohmer film. ***A Full Moon in Paris***, the latest in his series of "Comedies and Proverbs," offers no surprises. That it is great filmmaking should be no surprise either.

Ogier and Luchini in Full Moon.

The situation is this: A bright, articulate, desirable young woman sets out to chart the course of her romantic life and fails. As in *Pauline at the Beach* and *Le Beau Mariage* earlier in the series, we have a chronicle of confusion and personal loss. It isn't enough to say that Rohmer's girls always get what they have coming to them. They do, but it is only because they are so confident, attractive—and young—that their stories classify as comedies at all.

In *A Full Moon in Paris*, Louise (Pascal Ogier) decides to leave her boyfriend in the suburbs for the (part-time) adventure of life alone in Paris. After so much love, she explains, "The one experience I've missed is loneliness." As it turns out, loneliness may be her destiny. Of course, Louise is lonely mostly in the company of people she can talk to. The talk she showers upon this slight material—especially with her Paris pal, a married writer named Octave (Fabrice Luchini), another expert in self-deception—absolutely makes this movie.

In return, the movie provides enough time for Louise and Octave to explain and rationalize and otherwise express the finer points of their feelings. Louise, an apprentice designer, wants to make fanciful, probably useless, little lamps. Octave would like to make Louise, but will settle for talking his case instead. Such lucid foolishness must exist only in those corners of France occupied by Eric Rohmer, an exotic country indeed. But I think anyone who's ever been afraid or wrong, who's put a brave face on bad decisions, has been there. And after a while Rohmer's highly specialized adults begin to look like charitable models of us all.—*Roger Greenspun*

Introducing
Carlton Slims
"Deluxe 100's"

Elegant, with the class of Carlton.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

VIDEO

TV FROM OUTER SPACE Could it be the pot of gold at the end of the video rainbow? Over 100 channels of television programming, a blizzard of sports, movies, and adulterama, are all yours *for free* if you know how to catch them. And if you are one of the half-million enterprising Americans who own a home satellite receiving system, you already know that the way to catch them is with a "dish."

There are 17 satellites hovering 22,300 miles above the United States. Networks and cable companies like Home Box Office use them to relay their broadcasts to local affiliates and to distributors. With a receiving dish—which is nothing more than a sophisticated antenna—and the appropriate electronics, you can pluck any of these signals off the "birds," as the satellites are dubbed. The video menu includes the offerings of premium pay channels like HBO and Showtime; educational, cultural, and foreign-language programs; and a plethora of soft-core adult entertainment.

Home satellite systems, also called "earth stations," have suddenly become big business: Selling at the rate of 20,000 a month, they are the fastest-growing segment of the video business. And so far only about 10 percent of the market for earth stations has been penetrated.

Some 22 million Americans live in areas with poor or nonexistent TV reception. What's more, the great majority of these people live in places so scarcely populated that cable companies simply pass them by.

It was in these small towns that basement tinkerers started this grass-roots technology. What they were after in the beginning was simply a few more channels and better reception for *Three's Company*. But things started changing around 1975, when satellites began to relay the burgeoning offerings of cable and the "super stations"—local independents that decided to go national by bouncing their signals off a bird. Suddenly earth stations were appealing to a wider audience than just video desperadoes, despite the somewhat hefty setup cost.

The average price of a complete earth station has dropped drastically in the past four years. It's now about $2,500, but it can range from $1,500 to $5,000 depending on where you live (you need a bigger and costlier dish in certain areas of the South, for instance). For about $2,500, however, you should be able to buy everything you need to tap the birds. If that sounds expensive, bear in mind that it is a one-time-only cost, unlike cable subscription fees, which are bound to spiral upward with inflation.

A home satellite station has five components. The dish itself is made up of two parts: a reflector, the large dome that like a giant baseball mitt catches the low-powered signals coming from the satellite, and the detector, or feed horn, where the signal is gathered. The signal then gets a boost on its way through a low-noise amplifier and moves along to a receiver. Unless you own a monitor you'll also require a TV-channel modulator, which makes the signal compatible with a normal TV. Since the dish has to be turned and tilted to be able to pick up the full range of programming from 17 satellites, a remote-control positioner, or actuator, is an integral part of the package, too.

There are variations on this basic setup, and options, like stereo reception, are available. Companies like Channel Masters, KLM Electronics, and R. L. Drake, among others, carry the full line of electronics and hardware. Your local video dealer can provide the necessary expertise to set it all up.

THE IMAGE BANK/HARALD SUND

Make a cosmic connection with your backyard earth station.

Besides delivering an enormous amount of programming, satellite dishes cut out the middleman, in most cases a local cable distributor, and bring in a picture that is vastly superior to broadcast TV. And you needn't live in a rural area to be able to reap this benefit. In cities, television reception is often hampered by interference caused by the signal bouncing off tall buildings, resulting in such distortions as ghosts and multiple images. Urbanites can catch signals with a dish positioned on a roof.

Although federal law states that the airwaves are public property, lawsuits filed by cable distributors charge that taking pay programs for free is video poaching. Legislation now pending in the House and the Senate will attempt to clarify who's entitled to what. Meanwhile, the premium pay channels are planning a counterstrategy against poaching. These companies intend to scramble the signals coming from the satellite, sell a decoder box, and exact a monthly charge for programming. It will be a costly move—thousands of regional cable distributors will also have to get decoders—but HBO plans to move ahead, perhaps by the end of the year. Even so, there will still be close to a hundred programming sources available for free.

With the seemingly endless viewing possibilities you are going to need a satellite-TV guide, and luckily there is one to be had. *Satellite Orbit* magazine (Hailey, Idaho) features not only information on equipment and technical help, but also a 250-page monthly guide to the celestial offerings. It's appropriately named "The Bird-watcher."—*Robert Love*

With Canon's new home video system, your pictures look like network pictures.

Simulated pictures.

Pictures that look broadcast quality.

That's what Canon's new portable home video system gives you. Because Canon Accu-Vision™ incorporates the same advanced precision optics as the Canon equipment used by the networks.

So it's not surprising you get sharp, high resolution pictures and vivid color.

Canon's new VC-30A video camera is small, streamlined and highly sophisticated. It has Canon's computer-designed f/1.4 8X power zoom lens, ⅔" high-band Saticon® tube for outstanding resolution, an exclusive infrared automatic focus system developed by Canon, 10-lux minimum illumination for shooting in very low light and a built-in character/time-lapse controller for greater flexibility.

For even more mobility, there's Canon's new, amazingly small VC-200A color video camera. It weighs only 3 lbs. 5 ozs., yet incorporates an outstanding list of features including a Canon f/1.2 6X power zoom lens and a new ½" high-band Saticon® pickup tube for superb picture resolution.

At a mere 7 lbs., Canon's new VR-30A portable recorder has four heads for crystal clear special effects, Dolby* stereo, high speed search capability and can tape up to eight hours.

The new Canon VT-50A tuner/timer can record as many as eight programs two weeks in advance. Plus it has 139 cable-ready channels and a built-in battery recharger. Together the VR-30A recorder and slim VT-50A tuner/timer form the new Canon DeckMate,™ a unique docking system that allows convenient stacking to create a compact console VCR.

So see your Canon video dealer soon.

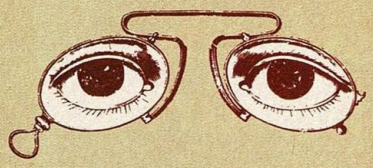
And ask for the system that shoots pictures that look like the networks'.

The new home video system from Canon.

DeckMate
VHS

Canon
Accu-Vision™
For pictures that look broadcast quality.

*Canon U.S.A., Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, New York, 11042, (516) 488-6700/1401 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126, (312) 833-3070/6380 Peachtree Industrial Boulevard, Norcross, Georgia 30071, (404) 448-1430/123 Paularino Ave. East, Costa Mesa, California 92626, (714) 979-6000/2035 Royal Lane, Suite 290, Dallas, Texas 75229, (214) 620-2641/Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Boulevard, Honolulu, Hawaii 96814, (808) 521-0361. * "Dolby" is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corp. ® Saticon is a registered trademark of NHK (Japan Broadcasting Corp.).*



X-RATED VIDEO

MORE OF THE INANE COUPLES FILM
Every Woman Has a Fantasy (VCA)
Every Woman Has a Fantasy parlays a nauseatingly standard porn plot—"let's all get drunk and talk our favorite dirt"—into a quirky and fairly horny affair. A couple of white sluts sit around talkin': four or five white chicks, actually, in an I'll-tell-you-mine-if-you'll-tell-me-yours therapy group that meets once a week. This is a rubber-stamp kind of plot, hatched out of minds too brain-damaged for originality—in fact, I am astounded that minds this dull can figure out how to thread film into a camera. Sex is just a series of episodes, vignettes, encounters, strung together like a series of Valium prescriptions, as if porn never found a way to go beyond the loop. It can get awful boring awful quick if something is not done to liven it up.

Something is done, fortunately, in the shapes of Rachel Ashley and John Leslie, the core couple in this flick. Sandra Winters, the woman who produced *Fantasy*, allowed Leslie and Ashley to play out their relationship like real people, not sex machines. Winters doesn't shove Rachel into your face like some cracker farmer showing off a prize sow; the star is developed slowly. Women will appreciate this discretion, which is what makes this film good for couples.

We don't even get a good look at Rachel until about a third of the way into the film. A full frontal of her face, a side shot of her body—we are teased into wondering what this woman is really like. I thought perhaps they were waiting for her to starve down a bit; she *is* what they used to call "Rubenesque," which nowadays means unfashionably chubs. But when the time came, so did I: I saw Ashley in action and was convinced of her charms. Looking at her is like walking down a street of whorehouses: She exudes sultriness.

Besides her careful treatment of Ashley, producer Winters and director Edwin Brown have done a good job in keeping the "female" in this series of female fantasies. The episodes are raunchy, and some of them are real zipper poppers, but the female slant is consistent. It makes *Fantasy* a film you can take home to meet the wife.

Last, and no doubt least, *Fantasy* gives us John Leslie, who in the film *is* a one-man couple. Halfway through the film, Leslie climbs into drag, and the plot swings into a pornographic parody of *Tootsie*. He just *has* to get into his wife's fantasy sessions, only there are no men allowed, so Leslie fulfills what has probably been his secret urge since childhood. "This won't work," he moans to his wife. "Dustin Hoffman did it," she answers. "Dustin Hoffman is a better actor than I am," Leslie understates.

But actually, he acquits himself quite well. After seeing *Fantasy*, you know why Leslie is one of porn's top studs—not only for his sexual abilities, but also for his acting. *Fantasy* picks up tempo largely through his efforts, and the film winds up being enjoyable for all the limitations of its plot. Four cocks for Leslie and Ashley; minus one for the lack of an original story.
Every Woman Has a Fantasy
♜♜♜

CLICHE OF THE MONTH
Fascination (Quality X Video), *Bad Girls II* (Collector's Video)
Porn clichés are so numerous and so vomit-inducing that it is hard to pick just one per month to focus my vile invective upon. Bad acting, bad music, bad plots—you name it, and the X-rated industry has botched it and made an honored tradition of botching it.

Thus it is with some reluctance that I give up this section of my column to one Ron Jeremy, as vile a cliché as porn has, a sort of walking repository of redundancy. But Ron begged and pleaded to be included in a *Penthouse* review, and to prevent him from getting down on his knees, since Ron Jeremy down on his knees can mean only one thing, I gave in to him.

Anyone who has even a passing acquaintance with adult video knows Ron Jeremy. He is the ultimate Jewish schmo, tireless in his pursuit of sexual satisfaction, a cross between Portnoy and Duddy Kravitz. Early on in life, Ron figured out that the only way women would fuck him was if there was a director in the room ordering them to do so. I wouldn't be surprised if he lost his virginity on a porn set. Everywhere you look nowadays, there is Ron Jeremy dorking Seka, Ron Jeremy stuffing Sharon Mitchell, Ron Jeremy boffing an inflatable love doll. There's even Ron Jeremy sucking off Ron Jeremy, since this is one of his repulsive "skills," auto-fellatio.

Fascination and *Bad Girls II* stand as two touchstones—or perhaps tombstones—to Ron Jeremy's career. *Fascination* is the earlier one, and it is deft enough to stand as a minor smut classic, a kind of *Lonely Guy* of porn. Jeremy unbuckles his Borscht Belt nebbish routine, which shows that when he's not grossing you out, he can be very funny. *Bad Girls II* shows him in the minor bad-guy role he's been typed into of late, and it's a much lousier movie.

No fascination with Fascination: *a touchstone—or perhaps a tombstone—to the career of Ron Jeremy.*

It's hard to tell when a cliché drifts across the line into archetype, but Ron Jeremy may be in danger any day now. Video shops are going to start devoting sections to him, or maybe there'll be a new "WRJ" rating: "Without Ron Jeremy." When he's good, he's very good, and Jeremy works enough that sooner or later he'll be good, if only because he has exhausted the chances to be anything else.
Fascination ♟♟♟ *Bad Girls II* ♟♟

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Debbie Does Dallas (VCX)
It has become the staple cliché of every teen T&A movie from *Porky's* on down: entry into that holiest of holies, that sinner sanctum, that paradise of poozle, the girls' locker room! Something about the male ego forces him to want to go specifically where he's not allowed: the only sanctuary where girls can let their hairdos down and be girls without being cajoled and ogled and wheedled by hordes of bleating, penis-led men. Obligingly enough, Hollywood has begun to fulfill this particular male fantasy, with viewers being ushered into steamy chambers of barely budding post-pubescence to gawk at young nipple-flowers so delicate they must be plucked only with the lips.

Well, porn was there first. One of the reasons *Debbie Does Dallas* was so outrageously popular, back a half-decade ago when it was released, was that there were no steamy shower scenes lighting up the big screens. Seeing it now, when any man with a sawbuck can pretty much have his choice of locker rooms to camp out in, I think *DDD* still holds up pretty well. Bambi Woods is Debbie, a cheerleader who has just been granted a chance to audition for the Dallas Cowgirls. She needs money for the trip, so she and her cheerleading cohorts form "Team Services, Inc."—a sort of cottage industry for amateur hookers.

Pleasures of Innocence: *There's a lot of flesh, but who's looking?*

"Is there anything you girls *won't* do?" asks an incredulous client.

"We won't do everything," answers his teenage dream-preppy, "but I'm sure we can work something out." Which is exactly what happens again and again and again over the course of the movie. Somehow, the preppiness and oblivious good humor of the actresses have allowed this film to escape the sleaziness of so many porn flicks. The hard-core element is somehow softer, less boring and brutal, and it makes *DDD* a good flick for couples and for parties. Even if it is a male dream, it's one a lot of women can get in on.
Debbie Does Dallas ♟♟♟♟

QUOTE OF THE MONTH
Lingerie (Diamond Collection)
"You are a lot softer than sheep."—John Holmes, in *Lingerie*
"Yeah, and we taste better, too."—one of his playmates

This exchange took place in a menagerie *à trois* in *Lingerie*, a film that marks John "Johnny Wadd" Holmes's return to smut after a bit of a "vacation" occasioned by his murder trial. I got nostalgic just seeing Holmes again, getting his huge, foot-long pecker gobbled.

Unfortunately, all is not right with this film. Part of the relief in seeing Holmes is not that he has been through hell and back just to be there, but that he is the best actor in this mess. Holmes plays sheep rancher Hank Ross, host to a group of photographer's models who come up to the ranch for a bit of rustic ambience. He takes one of the models up to the sheep-dipping tank for a swim, a glorious blonde who works out on Holmes's cannon as if she were sucking off a national landmark.

But to get to this high point, we have to endure some of the lamest footage in recent memory, including acting so wooden they should have used a chainsaw instead of a camera, and one gynecological close-up, in the opening scene, that makes you think you've wandered into a bakery by mistake ("Is that a yeast infection, or are you just glad to see me?"). The presence of Holmes, plus the admittedly fine in-tight sex shots throughout, may make this tape worthwhile for you. Welcome back, John. Even the sheep missed you.
Lingerie ♟♟

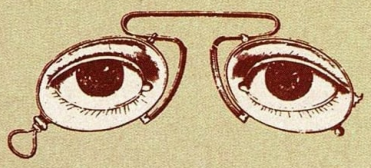
THE PLEASURES OF INNOCENCE
(Bluebird Films)
Smut is cleaved into two huge camps: East and West, N.Y.C. and L.A. California porn has stunningly beautiful women and stunningly stupid plots; New York gives us what women they can scrape off the streets and at least some attempt at putting together a credible story.

Larry Revene's *Pleasures of Innocence* is New York porn all the way, even though it does start out in Des Moines. The plot concerns a twist on the usual formula: Small-town stripper makes good in the big city. There is a lot of flesh and fucking to propel the story forward, but by and large the women are uninteresting. With the exception of a brief scene between Tish Ambrose and Carol Cross, the talent here left me cold—not to mention limp. All in all, I would rather watch a film like this than a mindless romp, California-style, but just barely.
The Pleasures of Innocence ♟♟

—*Al Goldstein*

RATING KEY

♟ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
♟♟ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
♟♟♟ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
♟♟♟♟ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



SOUNDS

HOT LEGS

Tina Turner. When I was growing up, her name was synonymous with sex. One night I remember being caught up in an incredible human crush that pressed right up to the edge of the stage so close that I could easily see the minimal undergarments Tina and the two dancing, background-singing Ikettes were wearing under their short, short, *very* short skirts. (This was in the mid-1960s, heyday of the barnstorming "Ike and Tina Turner Revue.") I couldn't seem to wrench my eyes away from what was under Tina's skirt. When I did, my eyes met Ike's. They seemed to be scowling right at me: Look, don't touch.

In the course of covering parts of several Rolling Stones tours, I must have seen Tina do her number—caressing, stroking, practically giving head to the microphone—several dozen times. The act worked every time. Then there were rumors of friction, followed by the Turners' divorce in 1974. The next time I saw her, two and a half years ago, I was doing an article on Rod Stewart. We—Rod and a small entourage and I—came sweeping into a rehearsal studio where Tina was breaking in dancers for her new show. The rumor around town was that despite a lack of record-company interest Tina's show was *hot*.

At that time, it had been something like a dozen years since I'd last seen Tina Turner—and almost that long for Rod—and we must have been a strangely hilarious sight, standing there with our mouths hanging open, staring like idiots. It wasn't that she was looking good for her age, which we'd estimated beforehand (given a career dating back to 1959 or so) to be somewhere over 40. It wasn't even a case of our mentally slowing or stopping the passage of time. Tina, wearing a workout pullover and one of those short, short, very short skirts of hers, was looking better now than she'd looked in 1965. Better than she'd looked on the Rolling Stones tours. Better, really, than any one woman has the right to look.

I recovered a second or two before Stewart, who once wrote a song called "Hot Legs" and who considers feminine lower limbs his specialty. When *he* recovered, Rod turned and said, "*Look* at those *legs*!" Tina came over to embrace him and catch up on old times, and he was boyishly tongue-tied. "Tina," he finally managed to say, "I'm doin' a show at Madison Square Garden this week. Think you could come along and sing a couple of numbers with me?"

Making guest appearances with Stewart, the Stones, and other rock-star pals from her Ike-and-Tina days, Tina seemed to be cashing in her chips as the early 1980s progressed. But she was still unable to convince any major American record company that she was a valid act for today's market and not a moldy oldie. The record execs must have been blind or scrunched so far down in their office chairs that they were seeing her only from the waist up.

Then something off-the-wall happened. When Tina was performing in England a synth-pop band called Heaven 17, which has not made much of an impression in the United States but has scored several British hits, contacted her. They wanted her to sing the lead vocal for a track on their next album. The studio chemistry was positive, and in 1983, Heaven 17 produced a single for Tina, a revival of Al Green's early-1970s hit "Let's Stay Together." It was a big hit: Top Ten in Britain, No. 1 on the United States dance and soul charts, a million-seller all told.

RETINA LTD/S.I.

Tina Turner takes chances and triumphs with Private Dancer.

Suddenly red-hot again, and with a brand-new EMI/Capitol recording contract, Tina's next move had to be an album, and fast. "Our backs were against the wall, and we had to do it quick," Tina admits. But despite the participation of four different producers and production teams, and scores of musicians, *Private Dancer* is a classic Tina Turner album.

One reason is the chances she took. She tackled David Bowie's grimly shadowy "1984," and Paul Brady's "Steel Claw," a paranoid accounting of connections between politicians, mobsters, pushers, cokeheads, stars, and suicide cases. Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits wrote the title tune, "Private Dancer," and stretched it into an intense seven-minute rock-and-roll jam, with gear-grinding, earth-mover guitar by Jeff Beck. A steam-bath version of the Ann Peebles soul classic "I Can't Stand the Rain" was a more predictable but no less effective choice.

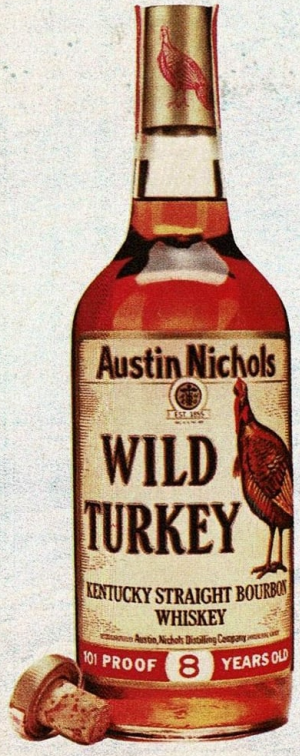
In all, the album touches base at a whole lot of different spots along the pop spectrum, from soul-tinged synthesizer-pop to forceful ballads to nuevo-rock to rhythm and blues. It's difficult to imagine any other singer making such a salad of an album hang together, much less making it a triumph.

With her children grown and out on their own, Tina Turner is back on the road, living the rock-and-roll life. Rehearsals with her dancing backup singers help keep her in shape, and her shape distracts the critics, who are only beginning to realize that she is one of pop music's greatest vocal stylists, a gospel-rooted soul singer who is also an authentic, unabashed rocker.

But of course there are those legs, taking up the back cover of *Private Dancer*. By all means, look and listen. But as ex-husband Ike used to say, you better not touch.—*Robert Palmer*

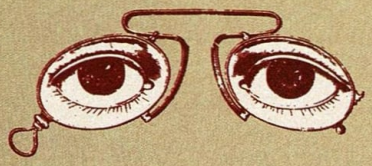
For signed Ken Davies lithograph, 18" × 19", of Wild Turkey painting, send $10 payable to: "ANCO," Box 4333-P, NYC 10163

Wild Turkey Hill. Quietly a legend is being made.



Winter is the quiet season on Wild Turkey Hill, where our Wild Turkey whiskey spends many long years aging naturally in the barrel. The passing of time mellows the whiskey. But on Wild Turkey Hill, with gentle-running waters below and constant breezes above, time mellows in a very special way. To understand *how* special, you only have to take one sip of the legend of Wild Turkey Hill.

Now you can send a gift of Wild Turkey®/101 Proof anywhere* by phone through Nationwide Gift Liquor.
Call Toll Free 1-800-CHEER-UP (Arizona 602-957-4923). *Except where prohibited. Major credit cards accepted.
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, KY © 1984.



COMPUTERS

TELECOMMUTING Rising Star, a computer research company, may be headquartered in Torrance, California, but Chris Radkowski, its president, and most of his staff are seldom there. From the comfort of his home Radkowski directs his staff, scattered from Oregon to Vermont, via computer. "From where I sit at my terminal, I have a spectacular view of the coastline," says Radkowski. "You couldn't get me back into a traditional office setting with a gun."

Radkowski and company are telecommuters, part of an estimated 20,000 to 30,000 people who, via microcomputers and telephone lines, have brought their work home. Telecommuters are a heterogeneous group, ranging from high-level execs to low-level programmers doing piecework at home. The Center for Future Studies at the University of Southern California estimates that by 1993 the number of telecommuters clicking away at computers in their "electronic cottages" could swell to 5 million.

For the last three years, Michael Castleman, managing editor of *Medical Self-Care* magazine, has edited the magazine on his computer from the comfort of his San Francisco home. Meanwhile his coworkers click away on their computers in Austin, Texas, and Point Reyes, California.

"Every time it rains, I watch people dash out of my apartment building to their cars and race into rush-hour traffic. I stroll from my kitchen into my office with this extreme sense of self-satisfaction," Castleman says. "Telecommuting gives me control over my life. I set my own hours, so I decide when the computer goes on and off."

An analyst for a Boston market-research firm who offered some candid comments on telecommuting in exchange for anonymity agrees with Castleman. "My first allegiance is to myself. I'm not always going to be working for somebody else. My job is a paycheck—nothing more," he says. "Nobody monitors me when I'm home working at my IBM PC. So as long as I do my reports in the allotted time, I've plenty of time to work on my own business scams and nobody is the wiser. Also, I'd rather spend time with my wife and baby than with a bunch of assholes at the office."

Telecommuting is not always a glitch-free digital paradise. Some telecommuters complain of feeling isolated and fear being overlooked when it's promotion time. Others say they can't really get away from their jobs and relax with the computer ready to run in the next room.

"If you're a telecommuter and your wife works outside the house, you are the de facto homemaker. When the cat gets sick or the washing machine breaks down, you're the one who takes care of it," says Castleman, whose wife, Anne, is a physician. "It's a pain in the ass. But it's a trade-off."

There are ways to deal with the problems telecommuting presents. Many successful telecommuting programs have telecommuters dividing their workweek between office and home to keep them from feeling isolated, and several companies use "electronic bulletin boards" that allow telecommuters to receive company news and gossip via their own computers.

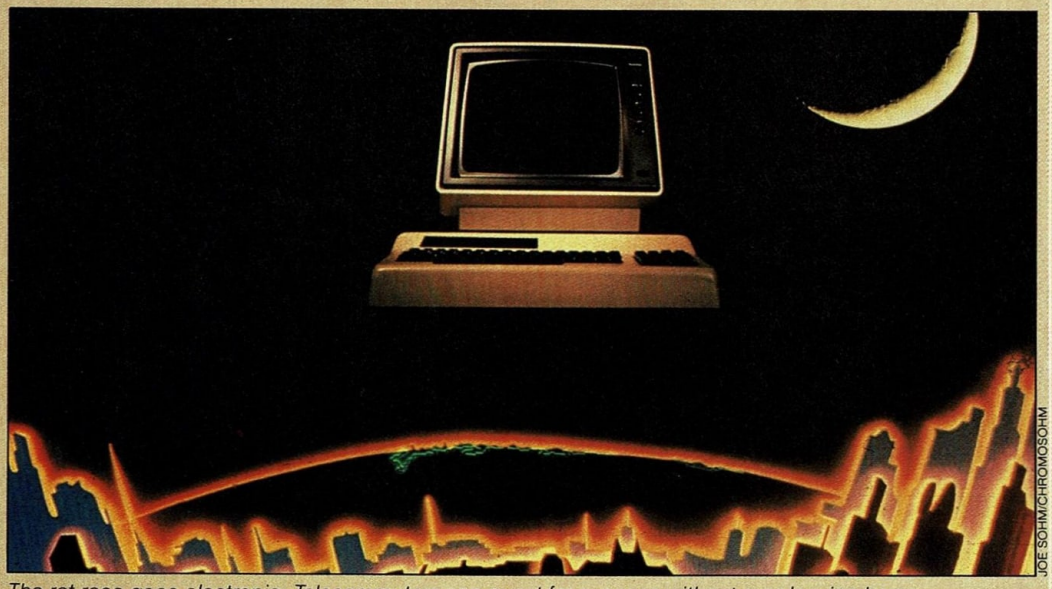
But even these accommodations, Radkowski thinks, won't make telecommuting work for everyone. "You have to be self-motivated to make telecommuting work. If you're somebody who longs for the team or a supervisor to provide direction, forget it," he says. "A person has to enjoy his home environment. If you're somebody who likes to have affairs at the office, you won't like telecommuting. However, if you like to fool around with your spouse, it's great!"

Radkowski's comments reflect an elite group of computer users who can basically write their own tickets. But what happens to low-level programmers when they start telecommuting?

Some labor unions are concerned that the electronic cottage can all too easily become the electronic sweatshop, where all the gains are for employers. Categorizing telecommuters as "part-time" frees the company from providing benefits. Some unions, including the Service Employees International Union, have banned telecommuting for their members. 9 to 5, The National Association for Working Women, fears that managers will view telecommuting as "a solution to child care."

Ironically, the companies whose telecommuting programs have come under attack from these groups report that they have more employees who want to telecommute than they can possibly accommodate.

Telecommuting solves some problems while it creates others. The tangible questions, like employee health benefits and promotions, and the intangible ones, like isolation and effects on family relationships, will go unanswered for awhile. But it is without question that telecommuting is changing the way we work and live.—*J. Max Robins*



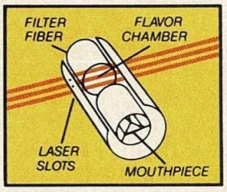
JOE SOHM/CHROMOSOHM

The rat race goes electronic: Telecommuters can quest for success without ever leaving home.

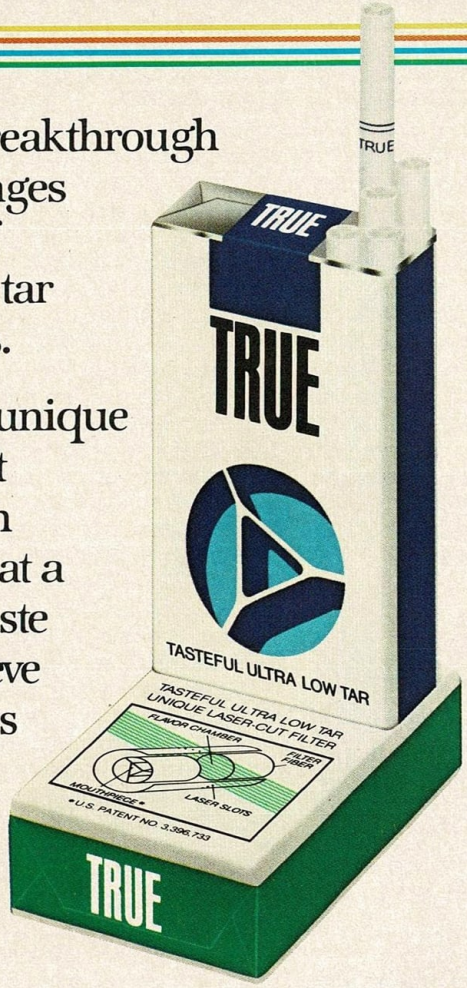
True Cracks Taste Barrier!

New True Laser-Cut "Flavor Chamber" Filter Improves Flavor...*Without Increasing Tar!*

Laser technology breakthrough challenges taste of higher tar brands.



True Exclusive. A unique filtration system that delivers a flavor-rich tobacco experience at a mere 5 mg. tar. A taste satisfaction we believe challenges cigarettes containing up to twice the tar.



More Good News! New True is packed with extra tobacco so you can enjoy it longer. Noticeably longer.

New Breakthrough True. *Why not test it against the only taste that counts? Yours!*

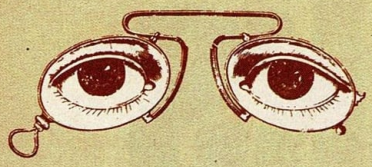
It tastes too good to be True.

Regular: 4 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

New True BREAKTHROUGH

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984



WORDS

LOOKING GOOD

No, big fella, she does *not* want a copy of Norman Mailer's *Tough Guys Don't Dance* for Christmas. Honest to God she doesn't.

Yes, we *know* how you like to give books as gifts. A book works for everyone on your shopping list, it's easier to wrap than a football, and it shows you've got class. But you don't want to give the sort of book that will make your friends go glassy-eyed with disappointment. Coffee-table humpers for $24.95 about birds, dogs, and Africa fall into this category. Give the kind of book *you'd* like to paw over.

Two gift items whose covers scream "Paw me, paw me!" are Kenneth Anger's ***Hollywood Babylon II*** (Dutton; $19.95) and ***Weegee's New York*** (Grove Press; $49.95). A bloody corpse adorns the cover of the second, a collection of Weegee news-photos that is a ghoul's feast of 335 bizarre city scenes, mainly from the Depression era and mostly depicting crime, disaster, and despair. To be sure, there is a certain redundancy in the squalid subjects recorded by this famous news photographer, but the raw photographs of New York-by-night are so unrelenting (a mother whose children are trapped inside a burning tenement) and revealing (society swells at the opera) and poignant (children, circus clowns, and sleeping derelicts) that even the most prurient reader is forced to admire the brilliant energy of Weegee's dreadful craft.

Who's that elephantine cover girl on *Hollywood Babylon II*? Ohmygod, it's poor Liz Taylor, looking like she's just swallowed Idaho. Maybe we're just getting jaded, but this new sleaze job about Hollywood decadence seems tame compared with its cover and the book's classic predecessor. The tone of Anger's scandalmongering couldn't be bitchier, and he spills some good beans on Loretta Young, Alfred Hitchcock, and Eunice Pringle. But too many of the subjects he skewers, in racy chapters on drugs, murder, suicide, and lust, are people you've never even heard of (*Eunice Pringle?*) and couldn't care less about. There are also too many bland movie stills among the 300 photos, with only an occasional toe-curler like the police photos on the "Black Dahlia" murder case. Oh, what the hell, it's still quaint fun.

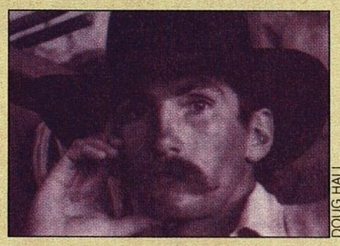
KENNETH ANGER COLLECTION

Zero eyes Shirley in Hollywood Babylon II: *tame stuff.*

If you gave her Patricia Bosworth's biography of Diane Arbus for her birthday, better spring for ***Diane Arbus: Magazine Work*** (Aperture; $35) for Christmas. No circus freaks in this collection of commercial photos, just 141 startling black-and-white studies of celebrities like Mae West, Marcello Mastroianni, and W. H. Auden—all staring into the camera with the most nakedly pathetic expressions on their faces. Thomas W. Southall's companion text reveals some of the artful, often outrageous gambits Arbus used to disarm her subjects—she really conned Jayne Mansfield—and records some of the jolts her unglamorous photos made on publications like *Harper's Bazaar*.

David Hockney, who makes art that *real* people like to look at, took two years off from painting recently to experiment in photography. ***Cameraworks*** (Knopf; $50) is the pricey but extraordinarily charming record of Hockney's little holiday. He started with a Polaroid (no kidding), graduated to a Pentax, and wound up creating a form of photographic collage that looks a lot like art. More than 100 of those photomontages are reproduced here, ranging from cheery multiple-image studies of his familiar swimming pools and palm trees to a splendid, unnerving portrait of his aged mother, posed among the gravestones of a ruined abbey.

But enough of all this art stuff—you want to find something for the guys on your bowling team. Try ***Working Cowboys*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $21.95), a rugged and, at the same time, very lyrical salute to the working-stiff cowpunchers and buckaroos who make a living on the ranges of the modern-day West. Bent on replacing romantic legend with reality, Douglas Kent Hall hung out with a lot of guys who still rope steers on cattle drives and calve heifers in blizzards but who spend more time today in their pickup trucks than in the saddle. But doggone if he doesn't succeed in making these cowboys sound just as colorful as Duke Wayne. Same goes for the book's 100 plainly gorgeous photographs of lean-jawed, handsome men staring pensively off yonder, or doing interesting things to animals. Real macho stuff.

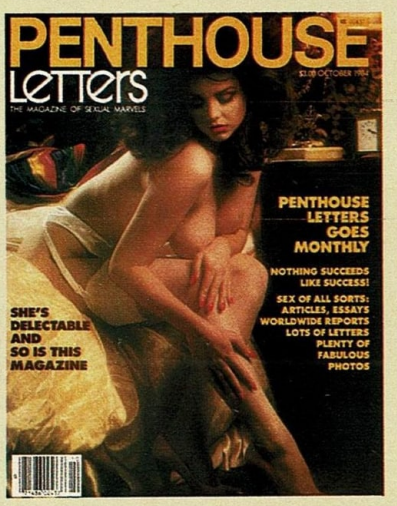


DOUG HALL

Cowboys: *macho stuff.*

After all that heavy Xmas shopping, you owe yourself a present, and it better be ***Exquisite Creatures*** (Morrow; $19.95). This collection of portraits of nude, nearly nude, and partly clothed women by well-known photographers (Gilles Larrain, Robert Mapplethorpe, Deborah Turbeville, Roy Volkmann) qualifies as serious body-art photography. Among other treats, there are some surprisingly tender celebrity studies by Mapplethorpe (celebrated for his S&M stuff), and great torso works of the likes of actresses Marisa Berenson and Glenn Close, by Gilles Larrain. There are 80 black-and-white studies and you deserve them all.—*Marilyn Stasio*

IT'S NEW! IT'S SEXY!
IT'S WITTY! IT'S SEXY!
IT'S WILD! IT'S SEXY!



IT'S THE PERFECT HOLIDAY GIFT!

GIVE 12 ISSUES OF PENTHOUSE LETTERS FOR JUST $28!

Penthouse Letters is a thoroughly entertaining, upbeat publication—the one and only magazine of sexual marvels. And now you can have it delivered to your home. Replete with updates, essays, letters, and opinions, all colorfully and erotically illustrated, Penthouse Letters makes a perfectly delicious Christmas treat!

So get a subscription for yourself, send one to a friend, save $16 off the regular cover price, and have yourself a merry little Christmas...now!

PENTHOUSE Letters

P.O. Box 36000, Bergenfield, NJ 07621

YES! Please send a Penthouse Letters gift subscription of:

- ☐ 1 year (12 issues) only $28! Save $8 off the cover price.
- ☐ 2 years (24 issues) only $48! Save $24 off the cover price.
- ☐ Send me a subscription too!
- ☐ Check encl. ☐ Money order encl.
- ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. #_____

MC Interbank #_____ Exp. date_____

TO:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

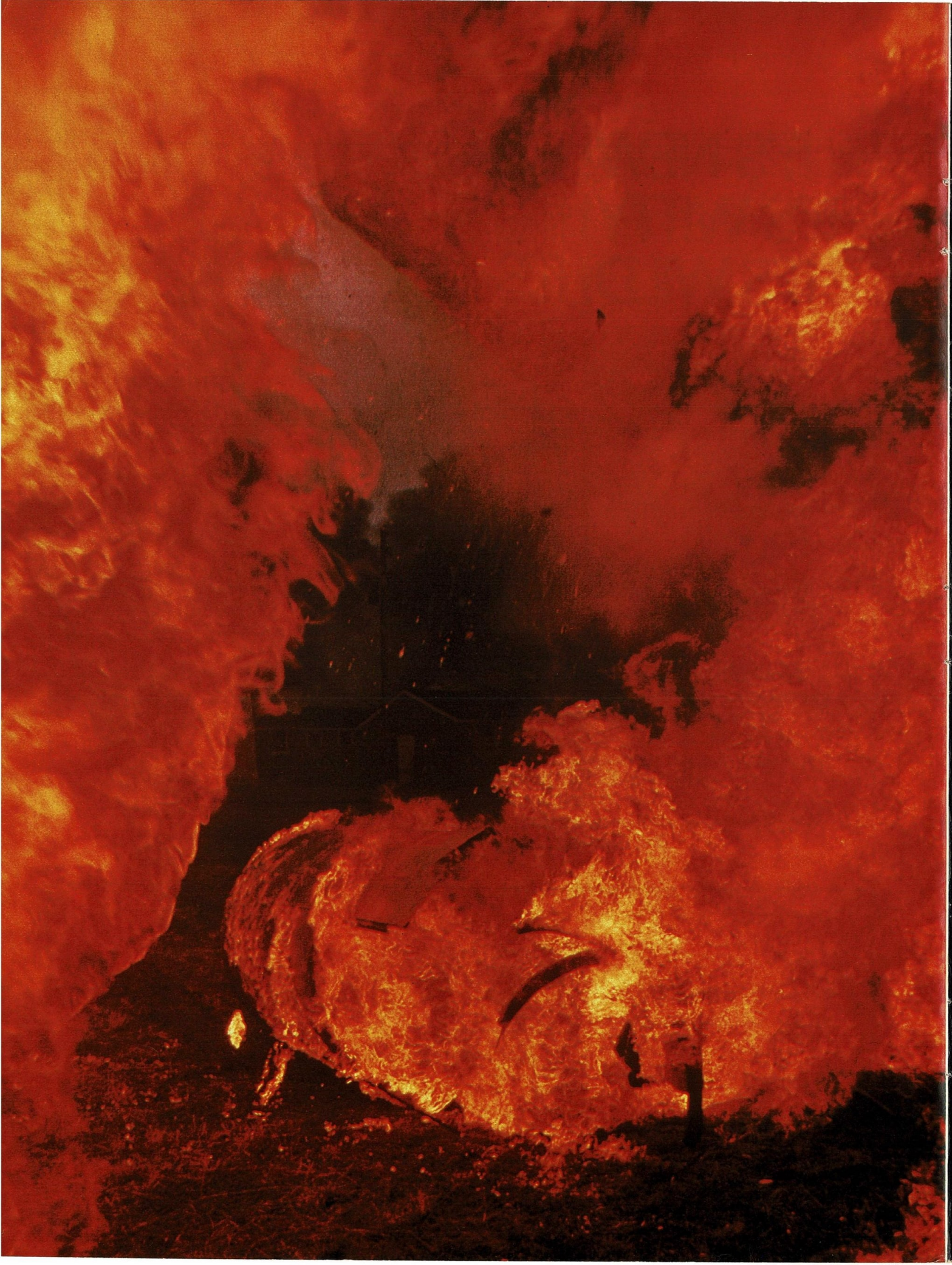
TO:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

FROM: (You must complete this section)
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Credit-card holders call toll-free: 1-800-247-5470. In Iowa: 1-800-532-1272.

Canada and elsewhere $38 for one year. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

YALL1



Organized crime has planted terrifying time bombs across the land. Their deadly explosions will poison untold generations of Americans.

MAFIA WASTELAND

BY HAROLD KAUFMAN, WITH HERB JAFFE

The FBI told me I was burned out. After more than two years of secretly taping the Mafia, which was insidiously spreading its interests from the garbage industry into the more lucrative toxic waste dumping business, it was time for me to drop out of circulation—before it was too late.

I had been associated with the mob for more than a dozen years, spent time with them in prison before that, lived with them, got laid with them, and was called "Uncle Harold" by their kids. But after much thought, I went to the FBI and told them I wanted to help prevent further movement by organized crime into the toxic waste business.

Maybe it was my conscience. Maybe I suddenly got religion. But toxic waste isn't loan-sharking, or gambling, or even narcotics. It's a whole lot deadlier. And the Mafia got into it during the 1970s because of the enormous profits from midnight dumping. I told the Feds I could hand up some fat associates connected to the New York and New Jersey crime syndicates, that I was tired of bribing politicians and pimping for the mob to help them get garbage and toxic waste dumping contracts. More than that, I didn't have any charges against me, and I didn't want to be a party to the murders of potentially millions of innocent men, women, and children who continue to be exposed to poison in the water they drink, the air they breathe, and the land they live on—thanks to the greed of the mob.

But now I was a burnout. The FBI felt I was becoming fatigued after two years of being wired, that the risk of a slipup was becoming too great, that organized crime hit men would soon catch up to me. Then I would become just another unsolved murder statistic, with two or three mob-style .32-caliber slugs in the back of my head—just as I had seen the sentencing of others who crossed the mob.

So I agreed to another kind of sentence, one that would keep me alive. I entered the Federal Witness Protection Program, and I've been running ever since. The federal marshals have moved me eight times—to eight different areas of the country, with eight different identities in the last four years. The reason is that the mob wants me. Bad. They have contracts out for me, because I know too much about where, how, and into whose hands the big money is flowing from the dumping of toxic waste into public lakes and sewers, private farms, and even your own backyard. More than that, I have told a

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE TURNER

"Chris Roselle was a top New Jersey mobster, but in December 1980 he became just another casualty in the garbage wars."

Mobster "Chris" Roselle met his fate in 1980.

lot of what I know to law enforcement authorities and grand juries all over the country.

The Mafia stumbled into the toxic waste business just as some people might slip and fall into a sea of mud on their own front lawn, only to find out that it's really oil oozing from below. They were the same major crime families from New York that earlier in this century established control of garbage disposal through crooked Teamsters locals and corrupt politicians. They extended their grip on the garbage industry by importing large numbers of immigrants from Italy and Sicily to work their disposal trucks. Their stranglehold had fastened onto New Jersey by the late 1950s. It moved south to Florida, across to the Southwest, and into California. Along the way, major population areas of Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, and points west fell under the same Mafia domination.

Make no mistake about it, garbage disposal has become big business. The underworld controls this business. And now it has moved into toxic waste.

A decade ago the world discovered that toxic waste was routinely being dumped into landfills along with garbage. The authorities expressed outrage and the environmentalists yelled. But the Mafia began then to assert the same kind of control over toxics it had over garbage. And just as law enforcement authorities have been unable to crack the mob's monopoly on garbage, they are equally helpless against encroachment by the same Mafia families into the more profitable business of toxic waste disposal.

Hundreds of thousands of businesses throughout America produce enormous quantities of toxic waste daily, from the largest chemical and oil companies right down to the corner gas station. The federal Environmental Protection Agency reported that 59 million metric tons of hazardous waste were produced nationwide in 1980. Estimates now range as high as 70 million metric tons annually.

Not all of this waste has been dumped in New Jersey, or in the Ramapo, Al Turi, and other landfills of New York's Rockland and Duchess counties, or in the upper Hudson River, or the New York City–owned landfills of Queens and Staten Island, or in the old mine shafts of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, or even in the seemingly serene woodlands of the Poconos.

Most toxic waste is disposed illegally because it's cheaper to pay the mob to do it. Passage of stricter federal and state anti-dumping laws and growing public consciousness of the problem have had little effect. The mob controls many unions and trucks that carry toxic waste, just as it controls landfills. Laws and regulations which deal with licensing of truckers who transport toxic waste across state lines are so weak that little attention is paid, for example, to refrigerated food trucks, which sometimes carry drums of the most dangerous chemicals known to mankind.

Testimony given at a hearing before the New York State Select Committee on Crime told of meat trucks hauling toxic waste from New York to rural areas of Indiana. The same trucks, after stopping in Chicago, returned to Eastern markets with loads of ham and beef. Others have told of loaded produce trucks from the South coming to New York and New England markets and returning with toxic waste drums to be dumped in the woods of Georgia and South Carolina.

Jeremiah McKenna, counsel to the New York crime committee, told a U.S. Senate committee probing organized crime last year about surveillance by New York State authorities of one garbage landfill serving also as a burial ground for toxic waste. McKenna gave this answer to the question of where much of the hazardous material goes and how it is dumped:

"They watched garbage being illegally disposed of, and they watched toxic waste being disposed of. A garbage dump is a beautiful place to dispose of toxic waste. Garbage absorbs toxic waste and liquid waste very readily. It's like a sponge. Every day in the garbage dump they compress the garbage. They cover it over with 6 to 12 inches of dirt, so you start building layers of garbage on top of wherever you dump the toxics, making it almost impossible to conduct an investigation after that without doing all sorts of borehole drilling. . . ."

The same formula is still being used at hundreds of other garbage landfills across the country by, for example, associates of the Genovese crime family in Clearwater, Florida, and the Colombo and Gambino families in Newport Richey, Florida. Mafia elements commingle garbage with toxic waste in suburban landfills of Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and other major population centers.

The effects of such activity are so widespread that they already touch every citizen—either as hostages of garbage collectors backed by notorious mobsters or as victims of the perils of toxic waste. For example, chemicals and other hazardous materials are commonly dumped into mob-controlled garbage landfills on the same earth that is supposed to support life now and in the future. Or it's poured unconscionably by midnight dumpers into sewers or into our most valuable natural resources—rivers, farmlands, forests, and the oceans. Needless to say, the profits for the Mafia from such forms of disposal, as compared to the far more expensive but environmentally proper and technologically sophisticated methods of disposal, are enormous.

Thus, the mob directs the waste disposal industry that is essential to every one of us. But this is not just some mob-dominated victimless crime, such as prostitution, bootlegged alcohol, or illegal gambling. Nor does this involve the buyer's choice, such as in drug trafficking or loan-sharking. In addition, there is always the very real possibility of some solid citizen who just hocked his future for $60,000 so he could buy his dream house. All of a sudden somebody comes to him and says, "Good-bye, Charlie, your water's polluted. There's a landfill under your house where the Mafia dumped toxic waste for the last five years."

Who are these people and what right do they have to hold entire communities hostage? What right do they have to dictate garbage disposal rates and force their will on a helpless public with the assistance of such stooges as mob-appointed trade waste associations?

The small garbage operator with one or two trucks, the son of the immigrant from Italy or Sicily, isn't a member of an organized crime family. But he takes orders from the mob. He has no choice. He can't get out because garbage collection is all he knows. Besides, they won't permit him to get out. He has become a victim of mob fear tactics. Once the syndicate controls a city's garbage industry, it's almost got control of the city. And when it finishes bribing the politicians, it almost owns the city. In my years as a garbage and toxic waste negotiator for Mafia interests, I bribed scores of politicians to help solidify garbage contracts.

As for the little garbage operator, if he doesn't fall in line the mob enforcers will firebomb his truck. That has occurred many times. If he still resists, they'll break some of his bones. The next time around they might put out a contract on the guy. Scores of garbage haulers, landfill operators, crooked politicians, and union officials—and even mobsters who have competed for garbage territories—have died violently, especially in New York and New Jersey. These gangland-style murders have remained unsolved.

This control of the garbage business was the ingredient that turned toxic waste into an overnight comstock lode for the crime families. They already controlled the truckers and their Teamsters locals. They either owned or controlled disposal sites. Politicians and cops were being paid off, where necessary. And most important, they "owned" the waste-pickup territories. Within these territories are the companies that generate toxic waste. The real bonanza is from the Fortune 500 companies that daily manufacture huge quantities of toxic waste. Big business has indeed produced a jackpot for the Mafia.

Over the years, companies whose names read like a "Who's Who of American Industry" have generated tons of some of the deadliest toxic waste imaginable that if incinerated, recycled, or neutralized would cost them considerably more than having it buried—knowingly or unknowingly—in some landfill a hundred yards away from a public school, or a senior citizens village, or a new one-family housing community. Of course, the cost of proper disposal would entail increasing the prices of the products they make. And since the private enterprise system thrives on price competition, any reduction in profits would not serve the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

STOP THE POISONERS

In their new book, Poisoning For Profit *(to be published by William Morrow), Professors Alan Block, director of research for the New York State Senate Select Committee on Crime, and Frank Scarpitti, former president of the American Society of Criminology, explore the terrible ramifications of the Mafia's control of toxic waste disposal. In their concluding chapter, they discuss what—if anything—decent citizens can do to protect themselves and future generations from this curse.*

With many millions of metric tons of hazardous waste produced each year in the United States, we must examine the real impact of statutes designed to protect the land, water, and human health. Effective enforcement is difficult, in part because it is viewed with ambivalence, not just by illegal dumpers, but also by government officials and businessmen.

Some businessmen believe that they cannot comply with the nation's environmental laws or, more precisely, that compliance would simply be too expensive. According to Alexander F. Giacco, the chairman, president, and chief executive officer of Hercules, Inc., "When you're in the chemical industry and you're facing a litigious society, you . . . face the possibility of almost a bankruptcy over something that you had almost no control over, something that happened years ago, and something that you can't define even today." Since the mid-1970s, when more stringent controls were placed on the dangerous and indiscriminate disposal of toxic wastes, a number of business executives (including Hercules' chief) and even some government officials have warned that companies might retaliate by moving their plants outside the United States. In so doing, they would avoid our environmental laws and, ostensibly, operate with impunity in locations that ignore the environmental and health effects of industries producing hazardous wastes.

Of course, such moves would rob the nation of tens of thousands of jobs—an eventuality sometimes spitefully called the "price people must pay" if they insist on a healthy environment. It is difficult to know how serious these threats are or what role other factors play in deciding where to locate an industrial plant, but a study by the Conservation Foundation does indicate that some organic-chemical producing companies have shifted their operations overseas. In addition, the study points out that environmental regulations have curtailed new plant construction and even disrupted the manufacture of some products having toxic, dangerous, or carcinogenic waste substances. Although plant cutbacks are indicative of the obvious economic repercussions of environmental law enforcement, they must be weighed against the consequences of having no meaningful enforcement.

Perhaps this can best be done by looking at the results of rampant and untrammeled industrialization in a foreign location that some American industries might find attractive. Cubato, Brazil, is the home of 24 petrochemical factories that help make it that nation's most polluted town—belching some 800 tons of toxic gases into the atmosphere every day. In fact, the air pollution is so severe that authorities do not even attempt to measure it since the instruments cannot withstand the corrosion. The residents of Cubato, now the site of Latin America's most important petrochemical complex, have had a lethal "red rain" to contend with for the past 25 years, killing all vegetation in the area and spreading numerous ailments among them. Children die by the thousands in what is known as the "Valley of Death," the area within the industrial zone where the impoverished live. The city also holds what must be the world record for the number of children born with total or partial absence of a brain.

It is unlikely that America's future will ever be as bleak as Cubato's, although we *are* sitting on ticking time bombs that grow more dangerous as our waste production continues to increase and our laws remain weak and ineffectively enforced. If this situation persists, our country will face extremely serious problems until the toxic waste issue is taken seriously and made an important national priority. One step in that direction is simply to enforce the laws that now exist. This is not always done; in fact, enforcement may more often be the exception than the rule.

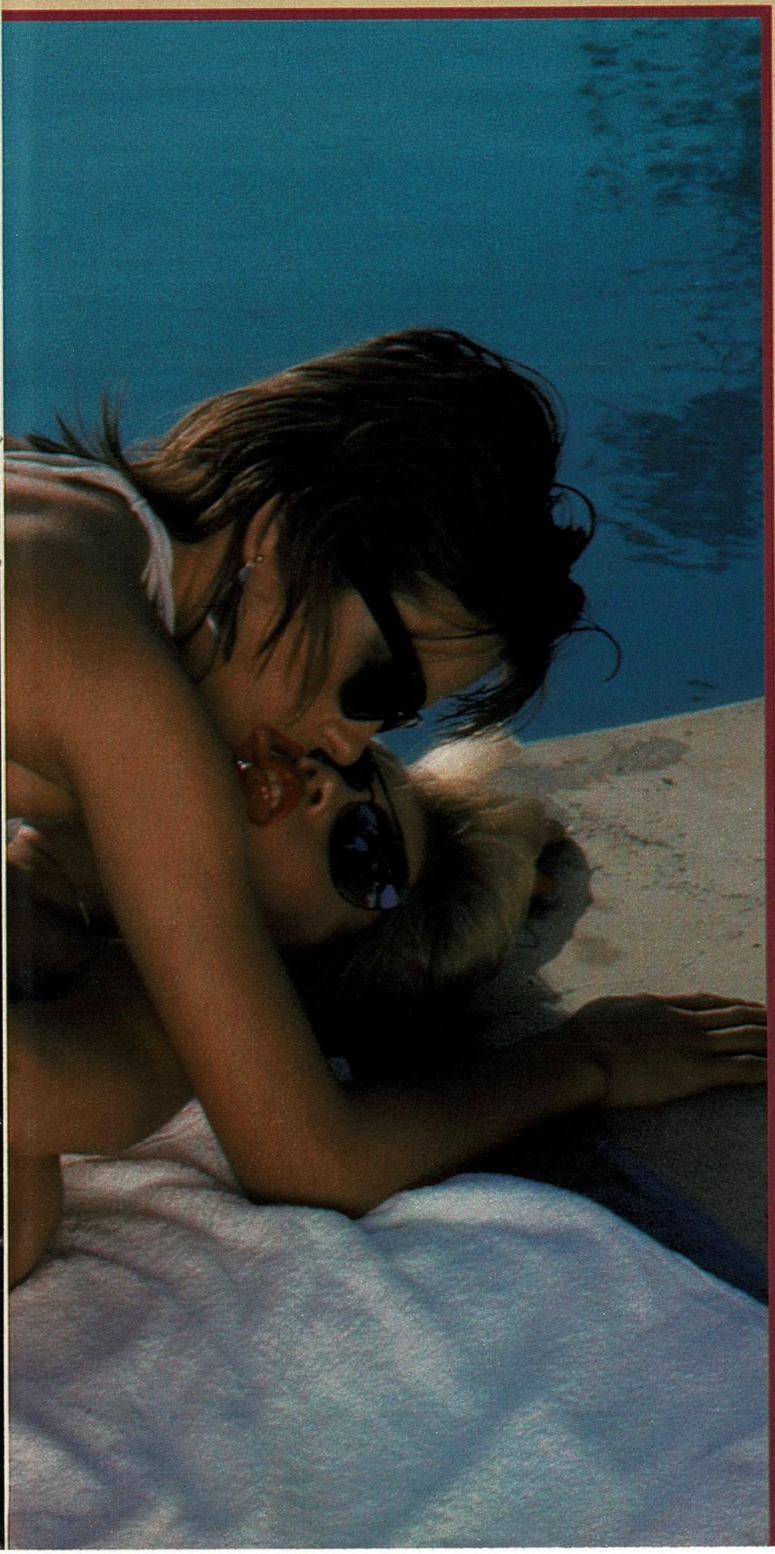
Another step toward more effective handling of the problem is to increase the penalties for illegal waste dump-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

CAROL AND LYNN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Fast asleep in the sunshine, she didn't see her friend's eyes shining through the dark glasses or notice the sexy curl of her lips before they were firmly pressed against her own—arousing her from a nap in a way she had never been before. This winter's vacation in the sun seemed to invite the unexpected, anticipate bold departures—or so she guessed, as she succumbed to the embrace, a diversion as soothing as the lakeside paradise they graced . . .



Passion carried them like the tug of an ocean's undertow; they found themselves floating in a place they'd never imagined . . .

Surrendering to each new sensation, they opened up and felt fresh desires unfold like the secret rosy parts of their bodies.

No surprise, they decided, that they loved each other's bodies like their own. In form and length and curve, they proved to be nearly identical mates.

Reveling in the tautness of their tangled outstretched limbs, the rounded softness of their breasts, their fluttering tongues and fingers grew greedy as they sought release.

Long nails left crimson welts on tender flesh as they found each other's core and melted each other's resistance. Then finally exploding together in a heedless burst as welcome as the winter solstice.

WORSHIP IDOL

BY JOSEPH OLSHAN

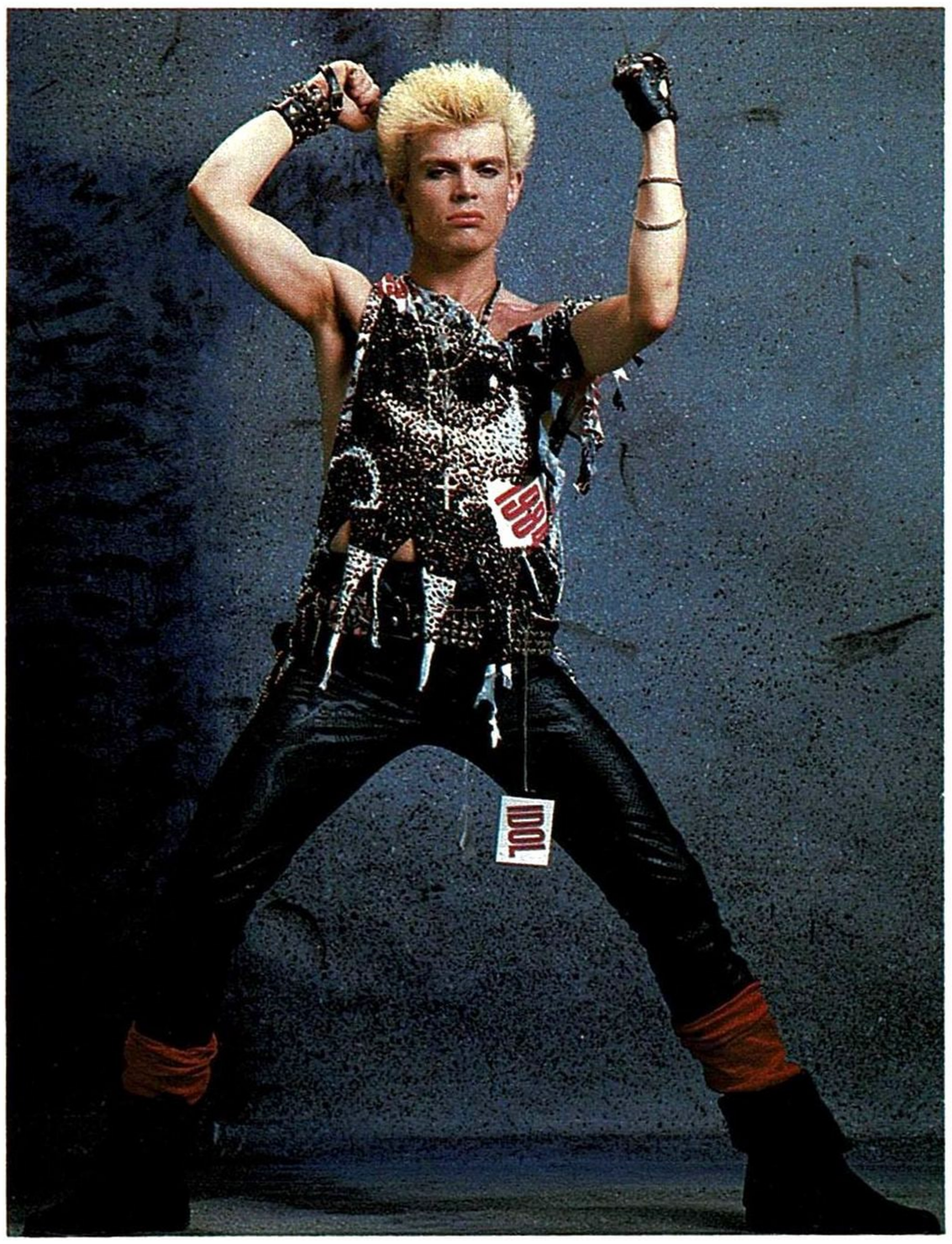
Cleveland, Ohio, said Billy Idol with relish, is a rock-and-roll outpost where groupies wait with fanatic patience for a glimpse of passing punk angels. The peroxided blond singer dressed in a shredded leather vest with cockscomb-cut hair recounted how he had been taking a rehearsal break with a few members of his band in a modest bar-restaurant across from the concert hall. Within minutes the groupies ("dodgey birds," Billy calls them) started streaming into the empty restaurant, desperately vying for tables. Soon the establishment was humming with activity. Female eyes ogled the lanky boy with rosebud lips. One long-legged lovely, a teenage fantasy seemingly incarnated from one of his hit singles, walked by and Billy leaned toward her and asked, "I wonder if by any chance you might be into some unhealthy sex?"

She answered him with a lurid smile.

"Great," said Billy, with an equally lurid grin, "let's go down to the men's toilets."

He stood up proudly, ready to claim this fleshy dividend of success. Winking at his drummer and keyboardist, he strutted from the table, swaggering toward the dim flight of steps that snaked down to the rest rooms. With no further word, the young woman trailed after him, gliding without hesitation through the door marked Men. As they squeezed into a cubicle together, she automatically dropped to her knees and, with Billy unzipping, spoke for the first time. Looking up at him doe-eyed, she asked, "Will you sing 'Rebel Yell' for me?"

Moments later, on the upper level, members of his band heard the booming "more, more, more" refrain of his Top 40 single.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. J. CAMP

Billy Idol is one of the last of a dying breed of authentic punk rockers from England. A former member of the notorious, so-called "Bromley Contingent," which spawned sex-and-drug rockers like Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols, this 28-year-old expatriate who lives in New York City has developed into one of today's most visible and easily identifiable rock entertainers. His controversial success is due in great part to his videos, which are laced with eroticized images of violence, bondage, and Satanism, and are among the most popular on MTV. For the better part of the past three years he has had three albums bouncing around the charts, as well as five hit singles.

Billy Idol's latest hit song, "Eyes Without a Face," smashed through to the top five, while the album *Rebel Yell* made it to the top six. Under the guidance of Bill Aucoin, the rock manager whose confectionary wizardry got millions of American teenagers hooked on the taste of Kiss, Billy Idol has been accused of slipping his subversive aesthetics to America's youth.

"But I'm really too obvious to be subversive," Billy points out. "Somebody like Wayne Newton is the one who is subversive. He'll sing any old clap-

trap just so you'll like him. He's the one who's really dangerous."

It is 11 P.M. and Billy Idol and his entourage are having dinner at Carumba, a trendy, fast-track restaurant in Manhattan's tenderloin district, where the margaritas are made to sting the senses. A young woman who has had one too many begins taunting Billy about his "ballocks." More than a little bored with her coyness, he says, "All right, have a look at them."

He stands up and drops his tight black trousers.

Unfortunately, the woman is not the only one to thrill at the display of Billy's jewels. In the general commotion that follows, a large man at a table across the restaurant rushes over, forceably embraces the rock star, and plants a kiss on his cheek. As Billy struggles to break free, the table goes over and its glass top shatters. The next morning the incident makes the New York papers. It is reported that during the melee, Idol shouted, "I'm a big shot from England," and that the man responded, "I'm a big shot from Brooklyn." This story infuriates Billy. "I'd never say, 'I'm English, I'm a big shot.' If you're English, you don't even have to say you're a big shot."

Backstage in a communal dressing room at the Warner Theater in Washington, D.C., the four other members of Billy Idol's band have just finished donning their tattered leather garments, spiked bracelets, and studded belts, and are ready to stage the sense of rage that Idol feels is keeping us all prisoners. Tommy Price, the group's compact, curly-headed drummer, and Steve Stevens, Idol's guitarist and songwriting partner, are pelting each other with fistfuls of cocktail nuts. The room is raining cashews as Billy Idol strides in, fresh from shaving. His hair, newly bleached the previous evening when his punk needed to be honed for an important photo session, forms a spiked halo around the doomed patrician beauty of his face. He is decked out in his trusty nihilistic trappings: gold crucifix earrings, a large silver cross swinging from a long chain around his neck, phosphorescent rosary beads. "Fifteen minutes," he announces in a deep, husky voice as he stalks about the room. In a moment of mischief, he reaches into a gray tote bag, rooting through face creams and torn leather gauntlets to draw out a studded leather whip. He takes a large cracking windup and flails the floor. "Oh darling, more!" cries his lovely Southern female keyboardist, Judi Dozier, while Steve Webster, the soft-spoken bass player, snickers.

The whip is a memento from one of their recent tours, thrown up onstage by an ardent 16-year-old. One of those fans "from Hewlett, Long Island, who wear those mesh shirts and rub their breasts under my nose," Billy recalls with relish. He carries the whip with him wherever he goes, although he fervently denies charges that he is a misogynist. In Rochester, New York, this past summer, Idol, through his attorneys, pleaded guilty to a harassment charge. He was fined $250 as a result of an incident outside his hotel room last December involving a 20-year-old woman.

Suddenly, the road manager enters the dressing room to inform Billy that the band must go on almost immediately. The hall has union rules that dictate when a headliner must begin playing after the backup band stops. Delays may mean penalties of thousands of dollars. "Don't talk to me about money when I'm about to go on," Billy cries. "I said 15 minutes. If they want it different, I'll cut out three songs from the end. Rock and roll has no time limit. . . ." The room has fallen still as he turns briskly toward his band. "All right, from now on we play no more union venues. The bastards. The wankers."

Regardless of stage rules, the 15 minutes elapse, and finally Idol's signature music, the theme to *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, is piped through the concert-hall speakers. The band enters, prankishly carrying guitarist Stevens onstage. They withdraw to their instruments, and the set opens with "Baby Talk." The song, Billy later explains, is about how things seemingly inconsequential can have real meaning. Although his audience is speckled with fans sporting leather gloves, studded wristbands, and punk haircuts, the majority of the crowd is young and clean-cut. Idol also attracts the kind of costume folk who sold out so many Friday-night showings of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. In the darkness of the rows dozens of white female "brides" pay homage to the main character in his most popular video, *White Wedding*.

As he sings his big hits "Dancing with Myself," "Hot in the City," "Rebel Yell," and "White Wedding," the crowd pummels the air with their fists. Billy's response to his audience frequently changes in spirit. His pretty, bad-boy countenance twists, his lips curl into a snarl, as he lurch-dances through a maze of electrical cords, lyrics projecting an angry sense of rage and injustice. Hardly all personal charm and sexual provocation, Billy can get downright mean. "There's not enough image in rock groups," he claims. "Looking different and acting different should reflect what a band's music is." After all, the essence of punk has never been to please.

Guards have been hired to enforce a strict no-dancing-in-the-aisles rule, a fire department precaution. In the wings, the road manager is noticeably worried. He knows Billy will encourage the audience to dance and so risk liability. Sure enough, a moment later Idol runs his right hand provocatively over his upper left arm stroking the tattoo, "Oktobriana," the proud female warrior who became the underground cartoon symbol of Soviet discontent. He asks his audience to throng the aisles. While the security force runs amok trying to quell the stomping teens, he raises his fist and declares emphatically, "I love you." Later he will explain that " 'I love you' doesn't mean you can take advantage of me. I love but beware."

> The girl dropped to her knees in the men's toilet and spoke to Billy for the first time: "Will you sing 'Rebel Yell' for me?"

Born the son of a traveling salesman in Stanmore, England, Billy Idol (né William Broad) spent four years of his childhood in Rockville Centre, Long Island, where his father worked for the Blue Point Laundry. When his family returned to England, they first lived out in the country before eventually moving to Bromley, a suburb southeast of London. A conventional boy, Billy was even a member of the British Boy Scouts who roamed their local neighborhoods on "Bob-a-Jobs," earning tips for house and yard labor, which they then gave to charity. Of this boyhood public service he recalls many customers who got away with paying him a meager shilling for a day's worth of work. It was then that he began to reflect on the "paltriness of the adult world." Soon after, he began teaching himself the guitar.

In 1976, a student of English at the University of Sussex, Billy made the 60-mile trek to London one weekend. There, for the first time, he saw the then current outrage of Great Britain, the Sex Pistols, play the 100 Club in Oxford Street. Miraculously, their music embodied many of his own ideas. William Broad soon changed his name to Billy Idol. ("I can be an 'idol' just by calling myself one—that's how flimsy it all is.") Along with bass player Tony James, the newly christened Idol was inspired to fire up his own group: Generation X.

Generation X was an instant sensation. They played only one live gig before they were offered a worldwide recording contract by Chrysalis's high-rolling cochairman Terry Ellis. Their first album, called *Generation X*, produced an immediate hit, "Your Generation," which was a taunting parody of The Who's "My Generation." Although criticized by the English music press as "teeny-punk," Generation X was considered more upbeat in tone than the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

CALIGULA NOW ON VIDEO

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM IN HISTORY

THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT, X-RATED VERSION FOR ONLY $89.95

STARRING
MALCOLM McDOWELL, TERESA ANN SAVOY, HELEN MIRREN, AND PETER O'TOOLE. WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA.
PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND FRANCO ROSSELLINI.

PENTHOUSE® VIDEO

PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 6500, ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631

Please rush me the original X version of Caligula (156 minutes) for only $89.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling per tape.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please indicate: ☐ VHS (CFV) ☐ BETA (CFB)
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

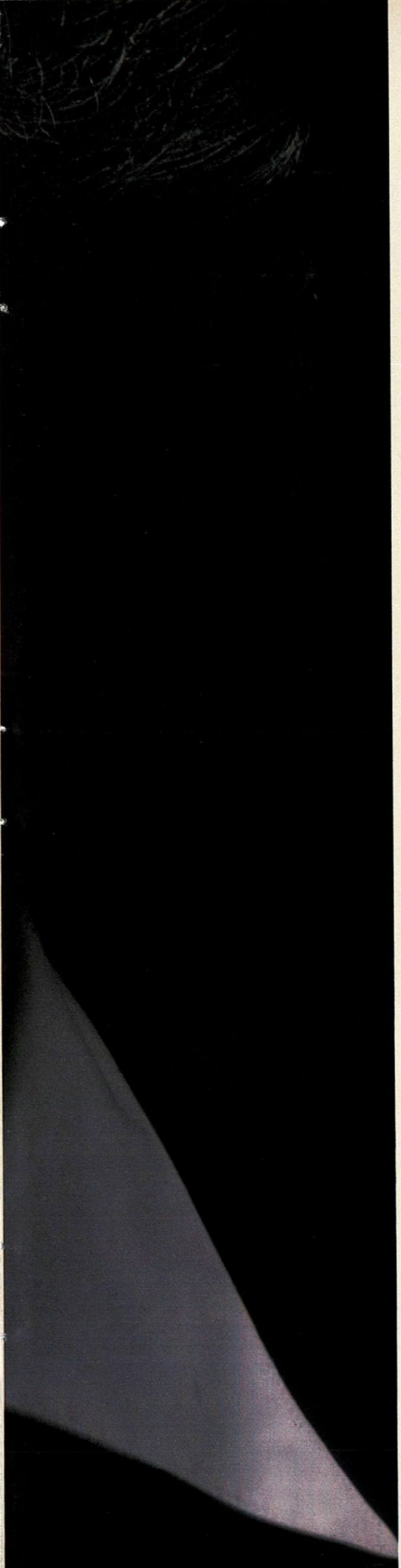
Acct. #:_____ Exp. date:_____

Interbank # for MasterCard:_____

CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-526-4797
Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only. Canada add $5.00 for postage and handling. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. No foreign orders.

157

PENTHOUSE, THE PENTHOUSE KEYS, PET OF THE MONTH, PET OF THE YEAR, AND PENTHOUSE VIDEO ARE TRADEMARKS OF PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL, LTD., N.Y.



CLAIRE STERLING

"The idea that the Soviets coordinate worldwide terror from some subterranean map room is a comic book concept. The whole point of their plan is to contribute to terror by proxy, to let the other fellow do it."

Mehmet Ali Agca shot and very nearly killed the Pope, John Paul II, in St. Peter's Square on the afternoon of May 13, 1981. Within two days Italian magistrates found evidence of an organized plot, yet the theory of Agca as Moslem fanatic and lone terrorist killer continued.

The CIA, the Reagan administration, even the Vatican, all were loath to see a larger design. No one, it seemed, was interested, despite the possibility that here was the biggest, most daring conspiracy of our times.

Enter Claire Sterling. An American foreign correspondent in her mid-fifties, the mother of two, and nowadays living in Rome, Sterling had reported on European, Middle Eastern, and Asian affairs for over thirty years for *The New York Times*, *Reader's Digest*, the *Washington Post*, and *International Herald Tribune*. Her book *The Terror Network* (1981) carefully traced the connections among terrorist groups around the world, and now, refusing to accept official scenarios, she insisted there was more to the assassination attempt than met the eye. Her own scenario, after a year and a half of investigation,

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MUTH

"Killing the Pope would have eliminated the only man capable of generating real strength behind the Solidarity movement throughout the Soviet Bloc."

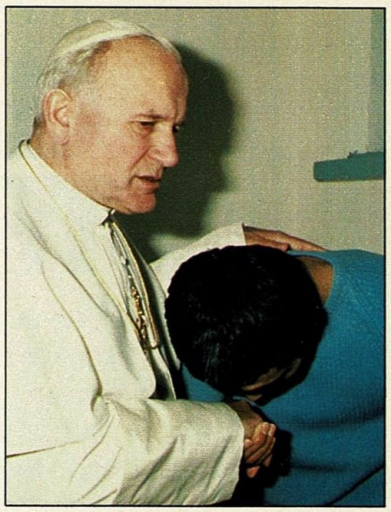
proved compelling, if complicated: "The Turkish mafia, operating out of Sofia under tight Bulgarian control, had picked the suitable hit man and provided suitable cover . . . to all appearances, this would be an international right-wing conspiracy, as remote from the Soviet Union as half a century of political folklore could make it."

As for motivation, everything pointed to Moscow. Yet Sterling's argument went further to include charges of "a monumental cover-up." She claimed her investigation was being systematically thwarted by the U.S. intelligence community. Relentless reporters like herself had come to be regarded "as an international menace, threatening peace among nations if not the entire planetary order." Why? Because U.S. and other Western officials would rather not know about Russian complicity, partly in anticipation of another summit conference, partly out of a reluctance to admit Soviet ties to international terrorism.

A series of semiofficial leaks seemed to justify Sterling's allegation, and with the publication of her book, *The Time of The Assassins* (published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston), last winter, there were further denials despite coverage in virtually every major newspaper in America. In a Christmas visit to Agca's cell, the Pope forgave his assailant (photo, right). Six months afterward, in June 1984, however, the Italian judiciary filed its long-awaited report based on over 25,000 pages of documentation. The report's conclusions? That the Bulgarian secret services had indeed recruited Agca to shoot the Pope in a plot to weaken the Solidarity movement in Poland. Although the KGB was not mentioned by name, unmistakably clear was the suggestion that "some political figure of great power took note of this grave situation and, mindful of the vital needs of the Eastern bloc, decided it was necessary to kill Pope Wojtyla."

For William Safire, writing in *The New York Times*, it had all come to a head: "Now that the proof is about to be laid on the table . . . what is President Reagan's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board doing to find out why President Reagan was misled by the CIA on the most important terrorist plot in modern history?" For Secretary of State George Schultz, noting the mounting evidence, the attempted assassination was an example of "state-sponsored terrorism," and an angry CIA Director William Casey quickly removed the agency's top spy in Italy for trying to sabotage the Italian investigation. Sterling, it seemed, had been vindicated, and within weeks she was summoned to the White House to be debriefed by high-ranking representatives of the CIA, National Security Council, Department of Defense, attorney general's office, and the president's legal staff.

SYGMA


SYGMA

To sort out the implications of Sterling's lonely investigation, its ramifications and possible truths, *Penthouse* sent journalist Peter Manso to talk with the reporter immediately after the publication of her book and then, later, in the wake of her vindication. Manso comments: "My initial assumption was that Sterling was a typical neo-conservative burying a leftist past, since she'd freely admitted to a youthful Party membership. But aside from registering at her hotel under a precautionary pseudonym, she displayed none of the hysteria usually found in cold warriors. On the contrary, unlike most journalists 'working' a story from either the right or left, she refused to get locked into a scenario, and flexibility, not stubbornness, marked our exchange. Our second meeting, months later, went the same way. Her thesis may not be airtight, and ultimately it may never be verifiable, but there's no denying the clear, unswerving *focus* of her account, which is nothing if not provocative. Here, as well as in her writing, her refusal to take shortcuts makes it only more sobering."

Penthouse: The great surprise, the revelation in your book was that Mehmet Ali Agca, the Turk who shot the Pope, did not act alone. What made you think that the story went far beyond the crazed lone assassin theory?

Sterling: On the day the Pope was shot I was in Los Angeles finishing my promotion tour for my earlier book, *The Terror Network*. Since it included a chapter on Turkish terrorism I was the only source anybody could think of who might be able to explain Agca. I just went 24 hours straight—doing television, radio, and wire service interviews—since there was such a tremendous response on the day of the shooting. Then in late September 1981, four months later, the presiding judge in Agca's trial published a 50-page "Statement of Motivation" saying that Agca was neither crazy nor a religious fanatic but rather a professional hit man, adding, "In our efforts to find who sent him we have run into an impenetrable barrier of silence."

Penthouse: So you took the bit between your teeth?

Sterling: Of course, and there were two press scenarios guiding me. One quoted the examining magistrate: "For us there is documented proof that Agca did *not* act alone." The other from *The New York Times* of the same date, May 15, said, "Police are convinced according to government sources that Agca acted alone." Then I went to Agca's trial in July 1981, just two months later. It was a quick trial, lasting only 48 hours, and the state prosecutor came out with this incredible harangue: "Agca was a loner, a delirious ideologue, a fanatic Moslem who came from nowhere." Agca got life imprisonment, but then Judge Santiapichi, the presiding judge and a very honorable man enormously respected throughout Italy, published the court's verdict and in explaining it totally reversed what the prosecutor had said. The prosecutor, though, would not introduce evidence indicating anything except that Agca had fired the gun, and that's when I thought, "I've gotta find out why." I had no idea what was going to come out in Agca's confessions. Only later did I learn that when he was seized in St. Peter's Square, he had the telephone numbers of five Bulgarians in his pocket.

Penthouse: What had you found out about Agca himself?

Sterling: He was a very repressed, inward-looking, tormented kid. After he went off to the university at Ankara, he had no known source of income except a small allowance from the state. Somebody took his entrance exams for him: In fact, there's no record of his taking *any* exams.

Penthouse: And his political activities as a student?

Sterling: None. He was registered at the University of Ankara in 1977 and 1978 when terrorism was raging and students were killing each other in the dormitories. His name never cropped up in connection with any kind of violent action on the campus.

Penthouse: The conclusion being that he had no political commitments?

Sterling: Or else he was keeping out of the limelight, being kept quiet by others who were paying him and didn't want him identified. Nobody knows where his money came from. Yet after leaving Ankara for Istanbul where he also was registered as a student, he lived very high. He moved from one expensive hotel to another, ate in the best restaurants, wore fancy suits and gold watches. In Istanbul, though, there's again no academic record. He was a blank, a zero until, two years before he shot the Pope, he confessed to the murder of Abdi Ipekci, Turkey's most respected journalist.

Penthouse: Were there links to the Bulgarians at that point?

Sterling: Abdi Ipekci was a Social Democrat, a man of the center who was fighting an almost solitary battle against both the extreme left and right wing. He was gunned down in his car on February 1, 1979, and Agca was arrested on an anonymous tip. There was no real evidence against him, just a faint resemblance to an Identikit sketch, yet Agca—this tough, ambitious kid—confessed right off the bat and claimed he did it alone. There's no question that he probably participated but he certainly did not act alone, as the minister of the interior

OWN THE ORIGINAL PENTHOUSE PHOTOS OF VANESSA!

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

Own one (or more!) of these original, archival quality prints of former Miss America, Vanessa Williams, that shocked the world with their publication in the September, 15th Anniversary Issue of Penthouse. Each photograph is part of a numbered, limited edition up to 500, mounted on acid-free board suitable for framing and is signed personally by photographer Tom Chiapel. You may order your prints in two sizes: 11"x14" prints are $75.00 each, and 16"x20" prints are $150.00 each. Please order photos by number and mail check or money order plus $2.00 postage and handling to: **Vanessa Photo Offer, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023.** New York residents add 8¼% sales tax. Signed check or money order constitutes orderer's warranty that orderer is over 18 years of age.

PENTHOUSE

who supervised the interrogation confirmed. In fact the Turkish military tribunal has recently issued a new indictment of 11 people—some of them were Gray Wolves, Turkey's right-wing terrorists. But it turns out Ipekci was murdered because he was investigating the Turkish mafia, so it wasn't a political hit at all. Nonetheless, Agca was prepared to take the fall. He was paid to do so and was promised he'd be let out of prison—and he was. Five months after his arrest he escaped while dressed in a military uniform, passing eight heavily guarded doors, the guards themselves having been paid. We now know this because the Turkish godfather, Bekir Celenk, the head of the Turkish mafia, has admitted that he had Agca taken straight to Bulgaria after the escape. It was when he went back to Bulgaria in summer 1980 that he supposedly received an offer of 2 million marks to kill the Pope. But the basic story Agca himself told was that in Sofia Celenk personally presented him to three Bulgarian agents and was responsible for his connections in Munich, Brussels, London, Frankfurt, and Milan. In Rome several additional meetings took place in the home of one of the Bulgarians where they worked out the assassination strategy.

Penthouse: The three agents were Sergei Antonov, plus the assistant military attaché, Todor Aivasov, and Zhelyo Vasilev, the treasurer of the Bulgarian embassy?

Sterling: Yes, but Antonov didn't have the diplomatic status of the others since he was deputy director of the Bulgarian airlines. Agca said they went together to St. Peter's Square for three dress rehearsals and then on the day of the hit all met near the railroad station; it was understood that Agca would meet them outside the Colonnades after the hit.

Penthouse: Wasn't Agca actually grabbed by a nun after he fired the gun?

Sterling: Right. Suor Letizia, a tiny Italian nun, weighing maybe 80 or 90 pounds, was standing behind him and grabbed him. He was shouting, "Not me!" and she was saying, "*Sei tu, sei tu*," at the top of her voice. "It's thou, it's thee." Meanwhile the people in the crowd hadn't realized what had happened until the carabinieri arrived. By then there was no way Agca could be shot, which had been part of the original game plan: He was to have been bumped off right then and there in the square.

Penthouse: Yet you say that Agca's not stupid but that in fact he's artful. If he'd been successful wouldn't he have had to worry about the Bulgarians?

Sterling: He took out insurance. When he was arrested he was carrying those five telephone numbers—among them Antonov's unlisted home number as well as Aivasov's. Then he did exactly what he'd done after being arrested for killing Ipekci—he sent out signals. His interrogators didn't catch on right away, but he was telling them things which he knew would get back to the Turkish authorities and eventually to his sponsors. Namely, that he had been in Bulgaria the summer of 1980.

Penthouse: And it was at this point that the authorities began to suspect he hadn't acted alone?

Sterling: At first he continued to lie. As any Italian judge who's handled terrorist killers will tell you, all of them feel the need to prove themselves, to overdramatize. In the case of Agca the authorities had a very unusual young man, absolutely not crazy, not at all a religious fanatic but, instead, ambitious for money and fame, which were his real motivations.

Penthouse: Nonetheless, with a target like the Pope surely there were more experienced people around. Why was Agca chosen?

Sterling: Because since 1965 when KGB agents were caught trying to assassinate a Russian exile in Germany, which made a big scandal in the European press, the Politburo decided the KGB must not do its own wetwork abroad. Jobs like that had to be farmed out, and from then on Bulgaria became the hit-man section. Conveniently enough, Bulgaria's other big job for the Russians was the destabilization of Turkey. In Agca they had the extra bonus of using a Moslem Turk, nominally a right-winger. He had the cover. A truly professional-looking hit by a mercenary raises suspicion. They wanted someone who looked like a crank, a kook, or perhaps a terrorist from a well-identified group as far from the Communist bloc as possible.

> By carefully planned suicide attack in Lebanon, the Iranian and Syrian intelligence services were able to change the whole direction of American policy in the Middle East.

Penthouse: Is it conceivable that the Bulgarians thought they were using Agca for some job that didn't require Soviet authorization?

Sterling: That objection is in response to a suggestion made in *The New York Times* that some middle official in Bulgarian intelligence might have known what Agca intended to do and didn't stop him, or even that some middle official in the KGB might've known but not the higher-ups. That kind of sleazy conspiracy theory is all too familiar to Americans. The clear intention of the editorial writer was to say Andropov himself might not have known, that involvement could easily have been confined to a lower level. Given the way the Soviet system works, though, it's just not possible. Brezhnev and the Politburo had to have approved the hit, then Andropov would've had to approve it personally and see to the mechanics of carrying it out.

Penthouse: There's absolutely no way it could have been a "vest-pocket" operation?

Sterling: No, no, no. Any Sovietologist will tell you that vest-pocket operations are simply impossible in the Soviet Union. Things are too tightly structured. When a decision like an assassination is made, it has to be made at the top. Brezhnev would have to have said, "You, Andropov, see to it. Do whatever's necessary. Figure out a plan."

Penthouse: Even so, there's still the basic question: Why the Pope?

Sterling: Because from the time John Paul II was chosen in fall 1978, the Politburo was keeping a very careful eye on him. The Pope sent Brezhnev a letter by courier, handwritten in Russian, in connection with the Solidarity movement, saying that if the Soviets invaded Poland he, the Pope, would lay down the crown of St. Peter and go to Poland to stand side by side with his people. As a result, by March 1981 the Russians were calling the Pope "a cunning and dangerous ideological enemy," and "a malicious, lowly, perfidious and backward toady of the American militarists, fighting socialism in the interests of his accomplices and his new boss in the White House." That's a direct quote and it's one of the strongest statements of its kind to come out of the Politburo.

Penthouse: Yet, had the assassination been successful, Poland might have exploded. The risks don't seem tenable; the liabilities were enormous.

Sterling: The Poles believe that the Russians were behind it anyway. Walesa didn't doubt it for a minute. But suppose the Pope had died and the Poles had rioted, wouldn't it have been the ideal excuse for the Russians to send military forces into Poland? The essential benefit for them of killing the Pope, though, would have been the elimination of the only man capable of generating real strength behind Solidarity—not only in Poland but throughout the Soviet bloc. Moreover, the Vatican would never put another man like him in again. The Vatican has appeased the Russians. Just look at the way the Vatican reacted to the assassination attempt while the Pope was too weak to be able to govern: the papal secretary of state claimed that there was no conspiracy, that Agca was a lone gunman. But by the time of Agca's trial the Pope was recovering and suddenly three editorials in the *L'Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican daily, said, "This isn't good enough. The bigger mystery remains of who sent him."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

ANGELA

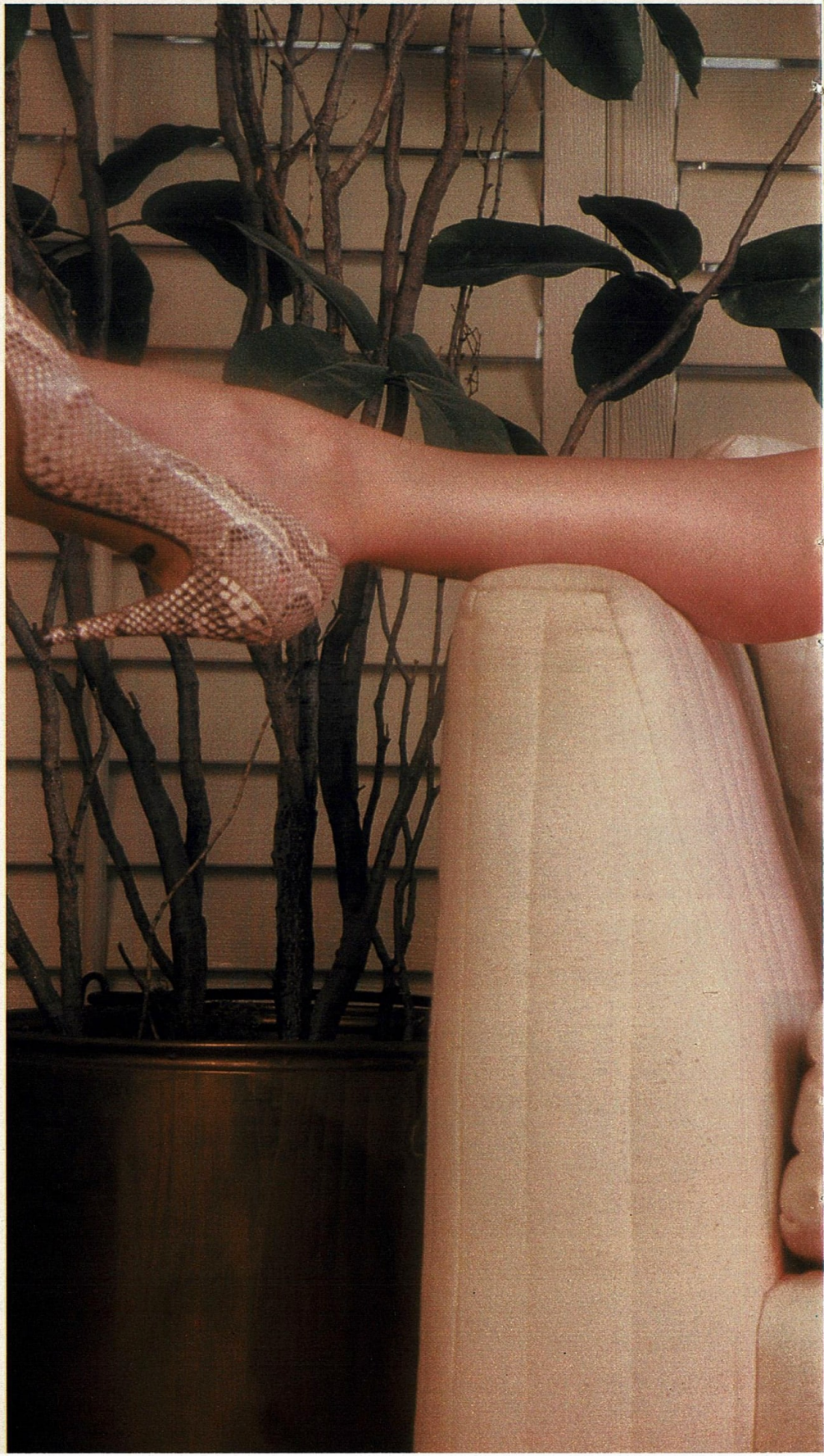
"I don't ever intend to marry. It takes the fun out of sex and the romance out of love. . . ."

PUPPY LOVE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

When it comes to knowing what she likes, 36-24-35-inch Angela Marie Mineo doesn't take a backseat to anyone. "I'm turned on by fast cars, lots of leisurely foreplay, and any new adventure. . . . " A childhood spent in tiny Medford, Oregon, surrounded by mountains and wilderness, helps explain her predisposition for daring. "Also I'm half-German, half-Italian—passionate as well as aggressive. It's full speed ahead no matter what I do."

One favorite hot pursuit is river-rafting with friends in the white waters near her hometown. Another is making money. "My aunt breeds dogs for a living, and once I got out of high school, I moved to Vegas and started my own business." A registered A.K.C. breeder, Angela raises Pekinese puppies.



Just 19, Angela's found that this particular brand of puppy love can provide a lavish life-style. A good thing, since this totally spoiled only child is a spendthrift and an incorrigible clotheshorse. "I'll sell a pup for $300 to $500, and blow it that afternoon on a designer jacket. Luckily I'm too young to gamble, or I'd live in a tent instead of a condo!"

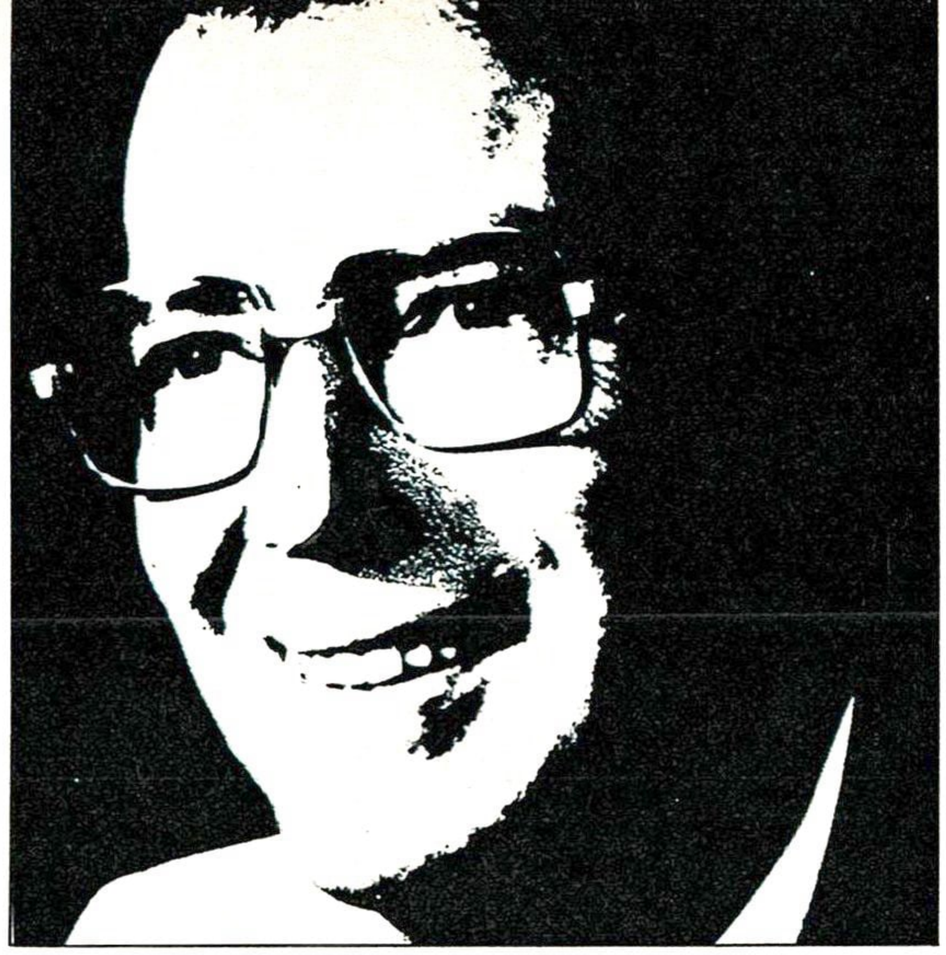
The summer she spent working as a tour guide at Crater Lake National Park turned comely Angela into a confirmed conservationist whose biggest idols are Jacques Cousteau and Smokey the Bear. It also gave her a taste for rugged mountain-man types and fantastic, but fleeting, affairs.

"Maybe it's giving up my puppies after eight weeks that's taught me not to need long-term attachments. After the initial excitement I'm ready for someone new—and I don't ever intend to marry. It takes the fun out of sex and the romance out of love, so who needs it?"

Nights when she's alone, Angela likes to soak in her Jacuzzi and indulge in her favorite fantasies.

"I imagine being a burglar caught by a man who wakes up while I'm stealing his valuables. Then he makes me submit to a body search and we both get incredibly excited. Finally, I trade him one night for flight. My fantasy combines all the things I like best: money, sex, and freedom."

MISS ANGELA MARIE MINEO/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"Neither the American business community nor the American consumer is receiving protection they're legally entitled to because the U.S. Customs Service has decided not to enforce the law."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY HAROLD L. CENTER

The author, a 24-year veteran of the photographic industry, has spent the last 21 years at Minolta Corporation, most recently as director of public relations. He also serves as president of the Photographic Manufacturers and Distributors Association, a leading nonprofit industry trade association.

GRAY MARKET—A HOLIDAY WARNING

Over the past few years, the words "gray market" have become all too familiar in wholesale and retail establishments across the country. But most consumers have never heard the expression. This is ironic, because they are often directly and adversely affected by the gray-market profiteers. As the holiday buying season begins, this problem will loom even larger for all of us.

For some consumers, gray market means "I can get it cheaper." But for too many others, it means "I made a big mistake."

To begin, let me explain just what the gray market is. There exists a wide variety of merchandise—watches, cameras, stereo equipment, TVs, VCRs, perfume, batteries, film, automobile tires, toys, computers, to name but a few—manufactured outside of the United States but which carries American trademarks.

This merchandise is imported into this country outside the authorized distribution channels and without the consent of the trademark owners. Thanks to fluctuations in foreign-exchange rates, cheaper labor rates, and other factors, gray-market merchandise allows unauthorized importers to profit substantially by free riding and exploiting the hard work and significant investments used to build a brand name's reputation by the legitimate trademark owners. In fact, gray-market merchandise often *hurts* these hard-earned legitimate business reputations.

Okay. That's why I'm concerned about the gray market. But why should you—the consumer—get upset about it? After all, aren't you saving a lot of money when you buy merchandise that has been imported by the gray market? The answer is simple: Gray-market products are not intended for American consumption; they often lack the quality, reliability, integrity, safety, and service backup that a consumer is justifiably entitled to when purchasing trademarked merchandise.

So, while in *some* instances you might save money by purchasing gray-market merchandise, you may also encounter several of the following problems:

• Merchandise may have no legitimate U.S. warranty, the value of which would, in most instances, far exceed your immediate savings.

• Safety precautions may be inadequate. Gray-market merchandise *does not* necessarily comply with U.S. Government packaging standards or ingredient-labeling requirements. It can also contain substances that are prohibited from use in America. This lack of high standards applies to foods, cosmetics, fragrances, and pharmaceuticals. Also, some gray-

market products contain aerosols that are prohibited in the United States.

• Merchandise that is not meant to be sold here may lack the vital Underwriters Laboratories ("UL") approval for electronic products; it may contain only foreign-language instruction books; or it might have been illegally or improperly modified. You can't always tell this when you're buying the products.

• Damage may have occurred in transit due to poor temperature control. This is very common with batteries and film.

• Merchandise may be incompatible with American specifications and may, for example, include only metric calibrations. This is often the case with gray-market cameras, watches, clocks, optics, semiconductors, and electronic equipment. Such incompatibility makes these products difficult, if not impossible, to use.

• Because gray-market products are not supposed to be sold in this country, parts and service may not be readily available. For example, if you purchased a fine-china pattern and the merchandise happened to be gray-market, you could find yourself unable to buy a "fill-in" or an extra piece for the service.

• And last, but not least, gray-market merchandise may operate improperly or have a shortened life span—or have no life span at all—because of a broken factory seal or improper storage.

But the dangers to American consumers that have been created by the gray market go beyond specific product difficulties. First of all, when legitimate trademark owners suffer losses due to the gray market, they sometimes have to cut back on those services that you as a consumer want and expect.

For example, imagine that you've purchased a sophisticated piece of equipment only to discover that the authorized trademark owner has closed down its nationwide network of local service stations and that you are now forced to send your product 3,000 miles away. My recent purchase of a personal computer (not gray-market) clearly showed me the importance of being able to contact the manufacturer directly for immediate on-line assistance.

Legitimate importers have received thousands of angry letters from irritated consumers who have realized—too late—that they have been stung by gray-market scams. Newspaper "action lines," Better Business Bureaus, and numerous district attorneys around the country have been deluged with complaints. So it's obvious that the gray market is not a silent problem—it's just a persistent one, and it's growing.

But what can you as a consumer and concerned citizen do to prevent yourself from falling into the gray-market trap—and, not so incidentally, to protect legitimate American business people and workers who are suffering economic hardship at the hands of a few greedy profiteers? After all, it's often next to impossible for an average consumer to tell gray-market products apart from their legitimate counterparts at the time of purchase. (And, it must be noted, this merchandise isn't limited to foreign goods. Items such as domestic film and batteries are also imported from Europe by the gray market.)

So, as concerned American consumers and business people, what do we do about the gray market?

At this point—the need to take action—we've come to the most amazing part of this story. Over 50 years ago, our elected representatives in Washington, D.C., enacted safeguards to prevent the gray market from ever coming into existence. Section No. 526 of the Tariff Act of 1930 was passed by Congress to protect consumers, as well as U.S.-trademark owners, legitimate distributors, and retailers from being exploited in this terrible fashion.

Section No. 526 clearly provides trademark protection to all properly registered U.S.-trademark owners. But incredibly, neither the American business community nor the American consumer is receiving the protection that this law should provide. Why? Because the U.S. Customs Service, in its strange wisdom, decided not to enforce Section No. 526. This action—or inaction—clearly discriminates against numerous U.S. companies and their employees.

Current Customs Service regulations do not enforce Section No. 526, nor do they reflect U.S. economic or trade policy. They ignore fundamental principles of international trademark law that are designed to protect the consumers and legitimate trademark owners alike.

To achieve this fundamental justice and protection for American consumers and businesses, gray-market merchandise must be stopped at the point of entry into this country. To this end, I urge you to write to your elected representatives in Washington, D.C., and ask them to support the move to have the Customs Service enforce Section No. 526 of the Tariff Act.

As consumers, we should not have to play detective whenever we make a purchase. As business people, we should not have to have the good reputations of our companies and products suffer because of a situation that is out of our control. Only the United States Customs Service can stop these crimes against all of us. The law is on the books. Let's get it enforced.

MAFIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

best interests of these giants of industry or their stockholders. Instead, the public pays the higher cost in other ways—with their health, and sometimes their lives.

The biggest dollar profits go to the mob. For example, I helped negotiate a contract with two Ford plants in New Jersey for a disposal company owned by an associate of the Genovese family. The deal resulted in more than 7,000 drums of hazardous sludge being hauled by Statewide Environmental Contractors to a New Jersey landfill. It's supposed to be a sanitary landfill, which means it was licensed by the state to accept only household garbage, a very safe commodity when compared to the contents of those thousands of drums. The drums were illegally buried after we paid the landfill owner one dollar for each. But we charged Ford $150 a drum. The mob made a small fortune on that deal. But it was still inexpensive disposal for Ford, and everyone made out well—except, of course, the people who live in the homes nearby.

That was before New Jersey established something called a manifest system, in 1978, under which the companies that generate toxic waste, the truckers who transport it, and the disposal sites must maintain records of all transactions. The purpose of a manifest system is to track all toxic waste from generator to disposal, or from the cradle to the grave. In 1980, Congress mandated the same system for the entire country. The problem is that today the EPA has only 23 investigators to keep an eye on the more than 12,000 toxic waste disposal sites; and the thousands more truckers and toxic waste generators. So the law of averages in tracking and recording the most horrendous domestic nightmare of the twentieth century—chemical waste that can cause anything from cancer to mental and physical deformities in humans—remains so unbalanced that the Mafia finds the risks to be almost nonexistent.

The manifest system has benefitted the underworld more than anyone else. It has forced a dramatic rise in the price of dumping toxic waste because of the "risk factor." Mob-controlled landfills that once charged a dollar or two for dumping canisters of garbage, now charge hundreds of dollars when the same cannister arrives with contents from some chemical, pharmaceutical, paint, solvents, plastics, oil or similarly toxic-producing company. Of course, it's also a prohibition of federal and state laws for sanitary landfills to accept toxic waste. But I don't know anyone who ever stuck his face into a 30-yard cannister or the back of a garbage truck to get a better idea of what was inside of it.

Since sanitary landfills are no longer permitted to accept toxic waste, and the costs of incineration, recycling, or neutralization are so high for so many companies, what should we be doing with the millions of tons of toxic waste generated every year?

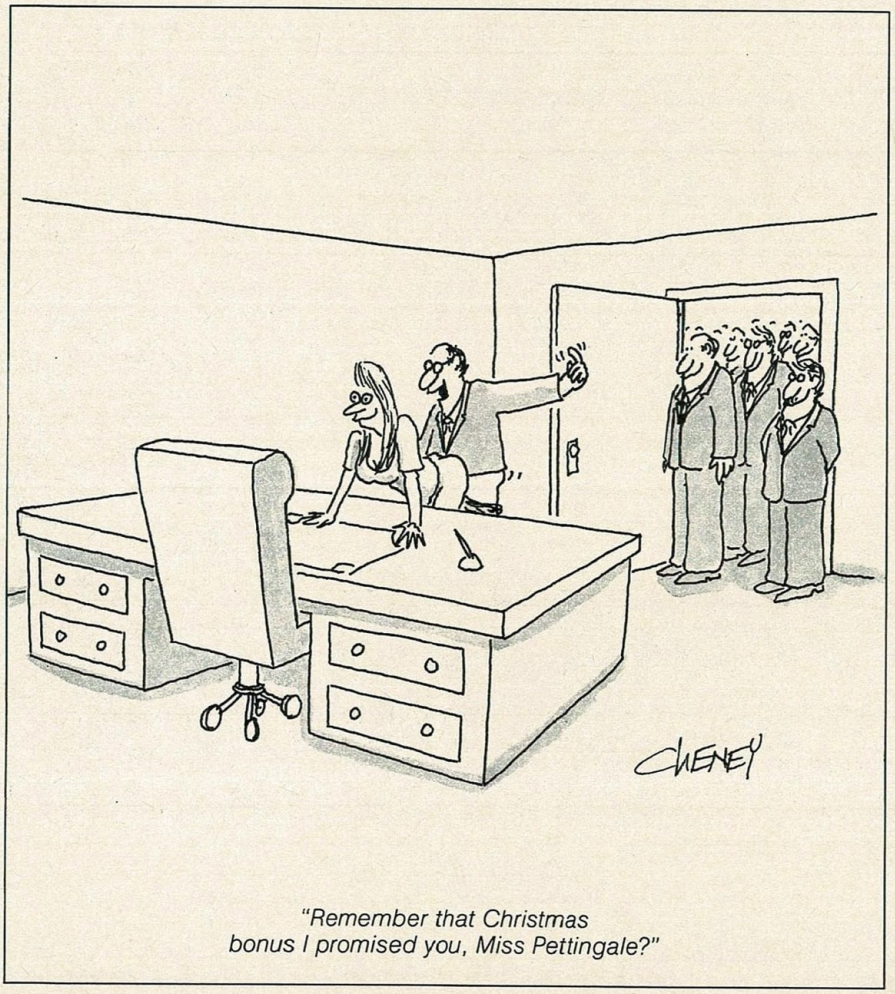
Organized crime financing has provided some of the solution, and the mob is working hard to come up with all the answers in order to get as tight a grip on toxic disposal as it has on the garbage industry. Some mob-controlled landfills have even been licensed as authorized toxic waste burial grounds, where engineers and geologists and chemists have created "environmentally-secure" foundations, with layers of clay coverings and other materials that are supposed to last indefinitely. But some environmental scientists have testified before congressional committees that these "secure" landfills are a hoax. Eventually, they say, the deadly chemicals will eat their way into the ground until they reach the same aquifers (underground wells) which provide the drinking water for almost half of America—for the cattle ranches of the Midwest and Southwest and for the irrigation systems so vital to thousands of farms which provide the crops that feed this country and much of the world.

But even these landfills are too expensive for many of the companies that create sizable volumes of toxic waste. So some of the mob's business planners found another solution—toxic waste storage dumps. The concept is simple enough: You pour the waste into drums and pile the drums on some empty lot until you can't get them any higher. Then you light a match and walk away, and to hell with the deadly fumes and leakage that contaminate the air, ground, and water of the people who live next door to the lot.

And if you can obtain a state license for your storage dump, the way the mob did it in New Jersey, that's even better. There were dump sites in New Jersey where the Mafia took control—literally lock, stock, and barrels.

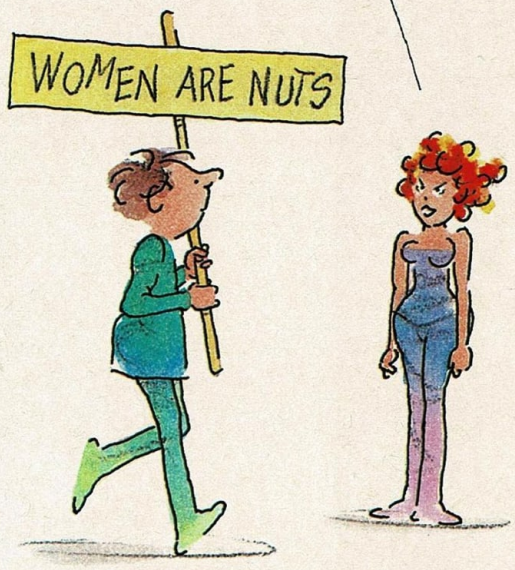
Meanwhile, over at the Fulton Fish Market in New York City, where the Mafia conducts big business, the loan sharks were busy figuring out new angles for toxic waste profits. Big Julie Sugarman, Joe Lapi, Vinnie Mauro, and a few other kingpins from the Genovese family decided they were going to take over a place in New Jersey that already had a toxic waste disposal license. They also decided to bring in Johnny Albert, who owned some garbage disposal companies in New Jersey that were branching into the toxic waste dumping business. According to testimony, Albert was to front their takeover of Chemical Control Company in Elizabeth. Armed with Genovese financing, Albert moved in on Chemical Control, which also had an old incinerator to go with its state license to store and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186



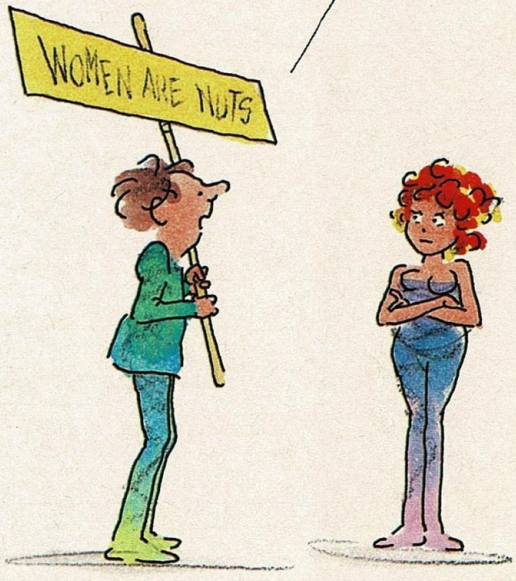
"Remember that Christmas bonus I promised you, Miss Pettingale?"

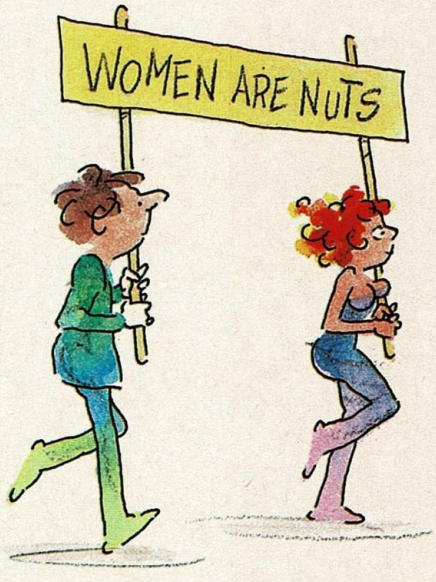
You've got to be an asshole walking around with a sign like that in this day and age



Give me one — just <u>one</u> reason why women are nuts

Once you start eating them you can't stop

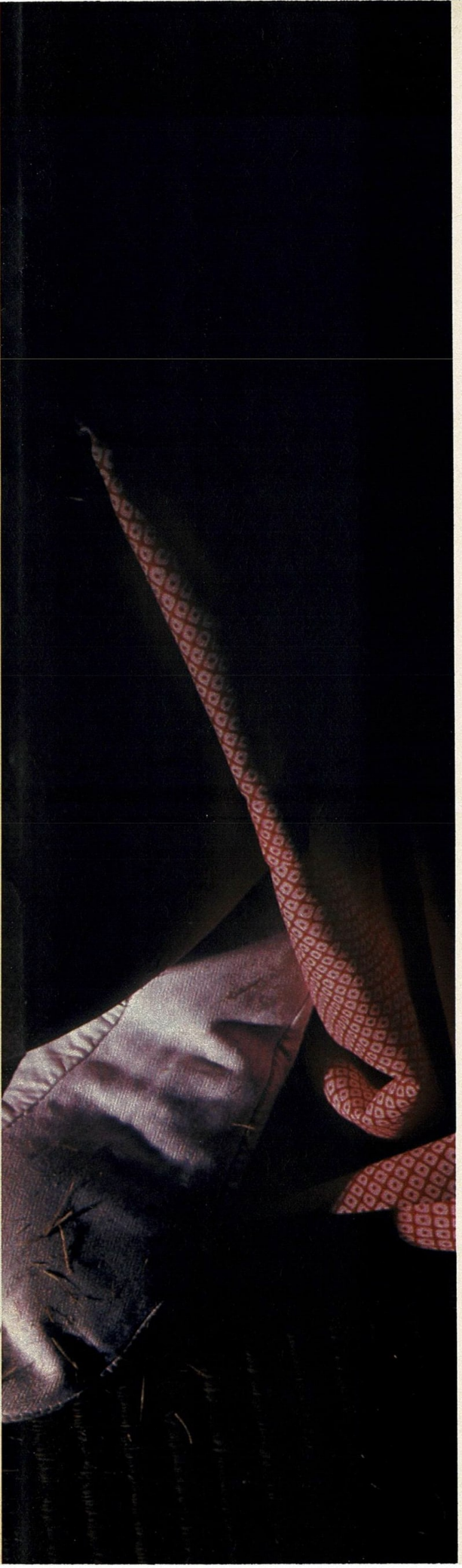


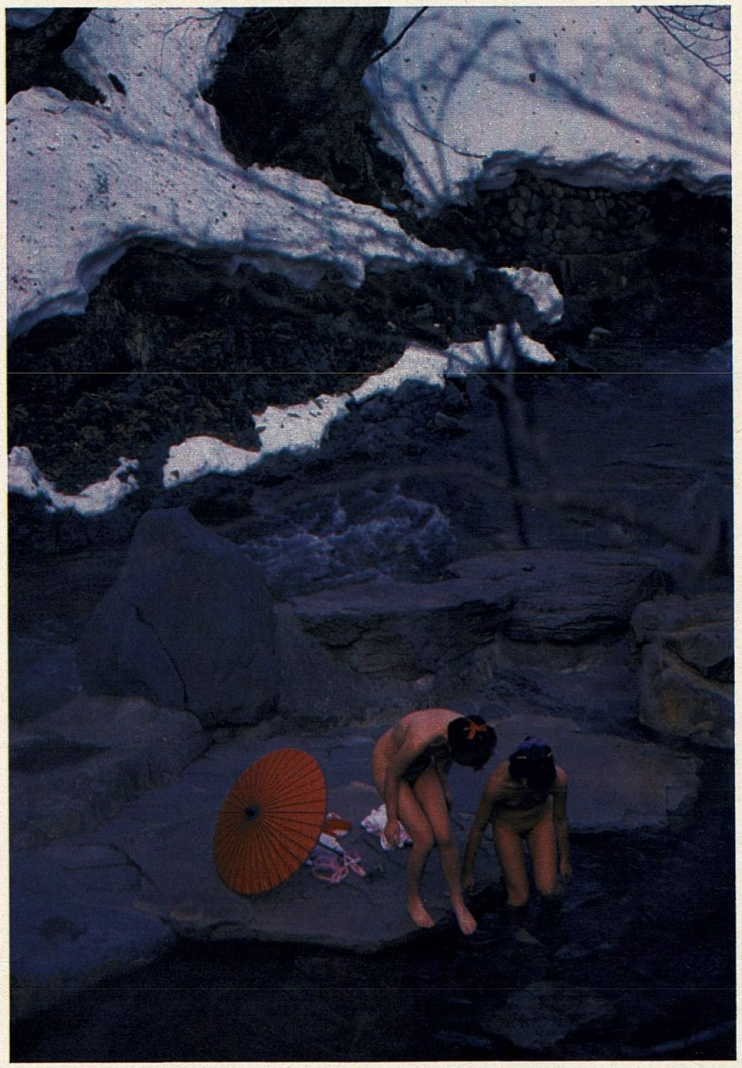


SAKURA

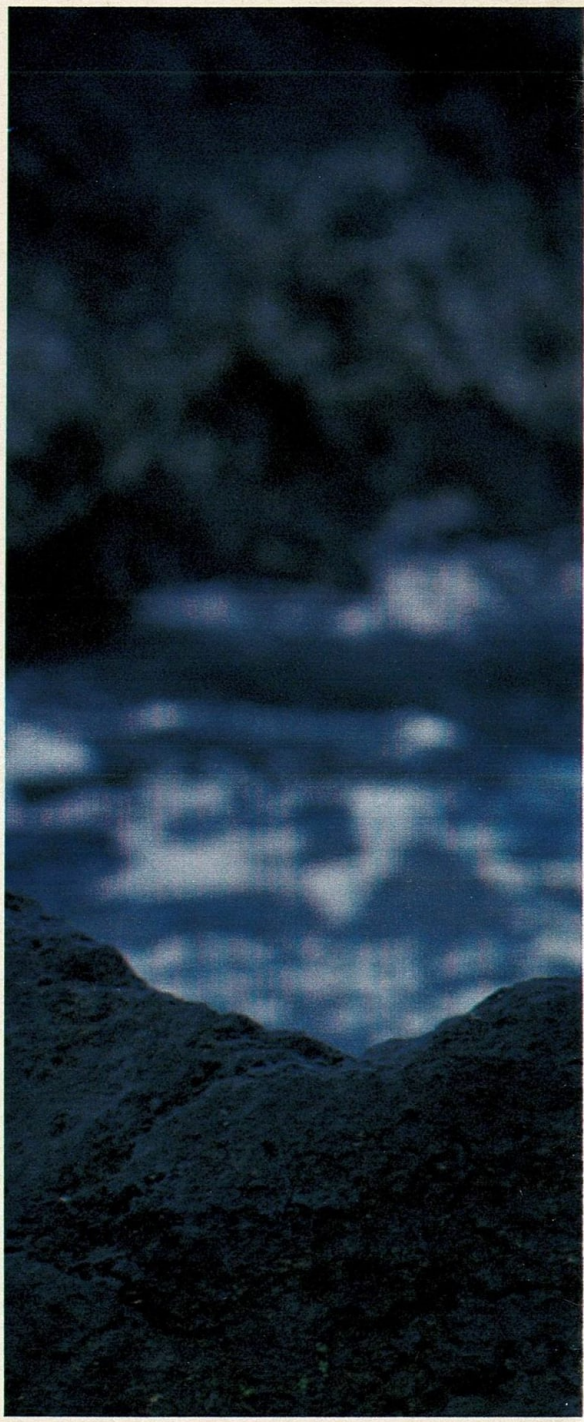
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
AKIRA ISHIGAKI

The haiku moment: waves of emotion, bursts of possibility, sun-bright and night-dark, a sea of mystery surging, overspilling from the clear glimpse of the thing told, the thing seen. From pictures, magic.

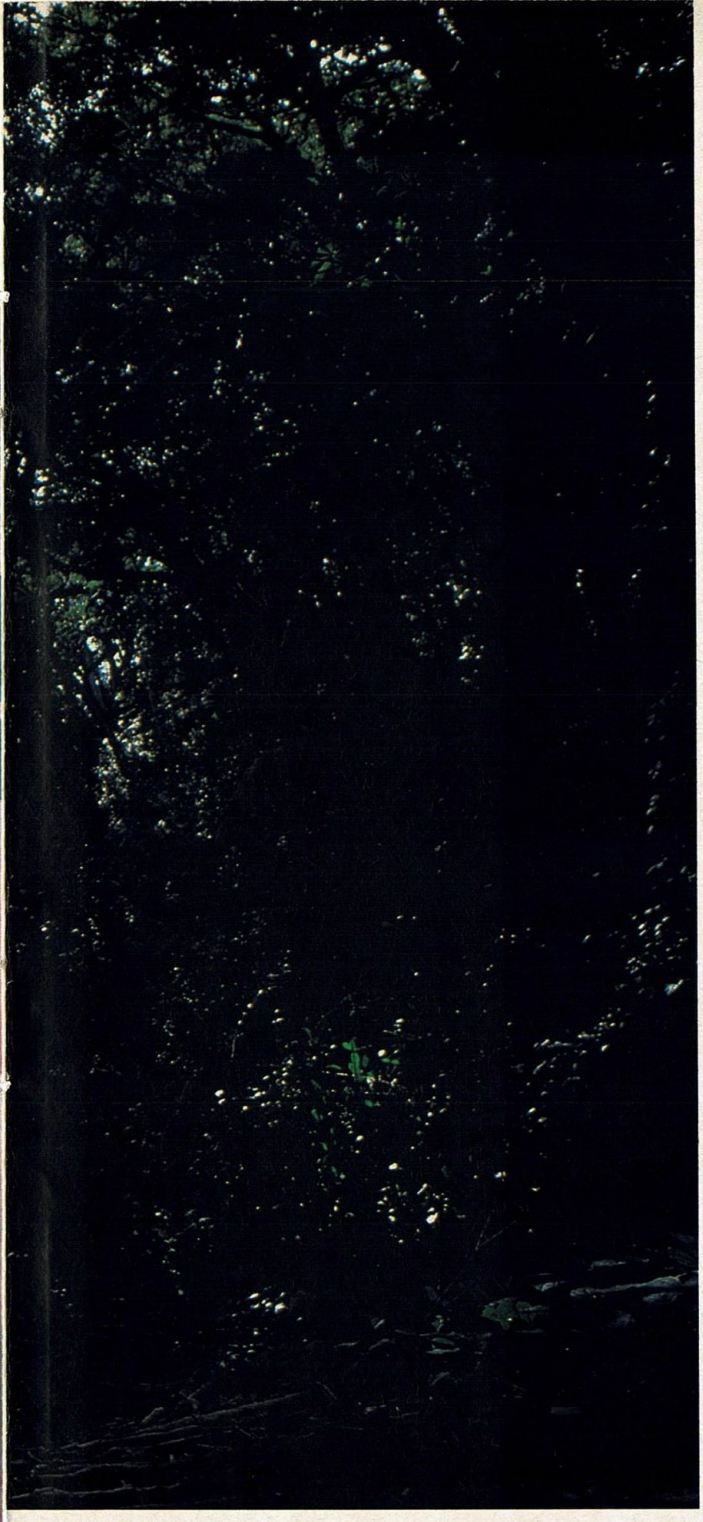




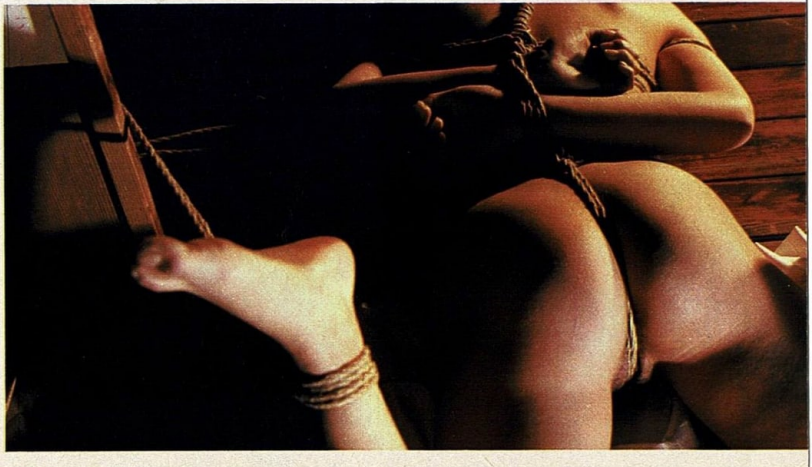
Sakura is the word for the cherry blossom. "From my childhood," explains Akira Ishigaki, whose eye captured these pictures, "I recall the resemblance between the petals of the cherry blossom and a woman's body. In the spring of my twelve years, I caressed the petals with my fingers, kissed them gently with my lips."



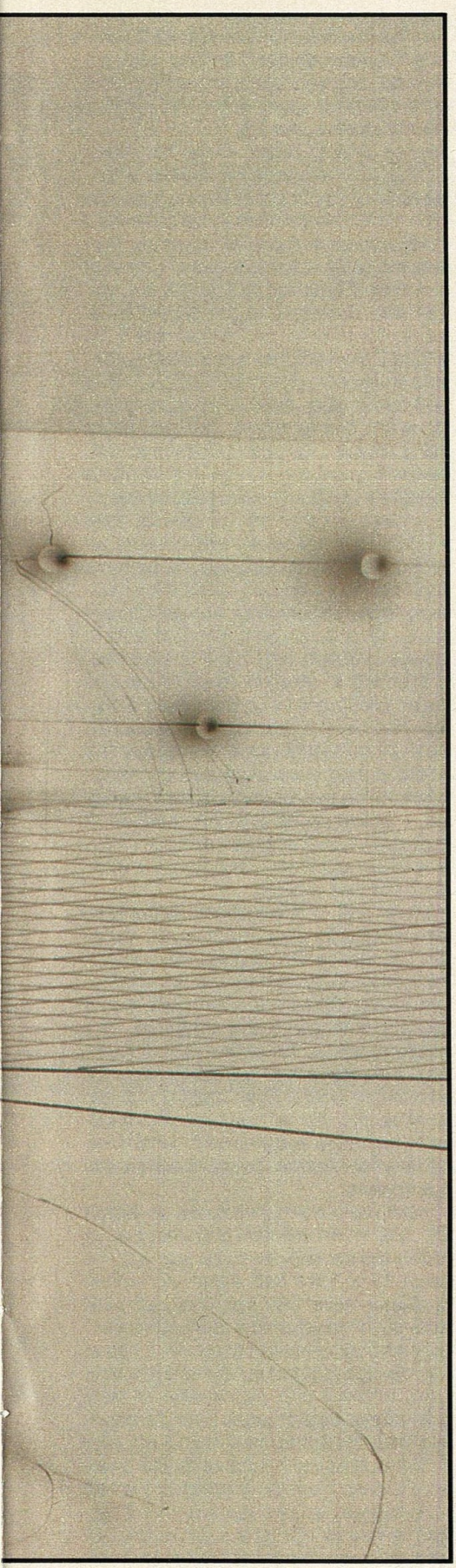
By *hana-no kage* is meant the blossoms' shadow. "I had reached adolescence," Ishigaki says, "and had discovered that the cherry blossom and the woman both belong to the world of shadows."



Two hundred years ago and more, Issa, best loved of haiku poets, dwelt among the powers of bloom and darkling shadows.



In their shadowy oblation, the woman and the blossom conquer even the *damyō*, the great lord. "A damyō!" Issa saw. "And who makes him get off his horse? Cherry blossoms do."



Science may have discovered the ultimate cure for impotence. But the cure may be worse than the disease.

THE THIRTY-HOUR ERECTION

BY KEVIN SANDERS

It was the annual meeting of the American Urological Association. They had gathered in Las Vegas to hear the reports of medical scientists from around the world. Perhaps the most renowned was British neurologist Giles S. Brindley of the London University Medical College. Among the small group of international experts in the field, Brindley is best known for his work on control of the human nervous system. Brindley hopes his research on stimulation of the visual cortex will eventually help the blind "see" light and color and perhaps form. "The eye," he says, "is just one means of processing and transmitting visual information to the brain." He has also been working for some years with paraplegics: on the possible restoration of limb function through computer-controlled electrodes implanted in the body.

But his report to the urologists concerned his research into a new drug treatment for impotence. The 56-year-old Brindley arrived for the evening conference somewhat curiously attired in a loose-fitting jogging outfit. He began by telling his medical colleagues that, when injected into the penis, the drug had caused erections in some patients lasting more than 24 hours. He went on to tell the audience that he had injected himself with the drug just before the meeting and that erection usually occurred 20 minutes after administration. The drug, he said, was phenoxybenzamine, a muscle-relaxant that apparently temporarily opened vessels in the penis, allowing blood pressure in the erectile tissue to increase and cause tumescence. Brindley then stepped out from behind the speaker's lectern to reveal the successful result of his own recent injection. As he proceeded to speculate on the dynamics of erection and on the preliminary results of his recent investigations of the drug in England, Brindley strolled up and down the aisle among his startled audience of both men and women, inviting them to check the rigidity of his drug-activated erection. The effect, he told them, would typically last several hours.

That was in 1983. Since Brindley's unorthodox presentation, study has begun in several countries on chemical control of blood flow in the penis as an alternative to conventional treatments for impotence. If impotence is defined as the inability to get an erection when sexually

PAINTING BY PAUL WUNDERLICH

aroused, then most, if not all, men have probably been impotent at some time—however briefly. But only when the problem is repetitive and chronic does it become a medical concern. As such, impotence is estimated to affect 10 percent of all adult men.

Until now doctors have had very limited options for treatment. One technique, developed in 1973, involves the surgical connection of arteries from the abdomen directly to the erectile tissue to increase blood flow to the penis. However, the operation often works *too* well, causing priapism—a permanent erection. Recent advances in microsurgery have permitted refinements in the procedure, and doctors in Europe have reported improved results with greater control. Research is continuing.

At the medical college of the University of California in San Francisco, scientists led by Dr. Tom Lue are working on another approach. Studies on monkeys have revealed a cluster of nerve endings near the prostate gland that could be stimulated by implanted electrodes. Lue says the research could eventually lead to an erection "pacemaker."

Perhaps the best-known impotence treatment entails implant in the penis of a prosthetic plastic rod that can be inflated and deflated as desired. A pump and reservoir system is inserted into the body with connecting tubes to operate the rod inside the penis. Patient reaction has varied from satisfaction to deep dissatisfaction. There are often problems. They are sometimes painful. Infection can occur. And although the penis can be inflated to stiffness, the head or crown of the penis, the corona, cannot. It remains floppy and often hangs down, creating what surgeons sometimes call the "Concorde effect," a reference to the distinctive tilt-down nose on the supersonic jet. And many doctors argue that the implant doesn't really produce an erection but, rather, merely a stiff penis. In some cases it may still be the only solution, and already more than 10,000 such operations have been performed in the United States alone. However, for the first time, the work of Brindley and others offers the promise of a nonsurgical, pharmacological treatment for impotence.

The first clue came by accident in 1977. The *World Journal of Surgery* reported a curious and unexpected reaction to a drug called papaverine, which during surgery had been inadvertently injected into arteries leading to the penis of an anesthetized patient. The drug was being used as a local muscle-relaxant in a procedure called "shunting," in which blood is redirected from one set of vessels to another. Within minutes of the accidental papaverine injection, the patient's penis became erect and remained so for two hours.

The following year a team of urologists investigating the effects of drugs on cats discovered that certain relaxant drugs caused erections. Even so, scientists were unable to account for the responses—partly because they were not sure how the drugs worked, and partly because they knew even less about the mechanics of erection. It was not until 1981 that a serious effort was made to discover how and why erections occur. According to Gorm Wagner, a University of Copenhagen medical researcher who led the investigation, the reasons for the slow pace of research were a reluctance to examine the penis and a widespread view prevailing until then that impotence was a psychological rather than a physical problem. Whatever the reasons, medical science knew more about the big toe than the penis.

In an effort to learn more, Wagner and his team of Danish researchers studied 47 penises from the hospital morgue by systematically dissecting them.

The veins of a number of penises were filled with ink so the circulation flow could be traced—representing the first attempt to chart the "plumbing" of the blood in the penis before, during, and after erection. The results, published in 1982 in the British medical journal *Lancet* were surprising. The doctors had discovered within the penis a series of arteries that had never before been described in medical literature. During erection, the arteries close and redirect, or shunt, blood into sponge-like tissue in the penis, which expands and "pumps" the penis rigid.

> More than half the impotent patients were able to have intercourse using the drug. Erections lasted between 30 minutes and 30 hours.

Meanwhile, a number of other research projects conducted independently in France, Israel, Britain, the United States, and Australia were converging.

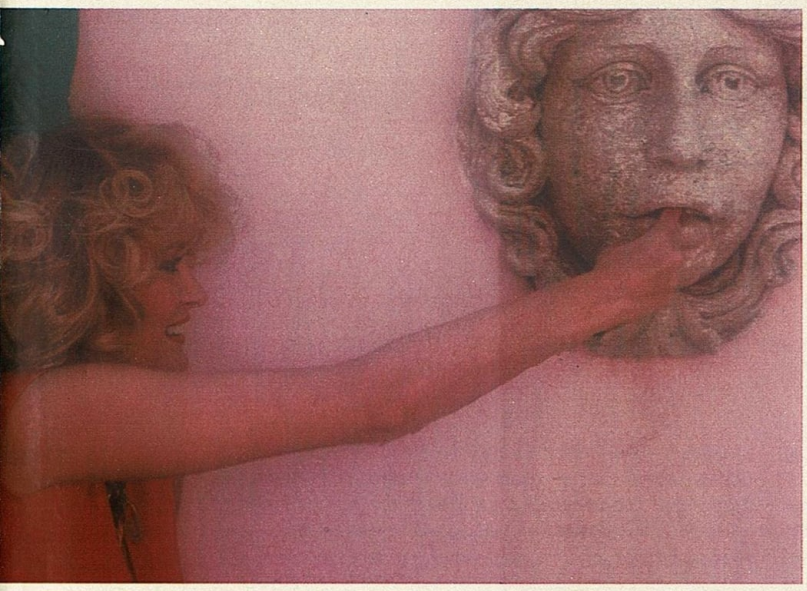
At the Center for Study and Research on Impotence, in Paris, Dr. Ronald Virag had followed up on the earlier report about the drug papaverine. He treated 25 patients suffering from impotence by injecting papaverine directly into the erectile tissue. In most cases erections occurred within several minutes and lasted between ten minutes and two hours. Of patients whose impotence was due to physical injury, half said that they had also achieved some erection capability in the days after getting the drug. No such improvement occurred in patients whose impotence had been diagnosed as psychological. Further tests, reported in a letter to *Lancet* in 1982, produced similar results: Among patients who had received two or more injections over a period of months, several noted a return to normal sex life.

In the United States there has been considerable research into the use of papaverine for treatment of impotence, with some of the results soon to be published in the urological medical literature. Perhaps the most advanced work is that of Dr. Adrian Zorgniotti, a Manhattan urologist and secretary of the International Society for Impotence Research. For 18 months Zorgniotti has been treating patients by injecting into their erectile tissue papaverine and another muscle-relaxant, which dilates blood vessels, called phentolamine. He speculates that papaverine opens the valves that increase blood flow into the penis and phentolamine closes another set of valves, thus maintaining the pressure and creating an erection. Of the more than 70 patients Zorgniotti has treated—all of them suffering from organically caused impotence—nine out of ten have been able to achieve erection and have intercourse. By injecting a very low dose of the two drugs, premixed in combination, Zorgniotti has found that a slight tumescence usually occurs within several minutes. The patient is then encouraged to go immediately to his sex partner. In most cases sexual activity produces full erection. If his partner lives more than an hour's traveling distance from Zorgniotti's office, they book into a hotel.

Nearly half of the patients have now been trained to inject themselves. Zorgniotti dispenses the papaverine-phentolamine mix—sufficient for ten administrations—and follows up each patient's progress with a monthly checkup. The injection itself is, he says, "almost painless," and the effect generally lasts for three to four hours. Each patient who undertakes the home self-injection treatment must sign a document confirming that he understands the procedure is still experimental.

There have been problems. In about one case in ten erection does not occur. Usually the patients involved are over the age of 79 or have had surgery on arteries. Some have had implants removed because of mechanical difficulties and injury to their erectile tissue. As a result of studies on laboratory animals, there is some concern that papaverine in very large doses could cause liver damage. Zorgniotti, however, has found no liver problems in any of his patients. But a patient did once become priapismic: He had a full erection for ten hours before Zorgniotti released the pressure surgically. Because of this Zorgniotti argues that only urologists, routinely trained in the treatment of priapism, should be allowed to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192



LINDA

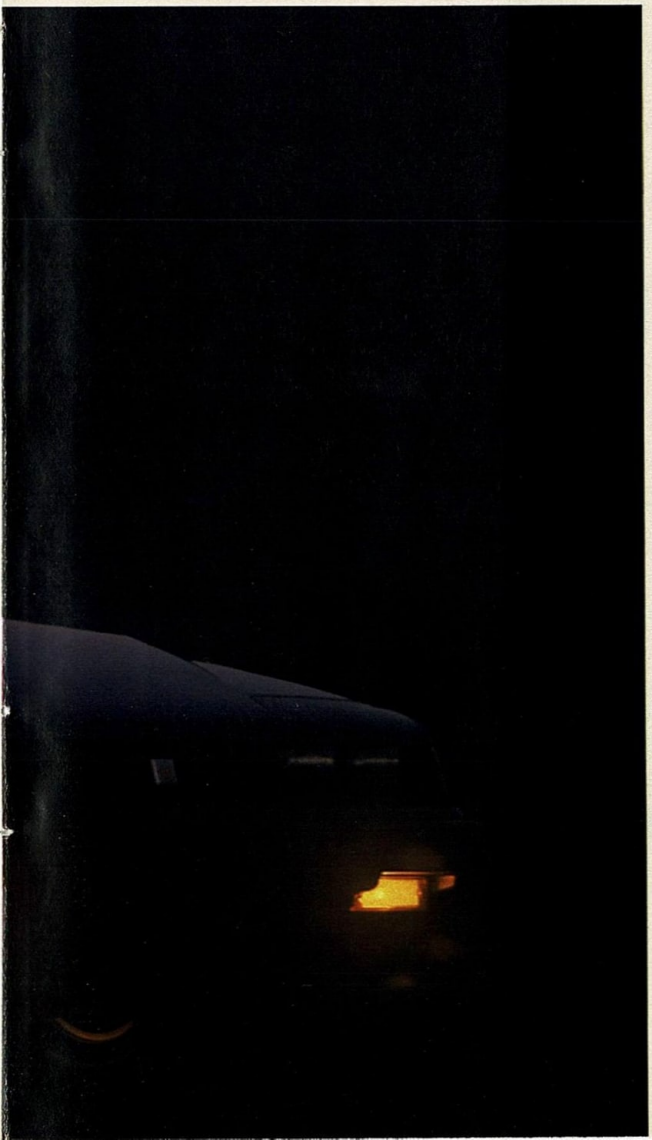
"Anyone who says a beautiful woman doesn't need furs and jewels to enhance her charms obviously hasn't seen her in furs and jewels!"

Pet of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Even in this age of high-speed computers, enumerating all of Linda Kenton's charms could take a long time. Luckily, though, time is on our side now that *American Photographer's* 1982 Model of the Year has gone on to become our 1985 Pet of the Year. For the next 12 months at least, this statuesque five-foot-ten-inch stunner won't be out of sight—or mind—for very long, though she *will* be a moving target. Two new automobiles from Izusu and three new motorcycles—from Harley-Davidson, Honda, and Yamaha—are a moving experience in anybody's book. Although her brand-new fur and jewels are just as thrilling.

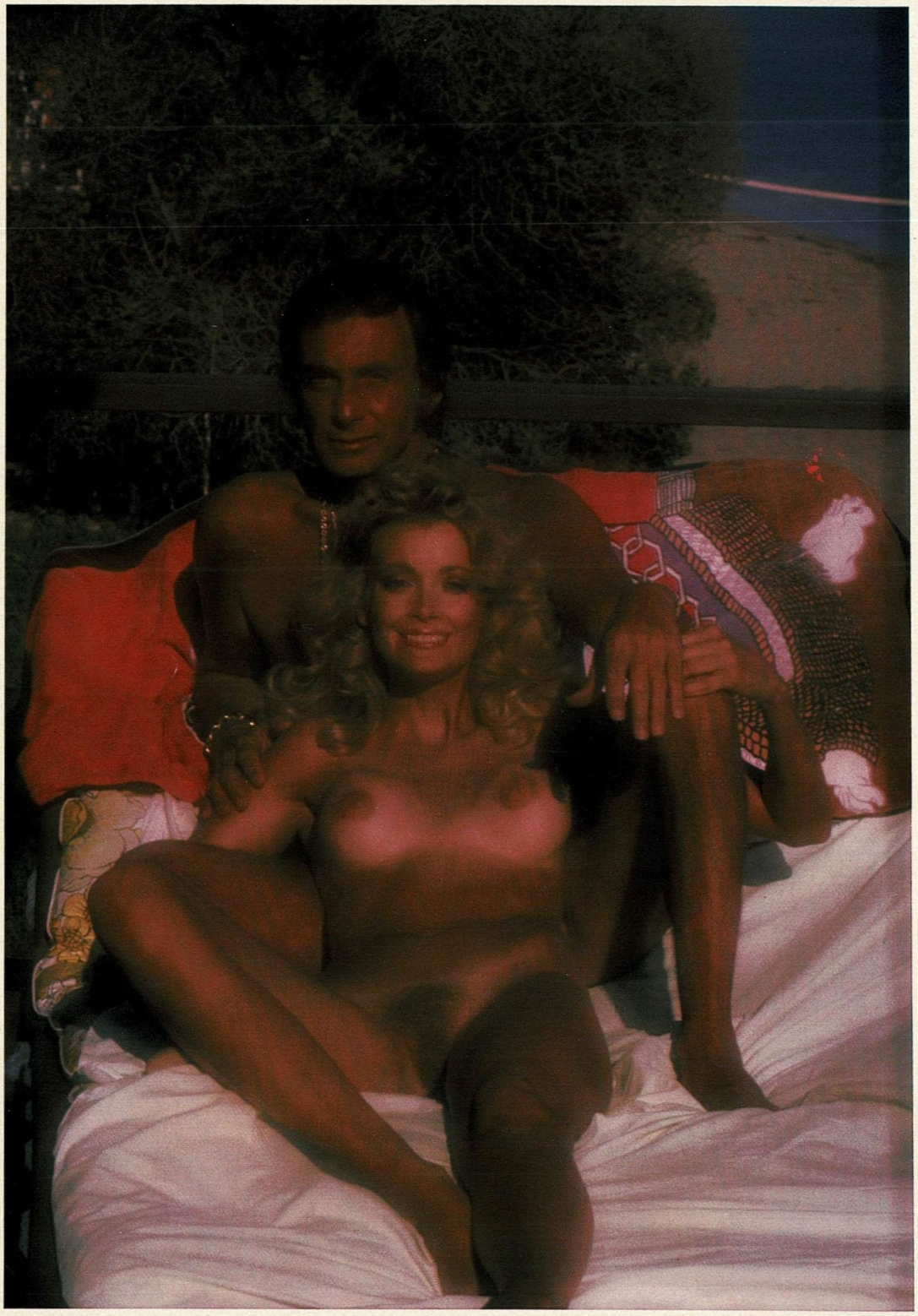
(Below, left) Leaning against her Izusu Impulse, Linda luxuriates in an Oleg Cassini gown created especially for her. Her natural golden amber fox is by Pologeorgis Fur Fashions. (Right) Linda's brand-new Izusu Trooper II.



"Anyone who says a beautiful woman doesn't need furs and jewels to enhance her charms obviously hasn't seen a beautiful woman in furs and jewels!" Granted, young men prefer her wearing little or nothing. However, Linda says she's extremely selective about the company she keeps. "In high school, the novelty of sex makes having lots of partners exciting. Now, though, the only worthwhile novelty is making love to a man I'm really in love with. . . ."

There's no one in her life right now who fits that description. Instead, Linda admits, she's madly in love with her flourishing career. "I grew up reading fairy tales where a girl from humble beginnings could grow up to be a princess who has it all—and that's how it feels to reach this milestone in my career as *Penthouse*'s worldwide representative." But she adds that succeeding the luscious likes of Sheila Kennedy will be a tough act to follow. . . .

On the other hand, Linda's been staunchly following her dreams since she left her hometown of Cleveland, Ohio, at the age of 17. "I've been on my own since then, doing some bartending, some waitressing, attending college in Indiana and Florida before I became a certified cosmetologist. And I was doing fairly well with my modeling, too, but it wasn't until I appeared as *Penthouse*'s May 1983 centerfold that the TV and movie work started rolling in. I guess it's obvious that *Penthouse* is my good-luck charm."

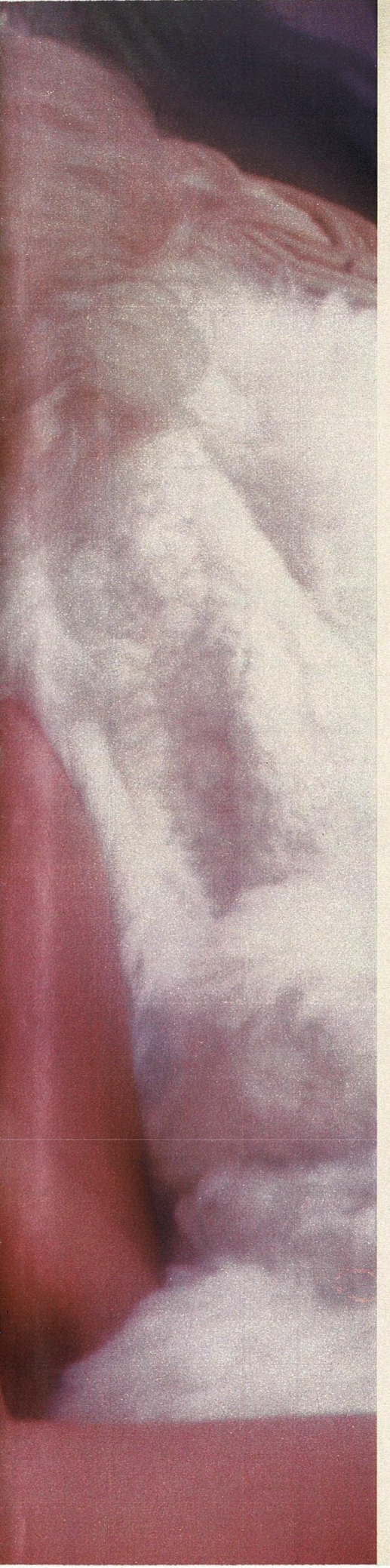


"A year or so ago," our Pet of Pets confides, "I was going through a fairly rough period. My boyfriend and I weren't getting on . . . I was kind of lonely and confused . . . but *Penthouse* stood by me all the way, offering every kind of help and support. When Bob Guccione says he's behind you a hundred percent, he means it literally!" At the moment, Linda's home is a secluded cabin in a hamlet by the sea, a half hour south of San Francisco. But she's packing to move to New York where she'll do more work before leaving on her worldwide promotion tour.

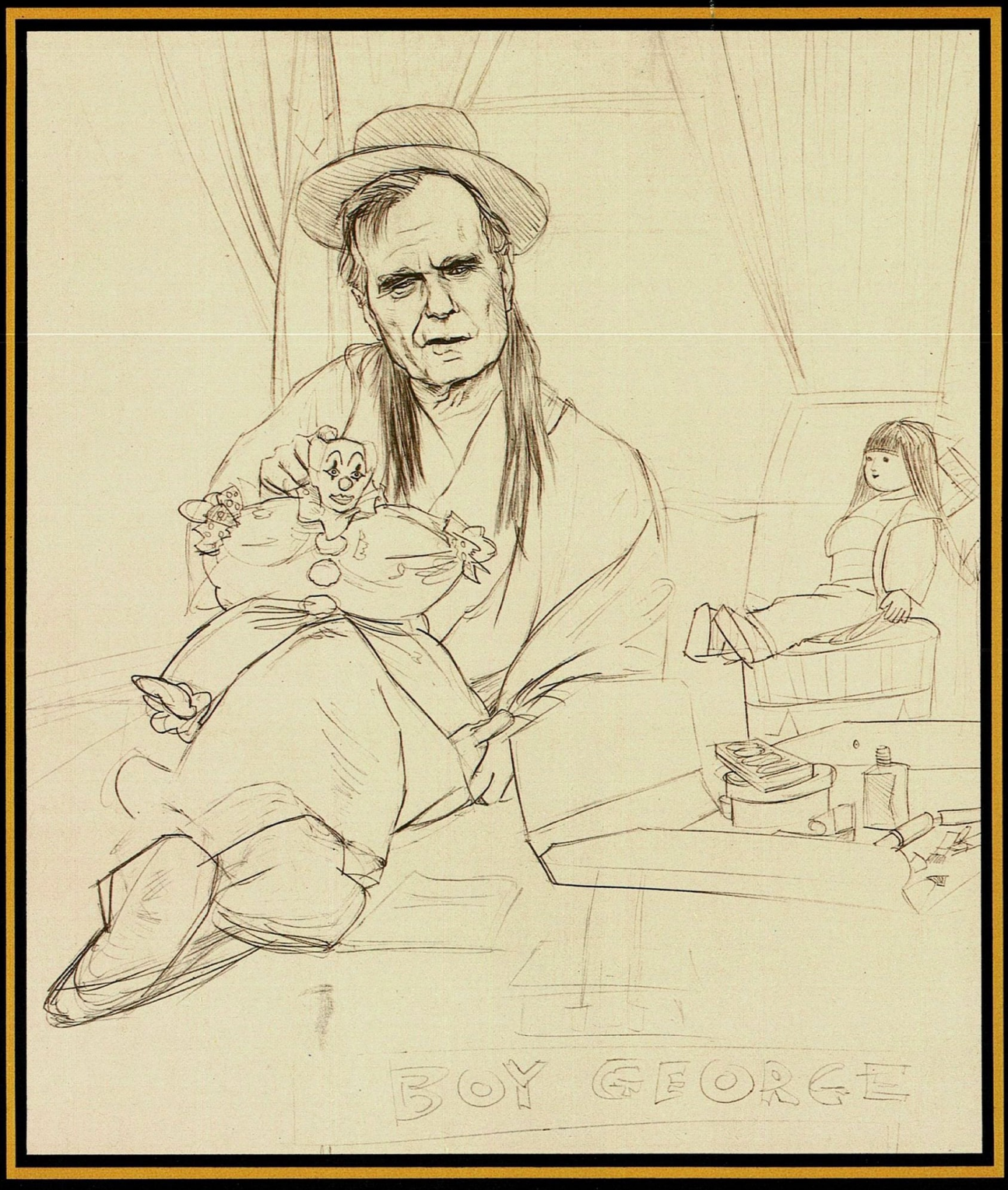
"I won a Caribbean, a Mexican, and a Windjammer cruise as my prize, but I won't be able to take them until my reign is over. Right now," she teases,

"I have a serious responsibility to my subjects. . . ." Considering her regal 37-25-35-inch assets, she's destined to carry out her duties in captivating style.

No surprise, they decided, that they loved each other's bodies like their own. In form and length and curve, they proved to be nearly identical mates.



Once her reign is over this pinup queen hopes to become a full-time movie queen. Linda's already appeared in *Balboa*, a cable-TV film starring Tony Curtis and Chuck Connors, and this past spring she shot a major motion picture, a racy sex comedy along the lines of *Porky's*, starring Frank Gorshin. "I've done a video cassette for Penthouse and a fluffy little fantasy vignette for HBO," she adds, but her secret heroines are Garbo and Grace Kelly, two cinematic goddesses who share Linda's elegance and aloof brand of mystery. "If I want to be as famous as they are, I've really got to get down to *work*." True, but considering the mold from which she's cast, getting there shouldn't be all that tough.



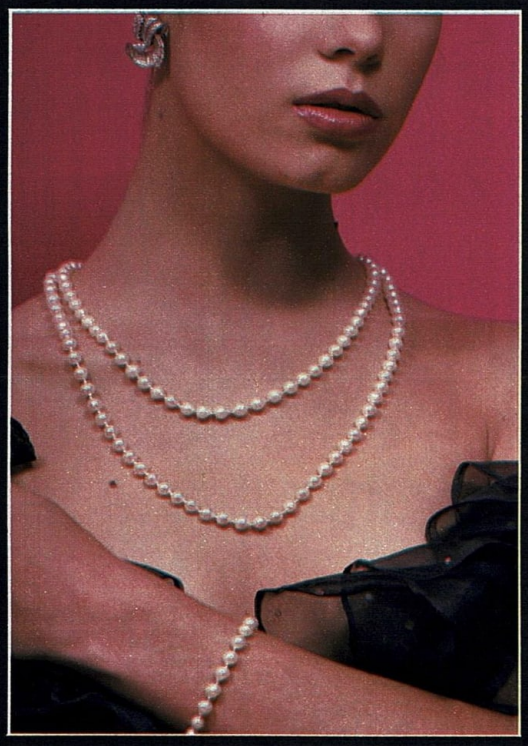
FOLK HEROES, PART 20

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

When Ferraro made her splashy debut,
President Reagan said, "Here's what *we'll* do:
Running a girl is so boring,
If we have to be whoring,
Gender-blending is real trendy and new!"

BOY GEORGE
and VULTURE CLUB
DEL HOFMEKLER

Pet of the Year Gifts



The celebration of beauty in pageant form is an American rite that rewards lovely ladies for their god-given talent and their extraordinary beauty. Finding quintessential females has always been *Penthouse*'s forte, and perhaps the true barometer of this is the *Penthouse* Pet of the Year contest. This year, thanks to your votes, our new-found queen is a sultry, doe-eyed blonde whose ripe sensualty is sublimely projected on the preceding pages—Linda Kenton.

To reward our newly coronated queen we are happily bestowing on her a generous bounty of gifts worth approximately a quarter of a million dollars. We feel that her majestic form and finely chiseled features are as noble as they are alluring and deserve to bathe in luxury only *Penthouse* can provide.

She will commence her reign in a manner that is every woman's fantasy come true: A Hollywood movie role is hers from the innovative film company NEW WORLD PRODUCTIONS. Then—before she embarks on an extravagant cruise to the Caribbean and onward to the Mexican Riviera—she can indulge herself and a guest in a sumptuous candlelit dinner at Manhattan's WATER'S EDGE RESTAURANT. Getting "tied-down" at this time is not one of our Pet's priorities. However, in the event she becomes financially "tied-up" she can rely on REILLY SECURITIES INC., of San Diego, California, for good advice. Linda is already a star, and as such she'll receive a full scholarship to the NEW YORK ACADEMY OF THEATRICAL ARTS, directed by Philip Nolan, just to ensure that she will maintain her skill as a quality performer. For a complete year Philip Nolan will instruct her in voice projection and body movement. And as every beauty queen knows, staying that way requires some help. GIL FERRER, of New York City, will offer her the very best in hair and makeup care once a month during her reign.

In addition to the cornucopia of gifts already mentioned, our queen will also receive the bounty of gifts on the following four pages. But in the event we neglected to satisfy her every possible whim, *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione will give our Pet of Pets a generous cash gift of five thousand dollars.

As we close the year of our fifteenth anniversary and usher in yet another timeless beauty to hold the title of Pet of the Year, it may be said that we are getting older but by the looks of Linda Kenton we are also getting better!

(Left page, top) Acting on impulse Linda lounges momentarily on her new car from Izusu, appropriately named the IMPULSE. (Below) For riding those rough trails she takes the TROUPER II, also courtesy of Izusu. (Above) The shimmering pearls that grace her neck, along with the delicate pearl bracelet, are both from JAPAN PEARL EXPORTERS ASSOC.; Art Deco diamond-studded earrings from RICHTERS JEWELERS.

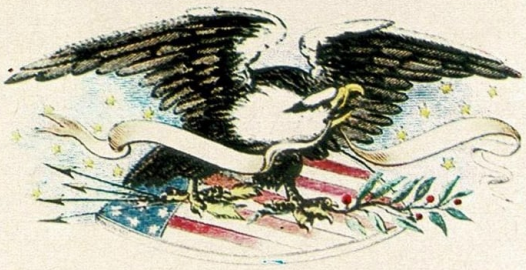
(Top, left to right) Dinner for two, once a month, at NIRVANA PENTHOUSE RESTAURANT for an entire year; hexagonal-tower aquarium by MIDWEST TROPICAL ENTERPRISES; Alpha Sailboards by HOBIE CAT. (Middle, left) A sensuous selection of lingerie by EVELYN RAINBIRD. (Middle, right) Not made for the shade, our queen prefers an all-year tan, comfortably achieved with the Solette Solarium home tanning bed, courtesy of SOLANA INC. (Bottom) And when she is ready to roll she takes to the dunes on her three-wheel YAMAHA 200E bike; although her career is not headed "downhill," she prefers that direction when on skis, a gift from KNEISSL, and a selection of jeans and jacket by BEN ELOY INTERNATIONAL; and, singularly designed for the *Penthouse* queen, a 14K-gold PENTHOUSE KEY, studded with rubies, diamonds, and sapphires, designed by FEUER & WOLF.(Opposite page, top row) SANSUI compact disc-player and a SANSUI compact stereo insures concert-hall-quality sound in our queen's abode; a taste for jewelry that bespeaks history and integrity is this exquisite 18K-gold brooch-pendant set with pearls, Kashmir sap-

phires, emeralds, and diamonds from RICHTERS JEWELERS. (This page, top row, far right) To suit her fast moves, a set of VENTURA LUGGAGE called IMPRESSIONS and for jumping into action, her leather bomber jacket and jumpsuit by STYLE AUTO; never waisting her style, she wears a fine selection of CHARLES BELTS. (This page, middle, left) At home on land or sea, our Pet rides the waves with her HOBIE CAT; and to ensure that she won't miss her calling GTE/B.C.S. provides a telephone with answering machine (camera is a MAMIYA, a generous gift from BERKEY MARKETING COMPANIES). (This page, middle, right) The HARLEY-DAVIDSON XLX-1000 provides the smoothest ride on two wheels. (Bottom, left) A 14K-tricolor-gold diamond-cut necklace with bracelet and earrings to match is an ensemble fit for a queen, courtesy of GOLD HEART INC. (Bottom, right) Only this elite Pet is worthy of this streamlined bike, appropriately called the ELITE BY HONDA—Linda's sunglasses are by GEMINI OPTICS and her exotic ivory belt is by ALEXIS KIRK. All these gifts are sure to please lucky Linda Kenton.

(Top, left to right) Having a fancy for abstract art, our Pet receives an original oil painting by C. K. Chaiet from STRIKE TWO GALLERY; the Casita, a portable spa from BAJA INDUSTRIES; OSM Computer and software courtesy of CBSI. (Middle row) KAWASKI Jet Ski 440 is the hottest sensation on the water; and when our star needs to get away from it all, she escapes to the GOLD MOUNTAIN CHALET resort; back in town she is the queen of glamour in her FREDERICKS OF HOLLYWOOD gown, and unique earrings and necklace by ALEXIS KIRK. (Bottom) PACER and SCULPTURA telephones are a gift from FONE BOOTH and, from SMITH-CORONA, the Ultrasonic 450 Messenger typewriter; MARVIN MICHELSON offers legal advice throughout her entire reign; and SPARK-O-MATIC insures the best in sound for her automobile. (Opposite page, top, left) A wonderful selection of bar essentials are: DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL from Schenley Imports, Co., CHIVAS REGAL from General Wine and Spirits, SMIRNOFF from Heublein, B AND B liqueur courtesy of Julius Wiles Sons & Company, and a WILD TURKEY decanter from Austin Nichols & Co.

For more information on the companies featured here, see page 190.

(This page, top row, middle) TOSHIBA color TV is a 14-inch with a detachable remote, and the PANASONIC VCR/PV1430 and a case of FUJI hifi video cassettes ensures that she'll never miss a show. (Top, right) The gal has got lots of sole thanks to an assortment of DURANGO BOOTS, but although she's no quack, she fancies this pair of hand-carved pintail decoys courtesy of Mr. Gary Giberson of the NOYES MUSEUM. (Middle) A complete high-fidelity system from SCOTT with computerized AM/FM stereo tuner and auto-reverse cassette; CHINON Movie Camera 6XZRL and 350 MV sound movie projector; speakers by INFINITY, black-and-white LCD pocket TV from CITIZEN WATCH COMPANY, and courtesy of EXOTIC ASIAN IMPORT AND EXPORT WHOLESALERS, the python belt, clutch-bag, and wallet. (Bottom) In just one hour of training, our Pet takes to the skies with her Paraplane by PARAPLANE CORP.; in all of her glory, she accents her beauty by wearing a natural-finish raccoon jacket from FLEMINGTON FURS and a red suede dress from NORTH BEACH LEATHER, and at her beck and call is SKYLINE LIMOUSINE SERVICE.



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Christmas is a time for memories. During World War II, GIs in every theater of war were "dreaming of a white Christmas." For many, then and later in Korea and Vietnam, their dream came true. But for those who suffered wounds and permanent disabilities the dream of a happy homecoming has never materialized.

Many veterans, because of their wartime wounds and infirmities, will remain in VA hospitals and nursing homes for years to come. They can't be made whole or "cured" in the normal sense of the word. Hence, their daily lives and future prospects are encompassed by the routine of a hospital or nursing home. In the case of Vietnam veterans, many are in their thirties and are facing another 30 or more years of VA institutional care. This "warehousing," as it is called, is carried out by VA personnel with compassion and caring; however, it lacks an ongoing connection to people in the outside world.

It is encouraging to note that veterans in VA hospitals around the country whom we have spoken with display a remarkable degree of courage. They have come to grips with their infirmities and tend not to be given over to feelings of self-pity. They do, however, miss the chance to talk with real people. They would like to enjoy the simple pleasure of sharing their views on topics ranging from the pennant races to the future of America—just like the rest of us. As one veteran who has been hospitalized for 15 years noted: "We have plenty of time to think and look at all sides of an issue. . . . You'd be surprised at how well we all get along together. Although there are arguments about each of our wars, these are arguments between soldiers and not politicians." These hospitalized veterans tend to work at being well-informed. In fact, since proceedings of the U.S. House of Representatives are now being broadcast on cable television, that programming is now more popular in VA hospitals, where available, than the afternoon soap operas.

To be sure, the veterans' service organizations—their women's auxiliary groups, the American Red Cross as well as VA volunteers—help serve veterans in the VA hospitals and nursing homes. Without these dedicated people, the plight of the hospitalized and institutionalized veterans would be bleak indeed. But much remains to be done. We are not merely talking about providing additional creature comforts, writing letters, etc., although these are important and worthwhile activities. Rather we suggest the sharing of one's time, on a volunteer basis, with a hospitalized or institutionalized veteran. Many of these veterans lack immediate family. Their pre-war and wartime friends are scattered to the winds and the only folks they see and know are VA employees and volunteers.

At a recent reunion of Vietnam veterans the question was raised: "Whatever happened to old Charlie?" A member of our little group answered by saying, "He's in the VA hospital ouside San Antonio." It cast a pall over our get-together. Each of us in our own way remembered Charlie as he was in Vietnam, before he was wounded and evacuated. We wondered how he had managed to cope with long confinement in the VA hospital system.

> The gift of friendship to a hospitalized veteran could be one of the most important things in both of your lives.

In most cases our Charlie and the thousands like him have displayed the courage and fortitude they showed in Vietnam. Today, these men and women need to borrow some of our courage and life experience. They need our caring compassion. They need our willingness to reach out and be their friends, confidants, and advisers. I am suggesting that those who survived their war(s) in reasonably whole fashion reaffirm their faith in those who didn't and assure them that they will never be forgotten.

The mechanics are really quite simple. All one needs to do is to call the nearest VA medical facility and ask for the person in charge of its volunteer program. The range of suitable and permissible activities is sufficient to enable anyone who understands, and perhaps even shared, the experience of military service to become a "vet's buddy." Each of us makes relatively few friends in our lives. We should seize the opportunity to befriend a hospitalized veteran. Like those who made the ultimate sacrifice he should never be forgotten. In this holiday season the gift of your friendship to a hospitalized veteran could become one of the most important things in both of your lives.—*William R. Corson*

MAKE YOUR PRESENTS FELT

GIVE 12 ISSUES OF PENTHOUSE FOR JUST $30 AND GET A FREE TOTE BAG!

This holiday, improve your standard of giving. Use the attached coupon to send a friend a gift subscription to Penthouse. Not only will you save $7 off the cover price, but you'll also receive a handsome Penthouse tote bag absolutely free! So wrap up your shopping early—send in your coupon today!

PENTHOUSE

P.O. BOX 6000, BERGENFIELD, NJ 07621

Send me my free Penthouse tote bag!
Enter my gift subscription of:

☐ **1 year (12 issues) only $30! Save $7 off the cover price.**

☐ **2 years (24 issues) only $56! Save $18 off the cover price.**

TO:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

FROM: (You must complete this section)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ Send me a subscription also.

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Money order encl.

Credit-card holders call toll-free: 1-800-228-2028 Ext. 20. Nebraska residents call: 1-800-642-8300 Ext. 20.

Please print clearly. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses only. Canada and elsewhere $40 for one year. Payment must be made in U.S. currency. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

YADP1

Something bizarre was going on in the Oval Office. . . . If only the president could figure out what it was.

SWALLOW

FICTION BY D. M. THOMAS

A late and heavy meal gave Surkov another wretched night. The red snapper seemed alive still, bloating his stomach, snapping and butting at his lungs and heart. The Harvey Wallbangers banged in his head, and the man in the next room banged on the wall and cursed because the Russian was farting so loudly, so often. The explosions woke Surkov himself a couple of times, when he was lapsing into a drowse. There was nothing he could do about them.

Then, when the red snapper quietened, about 5 A.M., jet lag had the effect of making Surkov feel deceptively wide awake. He sat up in bed smoking, and churned over in his mind what questions he wanted to ask the president, and in what order. He scribbled some questions on a hotel pad. Surkov had never interviewed anyone in his life before. He believed it should be possible to plunge beneath the conventional topics and show the president of the United States as a real human being. And the president, from what Surkov had been told, seemed to want that. He seemed to want to say to the readers of *Pravda*: "Look, you guys, I'm human!"

But the Wallbangers, though they too had calmed down, resisted ordering, structuring; Surkov crunched up the page of questions and decided to trust his instincts—to let the questions come just as they would in ordinary conversation.

He was lying sleepily wakeful when the alarm-call, ordered by the agent, came through at 7:30. The operator wished him a good day.

Now, hardly able to keep his eyes open, Surkov was swaying outside the White House on a cloudy, humid morning, exchanging words with Walter Mako, the secretary of state. Mako was dressed in a blue tracksuit; he had just come from his morning jog. At sixty, Mako was the youthful, up-and-coming star of the administration. His face glowed with health; his three-mile jog had scarcely raised a sweat, and he was not breathing heavily. Surkov yearned briefly to be on the skating rink in Moscow; his illness had kept him away from it for several weeks.

"Go easy on the old man, Mr. Surkov," Mako was saying, as the sun dazzled off his capped teeth. You may find he takes his time before answering. He prefers to think about a question carefully. So please don't rush him. We're delighted you could come. I'll take you to his office."

Between marines jumping to attention they entered the White House and headed for the holy of holies. Surkov felt awed, and proud. He stumbled through corridors after Mako's long swift strides. The secretary of state knocked at a door, and after a lengthy interval a voice growled, "Come."

Mako threw open the door, leaned in, and said, "Mr. President, I've brought Mr. Surkov to see you. You remember—the interview."

Resting his hand on Surkov's shoulder, ushering him into President O'Reilly's presence, Mako said, "Good luck. Have a good day now."

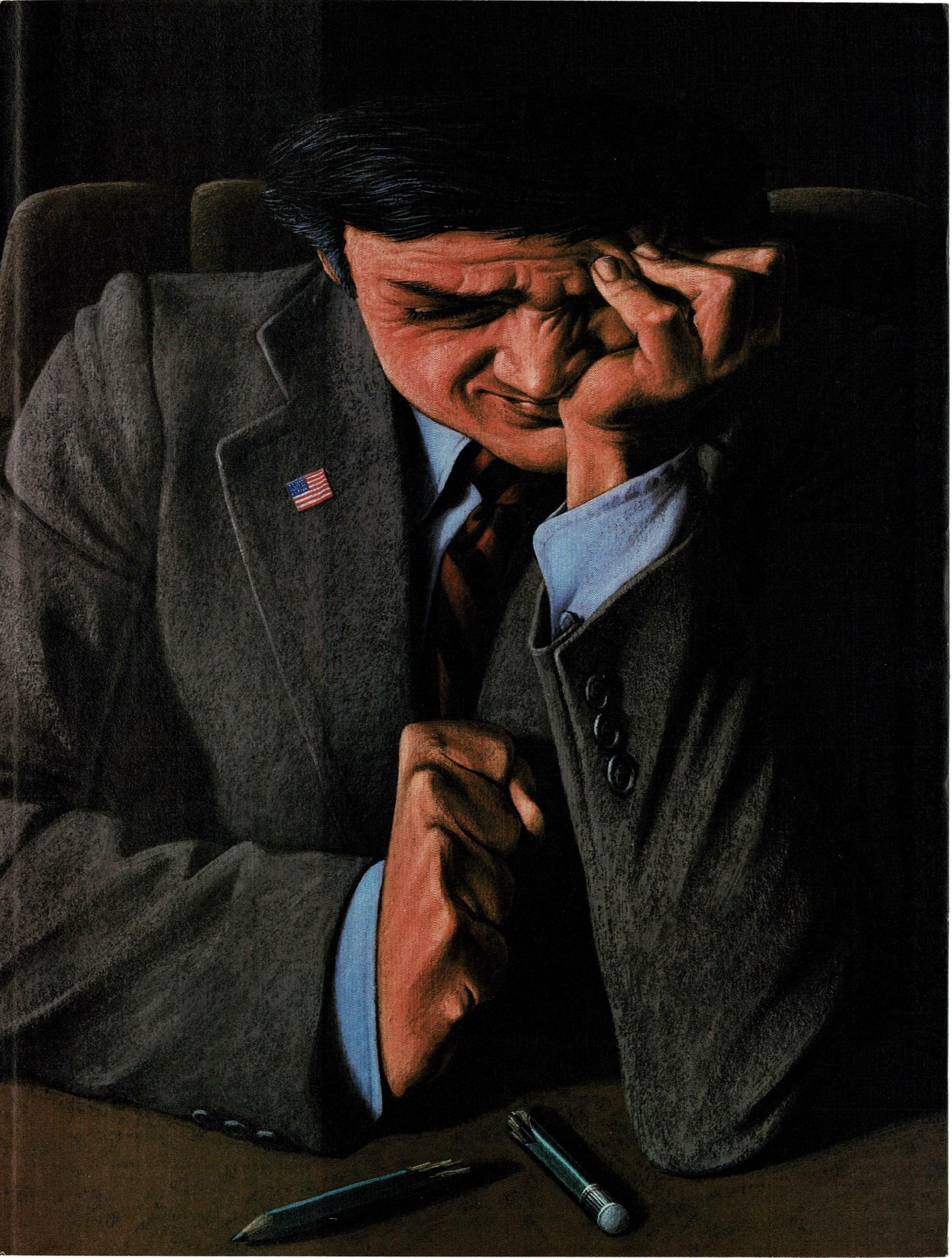
"Thank you."

Surkov stumbled in. He grasped the president's hand, thrust at him across the big mahogany desk. The desk was empty of papers. "Please sit down, Mr. Surkov. Good of you to come." The president sat, and Surkov collapsed into the low chair in front of the desk.

"It's a beautiful room, Mr. President," he said.

Out of the blurred corner of his eye Surkov caught sight of a television screen, which faced the president. The otherwise blank screen carried the message "Hope abandoned." Surkov tensed. He had read Nadezhda Mandelstam's work in *samizdat*. But why should its English title be flashed on a screen in the Oval Office? Was it a subtle trap?

PAINTING BY JOHN MARTIN



Surely the office was not wired for sound, after . . .? Or, even if it was something quite innocent, had some unknown agent from his embassy planted a bug on him? Sweat broke out on his brow. No, it was absurd: He must really be carrying the feverish infection still, if he fell prey to such absurd suspicions. Perhaps it was the beginning of an educational program; a dramatization, or a political discussion, of the book. He glanced directly at the screen, but the words were still there, frozen, and there was no sound.

"Could I ask you what those words mean, sir?"

"I'm glad," O'Reilly said, "that you've not come with prepared questions. I don't have any prepared answers either."

Aware that he had committed a *gaffe* in questioning the president about the message on the screen, Surkov stammered: "Well, then. . .I was merely curious because I. . .Shall we begin, then?"

"Oh, that? It's saying the Bob Hope Classic in Florida had to be abandoned because of the storms down there." He gave a throat-clearing chuckle. "You can see I'm human, can't you? Actually, that screen does occasionally bring me important information, the instant something happens that I should know about. Vital information. But when nothing much is going on, I like it to come out with little news items to help keep me in touch with what's going on around the world. Sports items, that kind of thing." As he was speaking, in his rather slow, gruff voice, the words on the screen vanished and were replaced by "Howard Crane dead, automobile accident—confirmed." "Oh, that's too bad!" the president exclaimed, after some desultory chat about the weather. "He was in a picture with me once. I must send a note of condolence to his wife. She's only twenty-one or -two, I guess. A very pretty girl. There was a big difference in their ages. Howard must have been—oh, pretty old. In his late sixties, I guess."

O'Reilly suddenly looked flustered; he hocked a finger under the starched shirt collar, to scratch.

"That's no great age, sir," Surkov remarked. He fumbled in the breast pocket of his lumber jacket and took out a notebook and a pen. He scribbled a few lines.

"Yes, let's begin," the president said. "Fire away."

Well, speaking of ages, Mr. President, do you ever feel that you're too old for the presidency? You're—what? Seventy-four?

It's not a great age, you're right.

Do you think wisdom comes with age?

No, I don't feel that. I'm in very good shape.

What is your outlook on death, sir?

You'll have to ask my wife! It comes, not with age so much, as from long experience of family life, sharing everything, all the joys, all the sorrows, with a woman you love and who loves you. Having children and grandchildren too, of course. Seeing them grow up, have children, get married. I don't mean in that order!

But those children could be faced with nuclear holocaust. What are your real feelings, as a man not as a president, about the possibility of a third world war?

I'm ready for it when it comes.

You're ready for it? But do you think it can be prevented?

I don't believe that's a serious possibility.

That's very alarming. Your administration has agreed with ours that neither side could win a nuclear war. Is there any new thinking on this? Do you believe the United States can win an all-out war?

I believe it can. I'm sure it can.

That would seem to cast doubts on your commitment to arms reduction. Are you committed to it?

We're still of the same mind. The answer is "no." And it ought to be clear to any sane person, in my country or yours.

I'd like to get on to a lighter note. Do you ever watch your old movies?

> "What kept you?" the president shouted at his wife. "We've got one hell of a crisis. The Russkies have launched an ICBM on Dallas!"

Yes, of course. I don't see why you should have to ask. I'd like to think it's what my presidency will be remembered for.

I've heard you watch television in bed, just before going to sleep. Can I ask a delicate question? Do you still have marital relations? A normal married life . . . Do you still sleep with your wife?

No, no. There's no time for that. All that is of no interest to me anymore. Life moves on. . . . Well, I watch occasionally, mainly when we're at Camp David.

You watch?

Yes, of course. There's life in the old dog yet!

What precisely do you watch?

Well, it's only occasional, as I said. And, mainly at Camp David, weekends. A couple of weekends ago I watched *My Wife and Her Lover*. Well, I found it pretty good! A good laugh! A bit daring, considering the period, I guess. Well, it passed an evening. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Let me get this straight. You watched your wife and her lover?

I enjoy comedies. I also see nothing wrong with a little nostalgia, seeing oneself as one was. But like I said, I don't often watch.

Well, that's fantastic. . . You mentioned something about a period—"considering the period." I wasn't clear what you meant by that.

Does it surprise you? It really wasn't *that* bad! It was okay; it's harmless! Just a little daring, risqué, but not far-out. Not by today's standards.

But your wife—how old is she?

You know, the forties. . . Well, it was a strange kind of period. Lots of spilt blood, but exhilarating too, looking back. That extra challenge, you know.

Forgive me, I thought I read she was sixty.

She's sixty. . .but don't you agree she doesn't look it?

She's an attractive woman, Mr. President.

I told you, she's sixty. I married her in '44, just after I made *My Favorite Dumb Blonde*. That was kind of fun, too.

I got told off at a press conference for using that phrase. And, of course, I know lots of women, especially in my country where they have complete equality, who would get mad as hell at a guy saying he had "made" them. Do you think the American woman is equal to the American man?

Well, she tries her best to keep young and attractive. She dresses very smartly, is careful about her makeup.

But is that what equality is all about? Or how would you define it?

Who told you off? What blonde? Well, yes, I think she is. Women are equal but, of course, different.

I know your wife has an important position now, but before you were president, did you encourage her to work? Did she have a job?

Mutual trust. Will that do? Nothing high-flown. Mutual trust.

An insurance firm?

No, she just ensured her children were brought up to be good Americans. That's an important job.

Of course. Which brings us back, in a way, to the arms race, which could wipe out our children. Mutual Assured Destruction. . .

An insurance firm?

I like your black humor, sir. But, of course, it's not funny, as you would agree. It's mad. Isn't there anyone, West or East, who could knock some sense into our heads?

I know, I know. The children, Russian or American, it doesn't matter. The children. . .

That's very moving. Our people will like that. We must hope that the present generation of women are bringing up our children wisely. . . . And speaking of women, is there any woman of note whom you admire particularly?

The Pope, perhaps.

Very funny! But you admire him. . . .You are, of course, known to be religious. I'd

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

DON'T JUST BRING BEER

BRING THE CLUB BAR

The Club® Cocktails • 10-42 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co. Hartford CT.

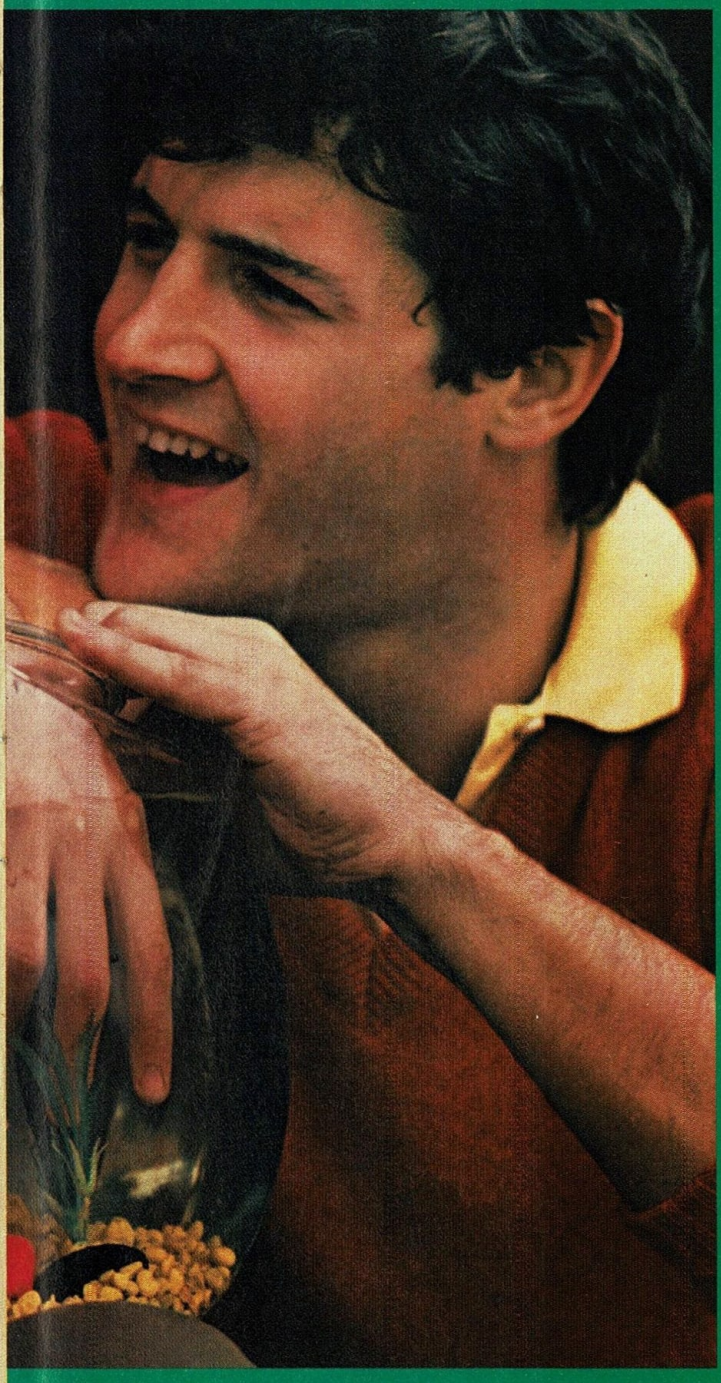
THE Club®

MIXED DRINKS. ANYTIME. ANYPLACE.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984



Alive with pleasure!

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Newport

Balloonheads

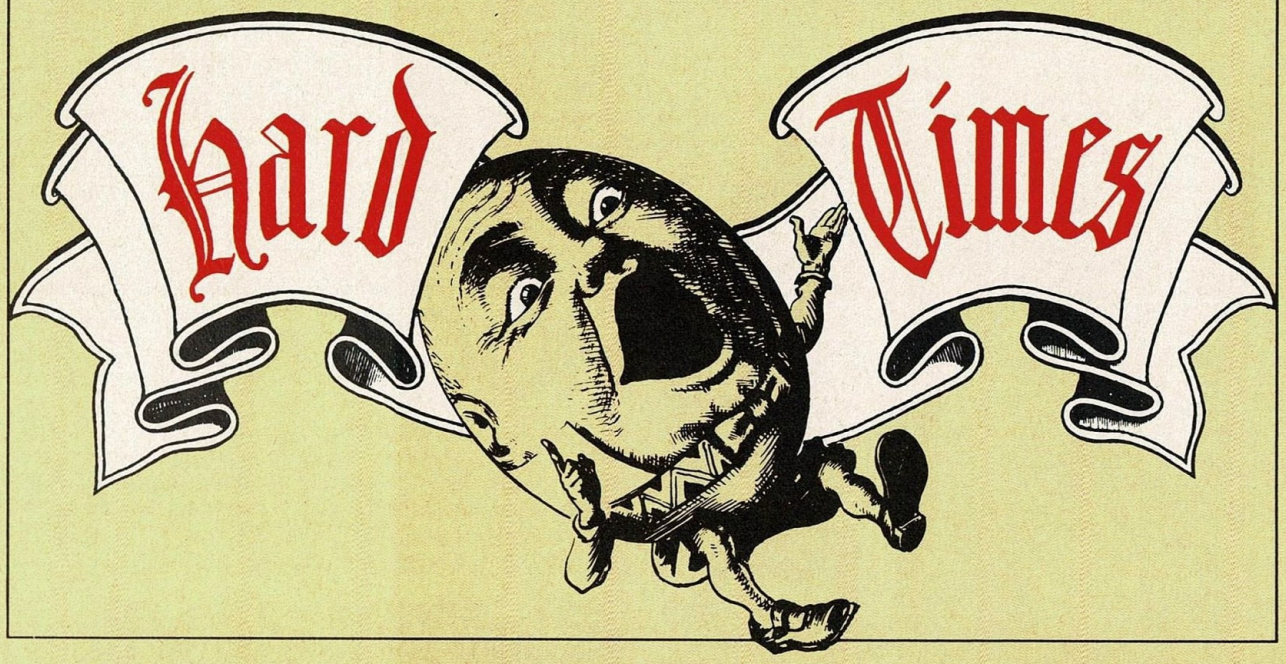
BY ART CUMINGS

"How else can I fly?"

EXTRA

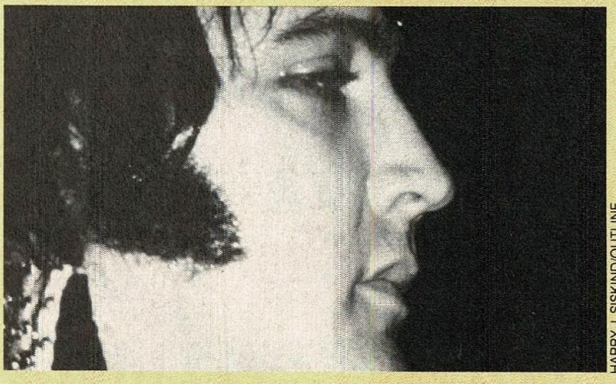
A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

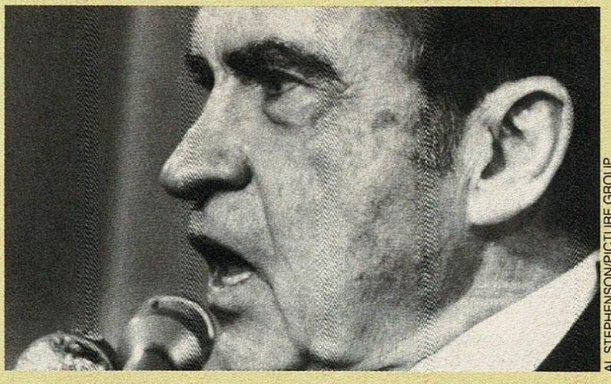


© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 3, NO. 11

NIXON WAS GROOMING ELVIS FOR PRESIDENT



HARRY J. SISKIND/OUTLINE



AL STEPHENSON/PICTURE GROUP

Elvis Presley was being groomed to become president of the United States when he died.

If it hadn't been for his tragic and untimely death on August 16, 1977, the king of rock and roll might be sitting in the Oval Office today.

The incredible story of the plan to put Elvis in the White House has been pieced together for the first time from top political and media sources in the United States and Britain.

Chris Hutchins, a prestigious British political commentator, recently disclosed in the *Sunday Mirror* that Elvis discussed his desire to run for office during a meeting with President Richard Nixon.

"Why not?" Nixon was reported to have replied when Elvis dropped his bombshell suggestion.

"If Ronald Reagan [then governor of California] can do so well, I'm sure that with your following you might even occupy this office someday."

Knowledgeable Washington sources insist that consideration of a Presley presidency went much further even than that seemingly innocent conversation might indicate.

Attorney Murray Chotiner, widely known as Nixon's close political adviser, reportedly had his heart set on convincing Elvis to capitalize on his popularity to capture the presidency.

Said a Capitol Hill insider of the now-deceased political guru: "Chotiner was thoroughly convinced that Elvis could become the next president—and that he could be controlled by the more experienced Richard Nixon.

"Nixon, in effect, would become the power behind the throne and function as the unofficial secretary of state.

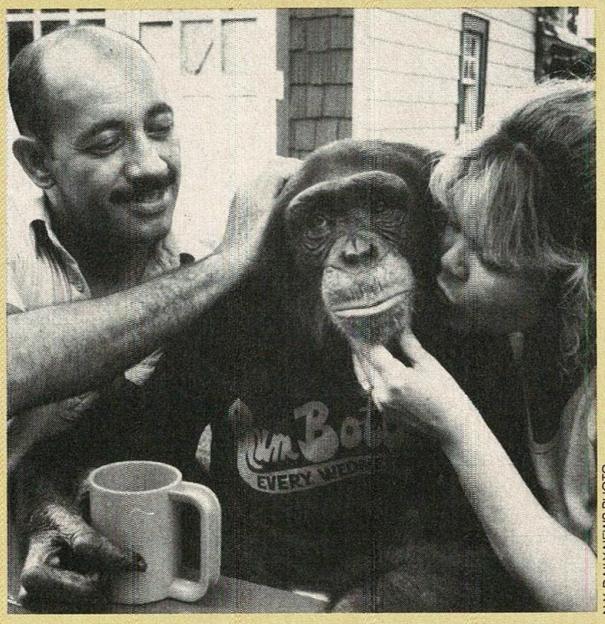
"So although Elvis would be president, Nixon would still be calling the shots—especially in the vital field of foreign policy." (*National Examiner*)

Nobody ever suggested that foreign affairs was Elvis' strong point.—Editor

NO TREAD ON ME

Bad day in Phoenix. Ros Ramos was delivering 100 used tires when what happened? Of course. He got a flat. (*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*–submitted by Gary Carlson, Olympia, Wash.)
Hey, buddy, can you spare a spare?–Editor

YOU DRUNKEN BEAST!!!



N.Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTO

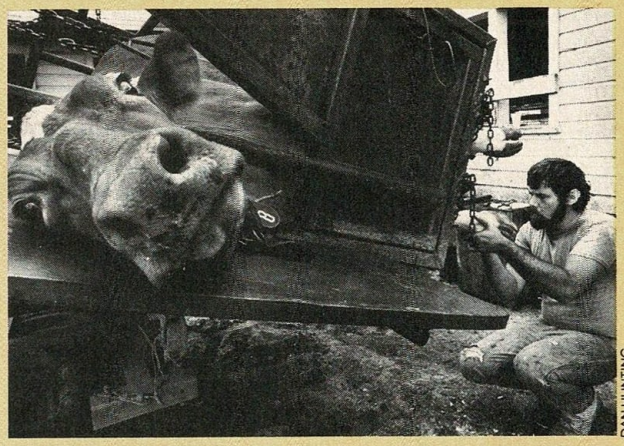
Congo, a 150-pound chimpanzee who went on a drunken rampage one Friday night, is consoled the morning after by neighbor Archie Rullan and co-owner Anna Cervantes at the chimp's home in Jamaica, Queens. Police said Congo broke into a liquor cabinet, downed a quart of vodka and some beer, and then terrorized the neighborhood before cops arrived. (New York *Daily News*)
Chimps just like to have fun.—Editor

BOY CASTRATES SHEEP WITH TEETH

A high-school boy in Brentwood, California, castrated a sheep with his teeth in front of his agriculture class in order to get a better grade. His D average went up by 100 points for this feat. The teacher, Don Lopez, had promised the boy a higher grade for castrating the sheep orally, and had himself castrated a sheep in front of the class. Lopez defended the practice by saying that working shepherds still use the dental procedure for sheep castration, especially in the Basque region of Spain. (*The Plain Dealer*—submitted by J. L. Pasquale, Cleveland, Ohio)
And that's a job that takes a lot of balls.—Editor

HOOFING IT

Tony Wright of Bradford, Vermont, has perfected his own way of giving pedicures to his cow clients. To practice his trade, he travels from farm to farm in a truck equipped with a hydraulic cage that lifts the animals off the ground and provides easy access to their hooves for cleaning and trimming. (*Newsday*)
Does he paint their nails also?—Editor



DAN HUNTING

SHOOT LOW, THEY'RE RIDING SHETLAND PONIES!

Albert John Mott, of Santa Ana, California, was riding a Shetland pony a little too hard. He was convicted of trespassing in a horse stable and of sexually assaulting a Shetland pony. The highlight of his two-day trial was when the jury convened in the court's parking lot to see the wronged pony. The deputy district attorney said that he wanted jurors to see the size of the pony so that they could understand how a sex act could have been performed. (*The Register*—submitted by C.M. Fry, Newport Beach, Calif.)
The D.A. could have just shown the jurors Debbie Does Dobermans.—*Editor*

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Young YMCA Summer campers get a feel of what it might be like to be behind bars during an enlightening tour of the police department in Winter Park, Florida. The summer campers' visit to a holding cell was part of the YMCA's "Kinder-camp" activities. (*Newsday*)

That's one solution to the "terrible twos."—Editor

SWEEPING UP THE HOUSE

A young woman sweeps up bottles and cans on a Hanover, West Germany, sidewalk after she and 24 others who were apprehended were forced to clean up debris from the weekend's riots by 1,500 punks and skinheads. (*Newsday*)

You know, like in the Stones' song, "Street-cleanin' Man."—Editor

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

TOILET BOWLS 'EM OVER

Call it the Mystery of the Exploding Toilet.

It started with a flush and ended with a question mark. It gave two women a scare and led New Jersey State Police to conduct an extensive investigation. It happened on a Sunday night recently at the Cheesequake service area on the Garden State Parkway in Sayreville, New Jersey.

A 50-year-old woman, attempting to flush a toilet at the service area, felt a slight electrical impulse run through her arm.

Then the toilet "literally blew up," said parkway operations manager John Simonse. "It blew into little pieces."

The woman, whose identity was withheld, was not injured. But she was "a little shook-up, to say the least," Simonse said. She and a shaken 20-year-old woman who had been in the adjoining stall were treated for anxiety at South Amboy Hospital.

The men's and women's bathrooms at the service area were closed for about 16 hours while state police conducted an "extensive" probe, according to Simonse.

"It's a mystery," he said.

"Investigators found no bomb parts or any explosive devices in the stall," he said. "We just don't understand it." (New York *Daily News*—submitted by Arthur Weinglass, Morganville, N.J.)

Well...when you have to go, you have to go.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU LOVE TO SAY "GOOD-BYE"?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Parting, said Shakespeare, is "sweet sorrow." Our personalities, however, play a large part in determining which of those two words we emphasize when it comes to saying good-bye.

Some men say good-bye easily. They love to leave. For them almost every parting is sweet. When faced with a major separation—from parents, friends, a job, a marriage—they walk off into the sunset with hardly a backward glance.

Other men dread saying good-bye to the people and places they know best. For them, leave-taking is a traumatic event. They'll do almost anything to avoid separating themselves from what's familiar and comfortable.

This psychograph examines your feelings about separation. It tests how good you are at saying good-bye.

Traditional psychoanalysts consider one's leave-taking style a key guide to personality. How we go about bidding farewell to familiar people and places says a lot about who we are. All separations force us to deal with some of our most basic fears. Psychologists have found that even separations we look forward to—such as quitting a lousy job in order to take a great new one—cause a measurable increase in anxiety.

Every leave-taking means trading the known for the unknown. It's a form of abandonment that, subconsciously at least, makes us relive the terror that every infant feels when he's first separated from the nurturing mother. How well we say good-bye as adults usually depends on how successfully we navigated those earliest psychological separations.

The British psychiatrist Michael Balint has defined two types of leave-takers: "oncophiles," those who cling to what they know, and "philobats," those without roots who can't wait to get away. Of course, the most psychologically healthy people generally blend both tendencies: They are not afraid to move on to new phases of their lives, but neither do they give up the past without some regret.

That's the ideal. To see how close you come to it, answer the following questions honestly. You should find out if parting, for you, is more likely to be sweet . . . or sorrowful.

1. Do you have any sort of collection (antiques, records, baseball cards, etc.) that you prize?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Do you have trouble throwing things out, even when you know deep down that most of it is garbage you'll never have any use for?
   (a) yes
   (b) some
   (c) no

3. Do you like nightlife—partying, going to clubs, dancing, etc.?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) quite a bit
   (c) sometimes, but not often
   (d) no

4. If you had to choose, would you prefer to:
   (a) buy something you've wanted for a long time
   (b) spend the same amount of money on a trip

5. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) My ideal would be to have sex with as many different women as possible and to always try new sexual variations.
   (b) I prefer to have sex only with women I know well; that means having basically long-term relationships.

6. Have you actually had sex with many different women?
   (a) yes
   (b) quite a few
   (c) a few
   (d) no

7. If the pay were the same, would you prefer to be:
   (a) a high-powered M.B.A. who hops from job to job as he climbs the corporate ladder
   (b) a corporate executive who stays with one company and rises gradually, but steadily, toward the top
   (c) a self-employed entrepreneur
   (d) a high-level civil servant

8. Would you say your mother was the possessive type who babied you when you were a kid?
   (a) Yes, and she still does.
   (b) Yes, but we have a good relationship now; she doesn't try to act that way with me anymore.
   (c) somewhat
   (d) no

9. Do you have very contemporary tastes in music?
   (a) yes
   (b) I like some new music, but it's not my predominant choice.
   (c) no

10. When you're having sex, do you generally prefer:
    (a) to postpone your orgasm for a substantial amount of time so you can have a long session of foreplay
    (b) to come as soon as you're ready

11. Once you've had an orgasm during sex, are you generally most likely to:
    (a) roll over and go to sleep
    (b) have a smoke
    (c) get up and do something
    (d) continue to fondle and embrace your partner for a considerable amount of time

12. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
    (a) It's very important for me to have at least one person in my life that

Unless you're listening to Panasonic Tri-phase™ car stereo speakers, you may not be hearing all of your music.

Tri-phase speakers from Panasonic. They're really three speakers in one. So they deliver rich, accurate sound. Not just from the high and low frequencies. But also from the critical midrange.

The ultimate test of a car stereo speaker is how effectively it creates a stereo "image": an accurate reproduction of the original live performance. Its depth. Dimension. And instrumentation.

Panasonic Tri-phase car stereo speakers have been engineered with this in mind. They contain not two speaker elements, but three. This three-way speaker design helps create a stereo image that is breathtaking in its definition and musical clarity.

Panasonic Tri-phase speakers have a powerful, high-energy magnet. This, coupled with the use of rugged materials and advanced technology, means these speakers are efficient.* And can handle the kind of power that today's music demands.

And you can have this high-energy music in almost any car. Because Panasonic car speakers fit many cars with simple "bolt-in" installation.

So if you would like to hear all your music, just listen to Panasonic Tri-phase car stereo speakers. They're at a dealer near you.

*1 Watt @ 1 meter = 94.5dB

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

"How we go about bidding farewell to familiar people and places says a lot about who we are."

PSYCHOGRAPH

I'm extremely close to.
(b) I like intimacy as well as the next guy, but it's not really important to me. I'm pretty self-sufficient emotionally, and I can get along fine by myself when I have to.

13. How do you feel about "romantic touching" with a woman (kissing, holding hands, putting your arm around her while you're sitting on the couch, etc.) when you know it will *not* lead to intercourse?
(a) I enjoy that sort of thing as an end in itself; I like gentle physical contact even when it doesn't lead to intercourse.
(b) Sometimes it's all right.
(c) I find it frustrating to have romantic physical contact with a woman unless we're going to continue on to intercourse. I don't like it.

14. Do you think the world is a dangerous place?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) not really

15. Would you prefer to take a vacation in a place where:
(a) the language and customs are similar to your own
(b) the language and customs are different from your own

16. How do you feel about big cities?
(a) I love them.
(b) I think most of them are crime-ridden and unsafe.

17. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
(a) You have to be very careful in dealing with strangers. Most people who are not your friends will take advantage of you if they can.
(b) I can handle strangers; it's friends and acquaintances you have to watch out for. They're the ones who'll usually stab you in the back.

18. When thinking about a job or career, how important to you are the pension plan and benefits?
(a) very important
(b) quite important
(c) somewhat important
(d) not important at all

19. Do you think luck or ability is more important for success?
(a) Ability is everything. If I have the talent, I can make my own breaks.
(b) Success depends almost entirely on luck. You can have all the talent in the world, but you'll never get anywhere without the right breaks and knowing the right people.
(c) Both are about equally important.

20. How do you feel about this statement: "I don't like compromising with a woman who's supposed to be in love with me. If she doesn't like the way I do things that's her problem. Either she does most of the compromising or we break up. This may not be right, but it's the way I am."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree moderately
(c) disagree moderately
(d) disagree strongly

21. How are you more likely to act when you attend a party where you don't know most of the other guests?
(a) I'll probably stand off to the side and watch. Even when I do know most of the people at a social gathering, I prefer to be an observer rather than an active participant.
(b) I'll plunge in and meet people. Like anyone else, I'll have to overcome some shyness to do it. But I figure, why go to a party if you're not going to participate and meet people?

22. How would you feel about being a bachelor all your life?
(a) I'd like it.
(b) I'd hate it. I'd feel terrible if I knew I would never have a wife and family.

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 110 points; the lowest, 22.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
4. a-1, b-5
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
7. a-5, b-2, c-4, d-1
8. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-1, b-5
11. a-5, b-5, c-4, d-1
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-3, c-5
14. a-1, b-3, c-5
15. a-1, b-5
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
19. a-5, b-1, c-3
20. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-5, b-1

If you scored 81 to 110 points:
You love to leave. When any situation becomes even the slightest bit uncomfortable or boring you're likely to leave immediately in search of greener pastures. Men like this usually have enormous confidence. They feel they can handle anything fate throws their way, so they aren't afraid to leave what they have in order to face the unfamiliar. These are the men who make great pioneers (and corporate gunslingers), but they're often poor bets as husbands and fathers since they fear intimacy and stability.

52 to 80 points:
You have a moderate and realistic approach to leave-taking. You don't relish leaving the people and things you know best, but you're not afraid to call it quits when circumstances demand it. You're well-balanced when it comes to saying good-bye. You won't run out on a serious relationship without giving it several chances to succeed. On the other hand, you won't remain forever in an intolerable situation. People like this probably lead the most emotionally satisfying and mature lives.

22 to 51 points:
When you have to say good-bye you become a basket case. To other people you probably look like a masochist because you'll endure all sorts of indignities—from lovers, friends, bosses—rather than walk away from a relationship. But it's not that you love the pain; you simply find it less painful to stay than to rupture the ties that bind you. Because of their reluctance to break up any relationship, people like this are often taken advantage of. On the other hand, people like this are among the world's best lovers, friends, husbands, fathers, and employees because of their incredible attachment to those around them.

NEW LUCKY LIGHTS!

Extra Mild!
Low Tar!
Great Taste!

100's:
Only 9 mgs. tar.
0.8 mg. nic.

Kings:
Only 8 mgs. tar.
0.7 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SWALLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

like to ask you about that. Do you see God? I mean, have you a picture of Him in your head?

I guess, Margaret Thatcher.

Really? You think God is a woman?

No, I don't have any particular image. I just know, when I pray, I'm talking to someone.

You believe in a life after death?

Hell, no! That's just a fashionable feminist idea.

I wouldn't have thought so. Well, there are certain Soviet dissidents, mainly from Leningrad, who call themselves feminists and who are religious. They think women should be the center of the home, and they're against abortions—that kind of thing. But I'm surprised you know about them, sir. They don't have the support of the masses. But I'd like to come back to your personal life, and your marriage, about which you have been remarkably frank. May I quote you on "my favorite dumb blonde," or shall I rephrase it?

I'm not ashamed to admit to it. Life doesn't come to an end just because it says so on a piece of paper, Mr. Surkov. There's got to be something beyond this vale of tears.

You truly believe in open marriages?

I've always tried to live honestly, and I'm not going to change this morning. What more do you want to know? Why shouldn't you quote me on *My Favorite Dumb Blonde*? I'm not ashamed to own up to it. It was good honest entertainment. Nothing pretentious, you know. I made it with Irma Fleming. She was very talented, very beautiful. Well, she still is a lovely lady. I had my photo taken with her at a garden party the other week.

But how about the public? Your constituents?

I believe they're crazy. I don't hold with them. What gave you the impression that I might?

So you don't care what they think? About your having had affairs in the past, and your wife having a lover now? This is off-the-record, but I simply can't imagine any of our leaders being so open about their lovers, and their wives' lovers.

Well, I feel very close to them all. Of whatever race, creed, or color. Black or white, it makes no difference. They're the salt of the earth, and I just do my best not to let them down.

So you've slept with black girls, sir?

Jesus Christ! What are you getting at? What sort of fucking question is that?

I'm sorry. Please accept my apologies.

Is this some sort of trick?

I'm truly sorry. Could we, please, come back, just one more time, to the question of peace in our crazy, divided world?

I find it offensive. Why don't you ask me how my wife and I have sustained a happy marriage for over forty years?

Well, okay . . . gladly. Have you any advise for young Soviets launching into marriage?

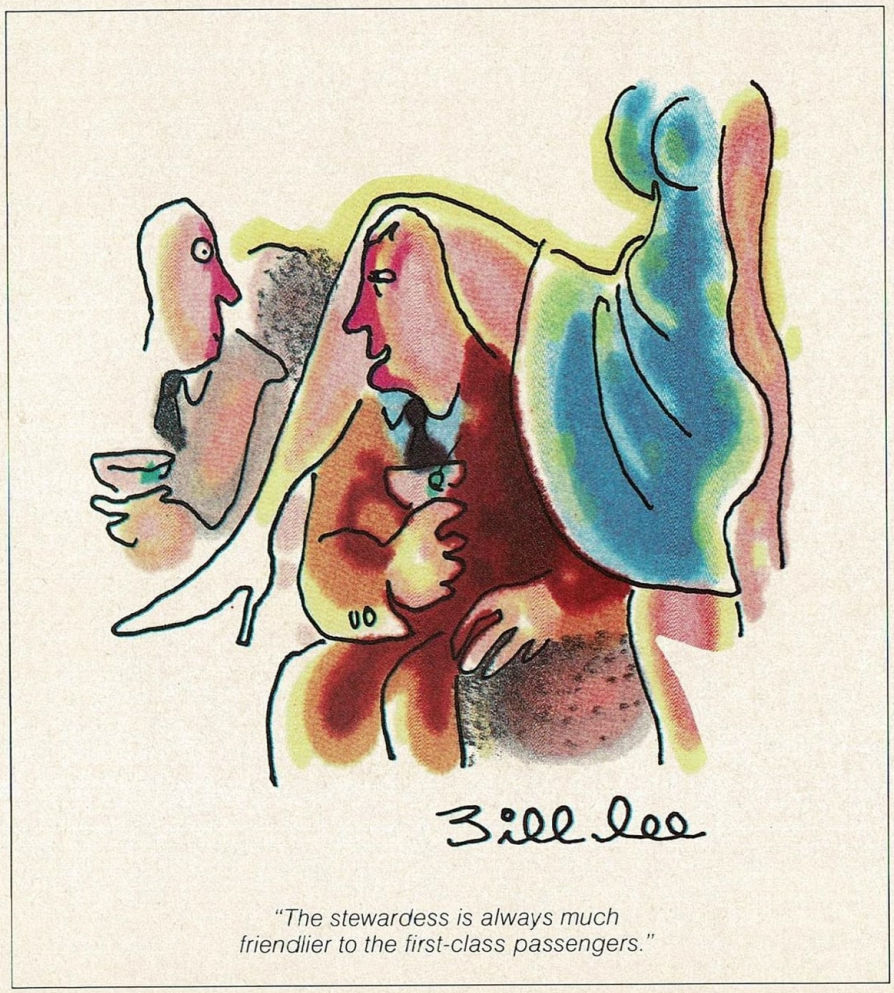
Well, okay. It's a very, very difficult business. Sadly, there seems no alternative to a controlled conflict. If there's a buildup of tension, you have to appear willing to go the whole hog. Like the game of Yellow—you know it? Two cars race straight at each other, and the one who swerves aside is yellow. Well, in the end you *have* to swerve, but you try to do it later than the other. It would be irrational not to swerve; but the other driver knows that, so you've got to give the impression that you *could* behave irrationally, that you might do something crazy. But then, of course, it's not like driving a car. If you think the other party is a little crazy, there's the temptation to get your blow in first. *Wump!* right in the belly. So the other has to be able to respond with an equally devastating blow, to discourage you from that first blow. Well, that's about it. It's sad, but there's no alternative.

A gloomy view, Mr. President. Have you anything to say at the end of our interview to the Soviet people in general?

I'd tell them, don't think you'll have it all your own way. There must be give-and-take.

Thank you, Mr. President. Is there anything you'd like to add?

God bless you.



"The stewardess is always much friendlier to the first-class passengers."

Surkov was choking with excitement as he put his pen and notepad away. He believed he had a scoop; yet something nagged at him, something vaguely wrong.

"Do you have a family, Mr. Surkov?"

"Yes. I have a grown-up daughter and a small son. . . . I agree with your gloomy estimation of marriages in general. It's clearly a great strength for you to have such a happy one, Mr. President."

"A family is everything." O'Reilly had stood up and was propelling his heavy, streamlined body around the Oval Office, not in a circle or an oval but in clumsy, stumbling zigzags.

"You're right, Mr. President. I miss my little boy. Thinking of him, I find the threat of nuclear holocaust simply awful."

"Well, we survive. We've survived almost forty years of it. It's important to be able to kiss and make up. A cuddle can do wonders. Over forty years one is bound to have tiffs, but we've never let the sun go down on our wrath."

Surkov liked the president's colorful, homely metaphors and his dry humor. He was not nearly as dull as some of the Western press made out. On the television screen Surkov saw the words "Dodgers coach sacked—unconfirmed" replaced by "Kabul. Soviet air raid. Heavy Afghan casualties." He sighed. "But can it last for another forty years, Mr. President?" he asked the zigzagging figure. "Or four hundred? Four thousand?"

"That's unfortunate," said the presi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208

AN X-MAS ROAST

A CARTOON FEATURE BY STEVE ATTOE

"Is that all you want for Christmas—cash?"

"How do you celebrate Christmas in your family?"

"Don't shake it too hard."

"You're right, the beard is fake. But so was your orgasm."

"Go ahead, son. Let's see how they look on you."

"Of course you realize, you're
going to have to carry the tree home all by yourself now."

"I don't care how bad it smells. The tag says we can't open it until Christmas."

"My brothers and I are on a desperate search for the true meaning of Christmas. Please bear with us."

"Another necktie."

"Sorry about that, Ned, but we really need a soprano in the group."

"Last Christmas I gave him life.
This Christmas he wants a sex change."

Drinking contest and
the mathematicians' dilemma.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

We used to think that bartending was a snap job—draw a few brews, throw a few mixed drinks together, and lend an ear to complaints about jobs, wives, taxes, and the Mets. A pretty easy gig, we thought; but not any more.

A look at a recent bartender's manual showed over 700 different kinds of mixed drinks, all with prescribed ingredients and proportions. And with names such as Rob Roy, Stinger, Rusty Nail, Zombie, how is anyone with SAT scores lower than 1500 supposed to keep them all straight?

All these recipes have given rise to a separate realm of mixology, one in which fanciful drinks are meant to be laughed at, not swallowed. For instance, if vodka and tomato juice is a Bloody Mary, then plain tomato juice is a "Virgin Mary" or a "Bloody Shame." If you take a Screwdriver—vodka and orange juice—and add a dash of milk of magnesia, what have you got? A Phillips Screwdriver, of course.

That gave us the idea for the following quiz, based on a collection of outrageous drink recipes with appropriately ridiculous names. Study it carefully, because it launches *Penthouse* Competition No. 4, which will give you a chance to win cases of liquor.

It goes without saying that most of the drinks on this list are meant for mental consumption only. Any reader who actually tries to make one of these concoctions is probably dumb enough to drink it.

The requisite ingredients are listed first, then the inevitable names. Just match one list with the other. For a tougher quiz, cover up the "Names" list and try to guess the probable titles from the ingredients alone.

THE DRINKS

1. Sloe gin, Southern Comfort, vodka, and orange juice
2. Beer and nitrous oxide
3. Brandy, milk, and scotch
4. Cuervo Gold and birdseed
5. Prune juice and vodka
6. Perrier and soda
7. Grain alcohol and rainwater
8. Vodka, orange juice, and coffee
9. Gin, lemon juice, club soda, mascara, and wrinkle-remover lotion

THE NAMES

A. Screw Mrs. Olson
B. Pile Driver
C. Slow Comfortable Screw (Add Galliano to this mixed drink and it becomes a Slow Comfortable Screw Up Against the Wall.)

D. Alexander Haig
E. Joan Collins
F. Brouhaha
G. California Cocktail
H. Tequila Mockingbird
I. Purity of Essence (a.k.a. Jack D. Ripper, or The Dr. Strangelove Bomb).

Competition No. 4:
MIXED-UP DRINKS

With the above quiz to figuratively wet your whistle, we invite you to invent an original drink with all necessary component ingredients—no matter how unpalatable—and an apposite name. Print your entry on a card (or on a card enclosed in an envelope), with your name and address, and send it to *Penthouse* Competition No. 4, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Entries must be received by January 15, 1985. You may enter more than once, but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries become the property of *Penthouse*; none will be returned.

For this special contest, eight cases of liquor will be awarded for the eight best entries. The liquor brands are: Aalborg Akvavit, Austin Nichols Wild Turkey Bourbon, Jim Beam Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Renfield Importer's Gordon's Gin, Kamora Coffee Liquor, Kamora Coffee Liquor (caffeine-free), Rums of Puerto Rico (assorted selections), and Monte Alban Mezcal Tequila.

Winners will be chosen on the basis of cleverness and originality, and the decisions of the contest judge are final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states and may be required to submit proof of eligibility. Void where prohibited. Employees of Penthouse International, Ltd. and their families, its affiliates, advertisers, and agencies not eligible.

ERROR CHARGED

In the July 1984 *Penthouse* "Games" column devoted to sports trivia, the baseball question, "Who's on First?" asked you to name "six ways a player can reach first base without getting a hit." We were thinking of these six: walk; error; catcher drops third strike; hit by pitch; fielder's choice; and interference by catcher.

As several sharp-eyed readers pointed out, this answer would be correct if we had asked for six ways a *batter* could reach first base, but since we used the word "player," we should have included a seventh legitimate right-of-passage to the first bag. What is it?

11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GAMES

PROPHYLACTIC PUZZLEMENT

The following is a puzzle that mathematicians pose privately to one another. For obvious reasons, it is not one they often publish treatises about in learned academic journals—but they *could*, because solving the puzzle requires some sophistication in the fields of topology (the study of surfaces) and combinatorics (the study of interrelationships in a system).

Three professors, Alva, Betha, and Gamow, are attending a mathematics convention in Königsburg and decide to relieve their collective tensions one night by visiting a local prostitute, Chi Chi. They have heard about the highly contagious new venereal disease, herpes complex XIV, which makes a victim's genitals turn into a four-color surface and then fall off. Each man is deathly afraid of catching the disease, not only from Chi Chi but from each other, any of whom might have already contracted it during previous nights of convention tension reduction. Complete protection would be provided by wearing a prophylactic, but they have only two rubbers for the three of them.

Symptoms of the disease don't appear for several weeks after it is contracted, so there is no way to diagnose a recent infection. The virus transfers immediately by direct contact of flesh to flesh, or by contact with any object that has touched flesh. People in Königsburg are careful to avoid touching one another or touching anything that may already be contaminated. There are just two rubbers available, no more, and it is impossible to re-sterilize a rubber after it has been contaminated.

The mathematicians have agreed to take their turns in alphabetical order, if they can only find a way to accomplish the expedition in safety. The problem is, how can Alva, Betha, and Gamow each plumb Chi Chi's delta without catching herpes complex XIV from one another or from Chi Chi? "I don't see any way," says Dr. Alva to Dr. Gamow. "If I lay with Chi Chi first, the inside of rubber No. 1 will have touched my skin and the outside will have touched Chi Chi's. The same thing will happen if Dr. Betha uses rubber No. 2. Then you will have to use a rubber that could be infected both inside and out."

"You're giving up too easily," said Dr. Gamow. "Where there's a will there's high probability of a way. If we are careful, I think I have a procedure that will eliminate any risk of us catching herpes complex XIV, either from Chi Chi or from one another."

Dr. Gamow was right—his idea worked perfectly. What was the procedure he proposed?

Gamow's solution is given in full below. Try to figure out what it is yourself before reading on.

To explain his solution, Gamow needed a way to name the different surfaces of the two rubbers. Let the inside of the first rubber be *1i* and the outside *1o*, he proposed. And let the inside of the second rubber be *2i* and the outside *2o*.

Dr. Alva wears *both* rubbers, with No. 2 on top of No. 1. Sides *1i* and *2o* may become infected, but sides *1o* and *2i* are still safe.

Dr. Betha wears the second rubber, with the sterile side *2i* inside. Then Dr. Gamow wears the first rubber, but turns it inside out before putting it on, so that he touches only the sterile side *1o*, shifting the possibly contaminated side, *1i*, outward.

After the whole episode was over, the men went back to their hotel and joined some other conventioneers in the bar. They couldn't resist bragging about their cleverness. Dr. Klein, a shapely young female topologist who was drinking from a strange-looking bottle, was not amused or impressed. "You men have been rather sexist, haven't you?" she said. "You protected yourselves all right, but you gave no thought to the welfare of your poor strumpet, Chi Chi. You left *her* open to the possibility of getting infected from one of *you*!"

"Well, ahh . . .," Dr. Betha stammered, "we certainly would have looked out for the girl if there was any possible way. . . . *Was* there a way?"

"Of course there was."

The men sat in shock as Dr. Klein explained how she would have solved the problem and protected not only the mathematicians from catching the disease, but also protected Chi Chi from the possibility of catching it from any of the men.

What was Klein's ingenious solution?

Answers:

DRINKS: 1-C, 2-F, 3-D, 4-H, 5-B, 6-G, 7-I, 8-A, 9-E.

PROPHYLACTIC PUZZLE: Dr. Alva wears both rubbers, No. 2 on top of No. 1, as before. Again, sides *1i* and *2o* may become infected, while *1o* and *2i* remain sterile.

Dr. Betha wears the second rubber, with the sterile side *2i* inside. The outside, *2o*, is the same surface that contacted Chi Chi before, so no infection is transferred.

Dr. Gamow turns the first rubber inside out and puts it on with pristine side *1o* against his skin. Then he puts the second rubber over it, with side *2o* again outward. Since this side is the only one that touches Chi Chi in all three episodes, she runs no risk of catching herpes complex XIV from any of the mathematicians.

This problem has been circulated privately among mathematicians. As such folks are wont, the problem was expanded to apply to greater numbers of male and female participants, and the theoretical question arose as to what is the minimum number of prophylactic devices necessary to protect everyone in each case. In 1977 partial solutions were published, one by two Hungarian mathematicians, A. Hajnal and L. Lovasc. They entitled their paper "An Algorithm to Prevent the Propagation of Certain Diseases at Minimal Cost." An abstract of the paper, along with a cleaned-up version of the problem (using three surgeons who must operate on a "Miss Hooker" with two sets of rubber gloves) appears in Martin Gardner's *Science Fiction Puzzle Tales* (Clarkson N. Potter, 1981).

ERROR: A player may be sent to first base as a pinch runner.

This little Panasonic gives you giant Ambience™ Sound and preset equalizers. Where you take it is up to you.

To the park. To the beach. To parties. This Platinum Series,™ AM/FM stereo cassette recorder has Panasonic preset equalizers plus Ambience Sound. To take you places ordinary stereo never could.

Panasonic Ambience Sound goes ordinary stereo one better. It actually surrounds you with sound. And with our four exclusive preset equalizers you can shape that sound to just your style. Sixteen different ways.

And when you travel you'll be going in style. This little miracle of compact portability has all the latest features. Like a four-speaker system. Auto-Stop. One-touch recording. And not one, but two built-in condenser mikes. For live stereo recording.

So take yourself to your nearest Panasonic dealer. Get the RX-F4. There's no telling how far it will take you.

Batteries not included.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

STERLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

Penthouse: Go at it from another angle: Since the Italian court revealed its findings linking Agca with the Bulgarians, your severest critics have balked at accepting the Soviet role in the assassination, claiming there is no hard evidence to implicate the KGB.

Sterling: Yes they have. But if the public chooses to deceive itself, that's up to the public. No court in the Western world can get hard evidence to implicate an individual in the Soviet Union, nor is any court going to try a nation for moral irresponsibility. That's not its job. In this case the Italian court apparently has evidence that three Bulgarian citizens plus their embassy, which is an official organization of the Bulgarian communist state, were working members of the DS, the Bulgarian security service. The court has said this flatly, without condition.

Penthouse: Until recently the Reagan administration and our intelligence community have also refused to acknowledge possible Soviet complicity. You've spoken of a 'monumental cover-up." Why has the administration been so disinclined to take your findings seriously?

Sterling: Not only *my* findings, the *court's* findings. But I think this may be changing. Essentially Reagan has had a political expediency problem. His advisors must have pointed out that it would be politically disadvantageous to accept my conclusion publicly. Apart from that, Reagan has been misinformed or just poorly informed by his intelligence community. The Rome station of the CIA refused to concede any substance to the Bulgarian connection, while even CIA headquarters in Langley failed to order an investigation. I know that to be a fact. I've talked to top people who tried to explain it—ranking CIA operatives in Washington—and it's now clear to me that the civil service level of the agency has maintained a belief that the Soviet leaders are cautious and conservative; anything indicating they may have taken a wild risk is excluded from their thinking. It's intellectual cowardice and laziness—also egotism in the sense that they're unwilling to contradict the position they've worked up over the years. By the late 1940s, after the Second World War, there was a tremendous feeling that the Soviets had been our ally. That was the seed of the misconception: the belief that the Russians were okay. We had a few brave responses like the airlift in Berlin and the Truman Doctrine in Greece and Turkey, but then what did we see? By 1956 we saw a genuine uprising in Hungary encouraged by Radio Free Europe, but there was never the smallest intention in Western circles to help the Hungarian rebels. The same thing happened in Czechoslovakia in 1968, then in Poland in 1970, and most recently in Afghanistan.

Penthouse: Which is what you were referring to when you wrote, "Even President Reagan, who did not hesitate to accuse the Russians soon after taking office of 'reserving the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat,' is ducking the question of possible Kremlin complicity now"?

Sterling: Right. That's exactly what I say is wrong in general. It's another example of the perpetual disinclination of Western leaders to confront the Russians with their darker sins.

Penthouse: And this very misconception of the Soviets extends even to the likes of Caspar Weinberger?

Sterling: Correct. Not a single member of the administration from any source—Intelligence and Research in the State Department, the State Department's Office for Combating Terrorism, its Bulgarian desk or Italian desk, nobody in the CIA, nobody in Defense Intelligence or the Defense Department—until recently absolutely nobody called to ask, "Could you tell us a little bit more about the evidence that was not safe to publish in your *Reader's Digest* article?"

> First Brezhnev and the Soviet Politburo would have had to approve the hit on the Pope, then Andropov would have personally seen to the mechanics of carrying it out.

Penthouse: Did the CIA attempt to block your research, actually stand in your way?

Sterling: I think they've tried to frighten me. At the end of November 1982, after I wrote my piece for *Reader's Digest* and Antonov was arrested and the case was beginning to draw blood, an old acquaintance, somebody in a position to know, told me, "I don't want to alarm you, but we have reason to believe that you're on the Bulgarian hit list." "What do you think I ought to do?" I asked, and he said, "Well, we've gotten this information from the Italian Secret Service and if I were you I'd get out of town and let things cool off." This didn't seem awfully helpful advice to me, so I tried to get through to the chief of station in Rome and was told the chief of station does not speak to journalists. Then I called a friend who was well connected through government channels with the Italian Secret Service. They very kindly sent a general with an aide over to my apartment. I explained what I had been told and that I wanted some advice on how to protect myself, what to look for, and so on. The general said, "Who told you this?" I said, "The American embassy." He said, "And they told you they got it from us? They couldn't have. If it came from us it would've passed my desk, and I've never heard about this before." Three weeks later he returned to my house and said, "It's now come to my desk that you're on the Bulgarian hit list." I said, "Where did it come from?" and he said it came from the Interior Ministry. And I said, "Well, the Interior Ministry doesn't have agents abroad, how would they know that?" to which he replied that it had come from the American embassy. After that I talked to the general several more times and we discussed the CIA's attitude toward the Italian judicial investigation, its unwillingness to share information with SISMI, the CIA's opposite number in Italy. The general said he got no help from the CIA, explaining, "We're really blocked by the embassy, and all around we've been getting no help from the Americans." My feeling was that this was the first warning, that the CIA was trying to frighten me off from doing the book. Then I became aware of the big plants of information from the U.S. intelligence community in *The New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Marvin Kalb and I, for example, had both seen the coolness of the reaction in Washington to our respective stories—mine in August and Marvin's TV piece on the Bulgarians in September. In fact, I was at his house when his NBC white paper aired and the phone began to ring directly afterwards, with all his pals in the Washington press corps saying, "Oh, gee, that was a great show, Marvin. But come on, you don't really believe this stuff about the Bulgarians, do you?" With me, it went even further. When I was back in the States doing my promotional tour for *The Time of the Assassins* I got a call from a friend in Washington who told me a mutual friend of ours, a retired high-ranking CIA official, had called her to say that he had heard that I had just thrown in the towel and was going back home to Europe because I was finding the whole thing a flop, that nobody cared or was listening to what I had to say. It was an attempt to discourage me as if to say: "Give it up, kid. Who are you trying to fight, City Hall?" I don't want to sound nutty on the subject, but I feel barriers were being put up by people who didn't want me to get the word out. Why? Because the administration was afraid to create a destabilizing situation. Their anti-Soviet rhetoric notwithstanding, they've always been afraid of that.

Penthouse: Turn it around, though. What are their options? How would you have handled the Bulgarian connection if you had been in Reagan's shoes?

Sterling: I would have begun long before. Now, though, I'd say to the Soviet Union, "It's time to discuss aspects of your foreign policy which take the form of sur-

rogate warfare on Western leaders. We know on which dates who was used to do what—including the assassination attempt on the Pope—and when we negotiate in the future we, the United States, want to know your intentions. We're watching you. The world community is aware of what you've been up to."

Penthouse: Compared to other intelligence services how good is the CIA? You've said that the French warned the Vatican of the assassination plot—are the French better than the CIA?

Sterling: For intelligence gathering, I would say no. What the CIA lacks is the capacity to analyze the intelligence it gathers, and that's where they have been consistently bad for years. They can probably do more than any existing intelligence agency in the world to make penetrations and get information, but what makes them less effective than the Mossad, for example, is their failure to see the point of what they're gathering, to make the kind of appraisal that makes intelligence gathering useful. Part of the problem is attitudinal and it goes back to Vietnam. During those years the agency's posture, its behavior, everything about them was terrible. The United States became the most hated country around and the CIA became the most hated intelligence service, such that, as a result, people in the agency felt, "We're not gonna take any more of this shit. We're gonna withdraw into the innermost limits of our functions and do only what we have to do, no longer stick our necks out and do anything confrontational."

Penthouse: And the KGB?

Sterling: It's very good because it's so big. Even though it may fumble a lot and have a lot of clunks in it, it can make up for that in sheer size.

Penthouse: And Cuban intelligence, the DGI?

Sterling: They're as good as the KGB because they're run by the KGB, you can't separate them. Ditto for the East Germans, who are assigned by the KGB to handle the training of security forces in Third World countries—like the Libyans, for example, who constitute the security force in South Yemen. During the fifteen years Andropov ran the KGB, he greatly expanded its size and function by developing the use of surrogate systems to divide up the work: The Czechs are mostly involved in providing military equipment, including the manufacture, distribution, and design of military equipment; the Poles do political, more than military, intelligence gathering; and the Bulgarians have always had the dirty tricks department—the wetwork, the killings, and kidnappings.

Penthouse: Is the perfidiousness of the Soviet leadership really this limitless, as straightforward as you seem to be suggesting?

Sterling: Very nearly limitless. There's no doubt that the Soviets have been encouraged by the continuing shield they've had from the West since 1972. For them detente meant they could do anything they pleased.

Penthouse: But terrorism, which you say is being choreographed by Moscow, certainly existed before 1972.

Sterling: There's always been terrorism, even organized terrorism, but what we've seen since 1968 crosses national frontiers. I'm talking about terrorism of the left. Right-wing terrorism goes back much further, to the 1930s. But that, too, has had its recent international interlocks, certainly in Europe.

Penthouse: Why 1968?

Sterling: Because, globally, 1968 dates the protest movement which reached almost insurrectionary proportions and was capable of paralyzing universities, intimidating politicians, and making an impact on public opinion. It seems to have started in Berkeley but it spread all the way to Tokyo. Some of it was Marxist-Leninist, some of it was anarchist, some was just unformed, nonideological protest. The tone was peaceful, but even among the flower children the acts of protest brought to the surface groups which had an avocation for violence—whether psychological or political or a combination of both. Some individuals in these groups had psychotic personalities. Others had absolutely clear, balanced political minds and deliberately chose violence as a "political necessity."

Penthouse: Which in turn fueled the Soviets?

Sterling: In looking at what we were doing in Vietnam the generation of the 1960s refused to look at what was happening on the other side too; the point of view was that all evil emanated from the Pen-

Advertisement

Hair Loss. . . Male Pattern Baldness

What is the real cause? What can be done about it?

For years we have all read and heard a lot of misinformation about the causes of common hair loss and baldness (often called male pattern baldness) and about so called cures or methods to treat it. Most of these "cures" and "treatments" are very expensive, consist largely of water and do not work. Below, we explain the real, scientific reason for this problem, and what our research and testing have shown can be done about it.

Medical researchers know that dihydrotestosterone, a hormone formed by metabolism of the male hormone testosterone or from cholesterol, causes hair follicles to go into their resting phase; this means that the follicles quit producing hairs. Follicles in certain areas of the scalp of genetically predisposed people contain an enzyme called 5 alpha reductase. This enzyme converts testosterone to dihydrotestosterone. Dihydrotestosterone makes the hair stop growing, resulting in the condition commonly referred to as male pattern baldness. This condition occurs more often in men but may also occur in women. Male pattern baldness is also referred to as pattern baldness, common baldness and androgenetic alopecia (baldness).

The hair follicles affected by dihydrotestosterone are not "dead" but are only in their resting (non-growth) phase. P/80 Products, in cooperation with outside chemists and product development specialists, has developed and tested a unique new formula that when used according to directions removes excessive testosterone and cholesterol from the scalp and the hair follicles. By reducing testosterone and cholesterol levels, this formula inhibits the production of dihydrotestosterone. It also dissolves waxy deposits of sebum that accumulate in and around the hair follicles. The hair follicles are then allowed to function in a more normal and effective manner. In addition, this new formula activates the release of histamine, a natural growth factor in the skin. Histamine release is essential for cell growth and reproduction.

This new formula is called **P/80 Hair Growth and Maintenance Treatment** and it has been shown effective in treating male pattern baldness and hair loss. P/80 has substantially reduced hair fallout and caused new hair to begin growing within 12 weeks. If you are experiencing excessive hair loss, with little or no regrowth or if there is a history of hair loss and baldness in your family, try P/80 for 12 weeks. If you are not satisfied with the results, return the empty bottles for a prompt refund.

P/80 is easy to use and contains only active ingredients, with no added water, coloring, fragrance or other fillers.

We guarantee your money back if you are not satisfied after 12 weeks of use. However, P/80 is working for others and we believe you are not only going to be satisfied, but surprised and pleased with the results.

P/80 is priced at $35.00 (including postage and handling) for a supply that will last approximately 3 months. (Residents of Alaska, Hawaii, and Canada please send $36.90 to cover the additional postage.)

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-621-2047
(In Colorado call collect 837-9410)

P/80 PRODUCTS, INC.
1860 Lincoln Street, #785-X
Denver, Colorado 80295

We accept Visa and Mastercard.
© 1984 P/80 Products, Inc.

tagon or the White House or Langley. Look, in the late 1960s and early 1970s, the Red Brigade was formed. They started with ten members but didn't kill anybody until 1974, so until then we couldn't call them terrorists. On the contrary, they were being excused by many, many people, including myself. Then things changed. By 1977, they were kneecapping and killing several dozen people a year.

Penthouse: And the response of the press?

Sterling: The Italian press didn't dare concede that these were left-wing terrorists, not even then. Whenever there was a killing or kneecapping, the Communist Party, echoed by the socialist press and then the center, would say, "These actions have been committed by fascist agents provocateurs. Communists, Marxist-Leninists wouldn't do this." That was the intellectual community's line, and the press reflected it. The American press has done essentially the same thing. How many times have you seen *The New York Times* explaining that the Red Brigade existed because of the terrible social grievances in Italy, and that if those problems were solved the terrorists wouldn't be doing these things? The U.S. press continued with this attitude long after the European press began to understand.

Penthouse: Yet here in America, we haven't had such overt violence—certainly not on the scale you're talking about.

Sterling: Oh yes, we have. Forty percent of all targets of international terrorism since 1968 have been American. We've had diplomats and businessmen kidnapped and murdered, our embassies have been blown up, and of course there were the hostages in Iran.

I know I've been called paranoid but my conclusions are not reflexive; they're based on my years as a reporter, on years of research. And having done my research for *The Terrorist Network*, I'm convinced that the outbreak of left-wing terrorism during the 1970s is really part of the most extraordinary and riveting experiment in Marxist-Leninist revolution that we've seen since the October Revolution. The pattern, starting from the first move to undermine the authority of the czar, was to have a double-level assault—the open arm of propaganda and the hidden arm of military terrorism. So, for example, the open arm in Italy was called Workers Autonomy, and the hidden arm was the Red Brigade.

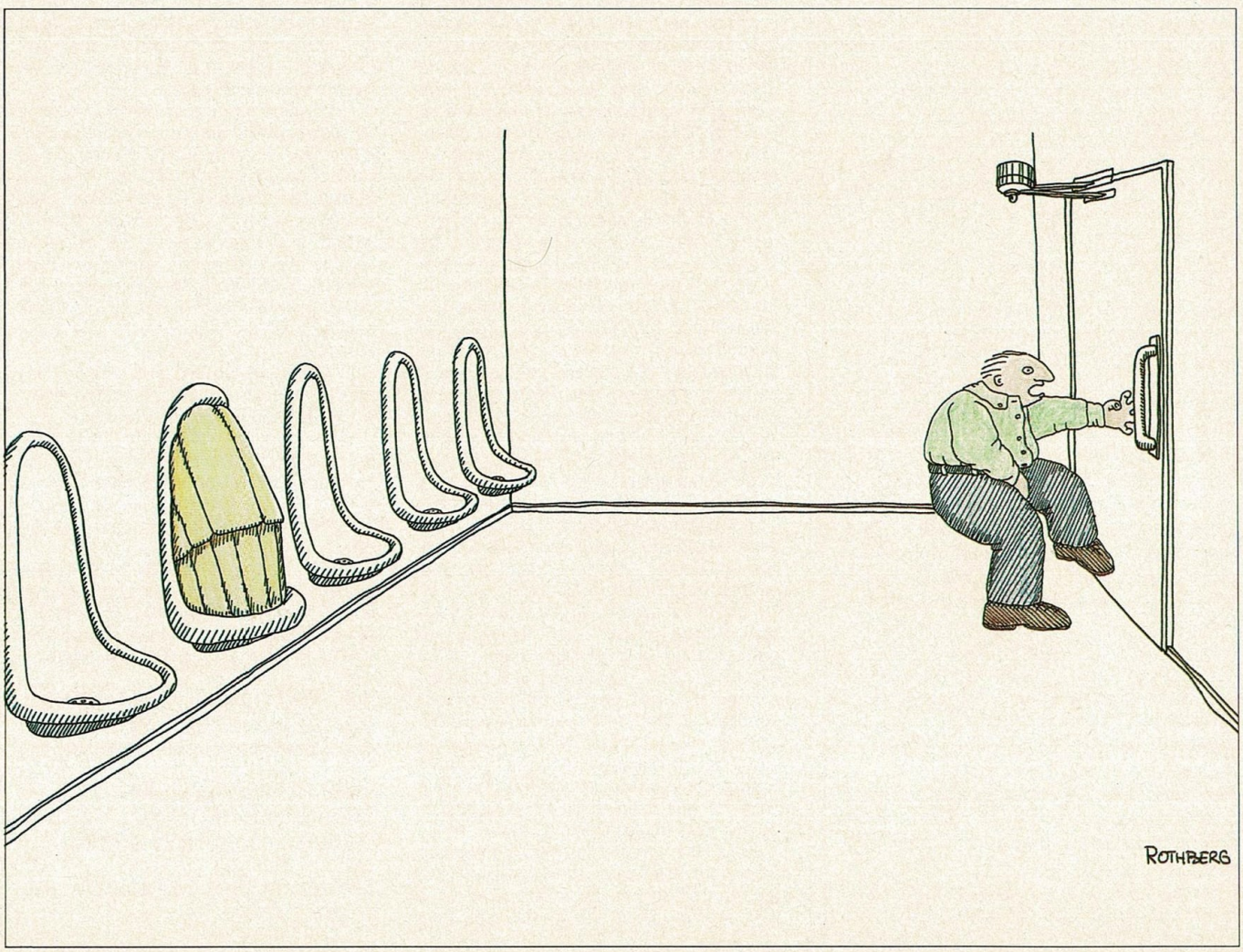
Penthouse: But for you it goes further: The Soviets, by sponsoring terrorists, have started a war.

Sterling: Absolutely, and we've been at war since the early 1970s.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the PLO, the IRA, the Red Brigade, Baader-Meinhof Gang, and the Weathermen *all* operate under the stewardship of Moscow? The Soviets are that well-organized?

Sterling: I have never suggested, nor would I dream of suggesting, that the Soviet Union has generated terrorism everywhere in the world. What I say is, that while all these terrorist groups are indigenous to specific social, political, and religious contexts, the Soviet Union has provided the wherewithal for their increasing expertise—weapons, training, and sanctuary—either directly or through surrogates. The idea of the Soviets coordinating worldwide terror from some subterranean map room is a comic book concept. The whole point of their plan is to contribute to continental terror by proxy, to let the other fellow do it. Take the best known terrorist of the past decade, Ilyich Ramirez Santez, a.k.a. "The Jackal." He was 16 years old when the Venezuelan Communist Party sent him for training to Cuba, then he went to Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow. Now, at Patrice Lumumba they don't teach terrorism, they teach revolutionary theory, but in the process they spot promising militarists and send them for guerrilla training elsewhere.

Penthouse: And where is the United



WHITE HORSE

The Scotch that's always welcome...

IN THE DECEMBER FORUM

THE GENITALS OF JESUS

The penis of Jesus Christ is deliberately touched, cupped, and solemnly adored in hundreds of Renaissance works of art. In some paintings, the Virgin Mother tenderly opens her Infant's legs to facilitate genital observation. Others depict her or St. Anne—grandmother of the Christ child—touching, fondling, or pointing to his member. Paul C. McWilliams explores the spiritual motives of the Renaissance masters in unveiling the loins of the Lord.

IN PRAISE OF WITHDRAWAL

Coitus interruptus is an unspeakable act to most Americans—crude, messy, not safe as a birth-control method. But Derek Yeates has successfully integrated it into his lovemaking repertoire over the last 20 years. He describes withdrawal as essentially a "relocating of orgasm," and goes on to discuss its various advantages as well as its drawbacks.

SEX GROUPIES: GOOD FOR A LAUGH

Stand-up comedians are the new stars of show business. Jack Mano is the pseudonym of one of the funniest. In this after-hours memoir he recounts the abundance of coke whores and groupies who sell their bodies to comics. "If you have a great sense of humor, but only a so-so sex life," he quips, "you might want to put together a comedy act."

THE FANTASY GAME

Eric Perry and his wife Kathy were reluctant to swing, but wanted sexual adventure. Then they met Peter and Ilene, who introduced them to sexual charades. As mutual arousal escalated, the skits became increasingly explicit. Yet the object of the game was neither a feverish foursome nor mate swapping. "When Kathy and I got home that night," Perry writes, "we could not keep our hands off of one another. We screwed ourselves to sleep."

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

States in all of this? You speak of the Soviets' use of surrogates and their long-range strategy of destabilization, but is there any real difference between these Soviet activities and the logistical support provided by America to right-wing governments and right-wing terrorism in Central America?

Sterling: There's one difference in that Soviet support has not been limited to left-wing terrorism. Also, it has been a generalized policy, whereas I don't think CIA support for terrorist groups in certain Latin American states is the same thing since there's a difference in dimension. Mind you, this is not in any way to excuse what the United States has done in support of the right. It's simply to balance the picture by talking more about what the Soviet Union has done on the other side.

Penthouse: A corrective, if you will, to the liberal press?

Sterling: Yes, absolutely. Granted, up to a point, a comparison can be made to the CIA's attempts to knock off Castro or block a socialist experiment under Allende in Chile. Nevertheless, even the Chilean example is different from a global strategy of assault on free societies. Take Lebanon, the attack on our marines—I don't know of a better example to explain the phenomenon of terrorism and its uses as a form of surrogate warfare. Here we had troops installed in a country as part of a multinational force which had been agreed upon by four allies, with the consent of every major group in the Lebanese goverment as well as the PLO. You can argue whether it was wise or not, but that was the situation: a legitimate force, legitimately placed in this country by agreement. But, by the use of one carefully planned suicide squad, the Iranian and Syrian intelligence services were able to change the whole direction of American political and diplomatic policy in the Middle East. They forced us to run. The crisis began when the Syrians broke up the PLO, after which they took over the Druze and Shiite forces (which until that time had been more disposed to accept some kind of settlement), and then they moved in with the attack on our marines—using one terrorist to do their dirty work—whereupon they waited to see what we would do. It's typical of terrorist operations all over the world for the last 15 years: They mount an operation, then sit back and wait for the results. If a country could hold firm and say, "Do your worst, we're not going to legitimize you. We're going to pursue our policies, take the risks, and in the meantime try to beat you back," then things might be different. But instead, Jesse Jackson got the pilot out and the first thing he said when he came back was, "Now's the time to pull our forces out. This is another Vietnam," so the reaction from the American public was to run. The response was perfectly logical, given that Americans understand very little about terrorism and the uses to which it can be put. But the government gave in and we've been on the run ever since.

Penthouse: All of which amounts to strategic and military confusion, or a political move made in the face of a then upcoming election?

Sterling: Both. We're talking about a historically illiterate, cowardly, and politically ignorant reaction to a form of warfare which is destined to grow in intensity precisely because of the way we are reacting. But the Reagan administration is much more to blame than the public because it's in a position to know more. The public is very badly informed, which I blame partly on television: the networks' reliance on encapsulated "instant" news instead of background analysis—you know, TV as entertainment. But to withdraw under this kind of fire, from two tiny, stinky foreign states—and their objective was not even a Palestinian state but a greater Syria and fundamentalist Moslem Iran—so that now we are losing every ounce of clout we need to achieve a negotiated settlement in the Middle East. Everybody is beating tracks to the door of Assad, who has become the key figure, whereas a year ago he was at the bottom of the heap. Even though he had something like 8,000 Soviet military counselors in his country George Bush and God-knows-who-else was saying, "Of course the Syrians don't really want to be a satellite of the Russians." But dammit, Syria *is* a satellite of the Russians; Assad can't move without them.

Penthouse: Isn't it possible, however, that democratic societies may be powerless in the face of terrorism? Short of starting a nuclear war, initiating a first strike, or for that matter lifting all restrictions on a cowboy CIA, what can be done?

Sterling: If you have a resolute policy of opposing terrorism, you find out where they are and you hit them back. That's what the Israelis do; and, in fact, I find it immoral for the biggest, richest country in the world to be so cowardly as to say to the Israelis, "Okay, we can't cope with this problem, you do it." Because it *is* our problem. It's not just the Israelis' problem because by now it's gone far beyond that. But I would pool all of us who are target countries—who are being driven back, who are being increasingly endangered—and establish a chain, a pool for infiltration and preemptive intelligence.

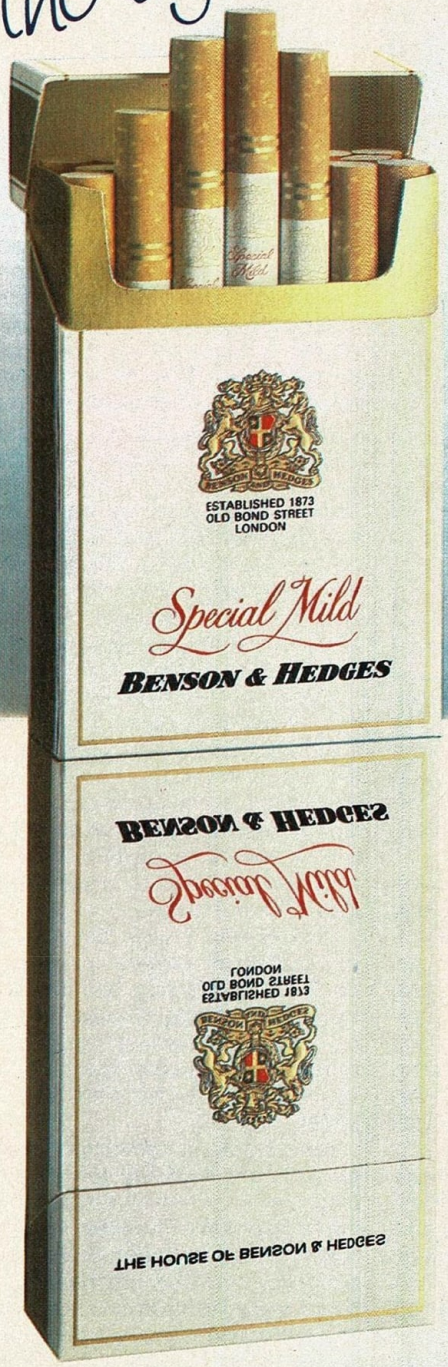
Penthouse: Would you also sanction the United States engaging in a bit of terrorism of its own?

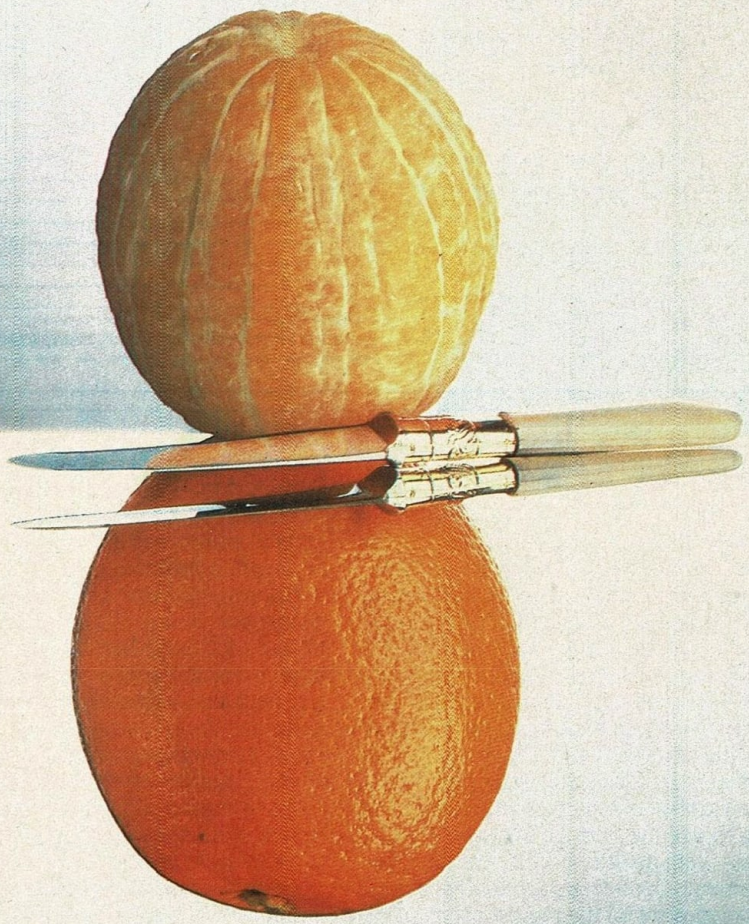
Sterling: I don't know if I'd call it terrorism, but I would use counterinsurgency forces as best indicated. More to the point, our whole diplomatic purpose should be directed at preventing the coagulation of these interests against us, and as I say, you don't do this by running. You hold the line. You educate people as to what's confronting us globally.

Penthouse: Then you're really talking about changing our long-standing notions of invincibility.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

Reflect on the lighter side.





The Benson & Hedges low tar cigarette

Created and perfected by the House of Benson & Hedges

PENTHOUSE PARTY POTPOURRI

STRIP TEASE COASTERS
Liven up any party with this original conversation piece. Eight Strip Tease Coasters, each with a Penthouse Pet clothed to the bare minimum. When an iced drink is place on the coaster the clothes slowly disappear. Clothes reappear when coaster dries. Set of 4 #456A $6.95 Set of 4 #456B $6.95 Both sets #456S $12.95

PENTHOUSE KEY AND MIRROR
The symbol of the world's leading men's magazine. Worn by all the Pets. Crafted in simulated gold. B002 $16.95 See yourself on the cover of Penthouse. Place this elegant mirror in your boudoir or on your desk. B001 $10.95

THE PENTHOUSE TOWEL
This king-size Penthouse Towel is made of 100% soft cotton. Ideal for the beach, on a picnic, or as a sexy bath towel. HV09 $35.00

PENTHOUSE DREAM PHONE
Getting off over the phone will never be the same. Penthouse Dream Phone is sculpted in the shape of a luscious nude . . . with the receiver and mouthpiece situated in the vital areas. This push-button phone comes ready to use with redial button, instructions, and warranty. LA01 $59.95

STRIP TEASE LOLLYPOPS
The ultimate in oral pleasure. Lick this sucker and let your tongue strip away the clothes of the gorgeous Pet. #430 $3.50

STRIP TEASE SWIZZLE STICKS
Eight swizzle sticks, each adorned with a partially clad Penthouse Pet. Place a swizzle stick in a drink and the Pet strips to a beautiful splendor. G010 $6.95 Penthouse Super Jocks. Six well endowed All-Americans on six swizzle sticks. Place them in a cool drink and within seconds you'll witness their full natural ability. G011 $6.95

Evelyn Rainbird Ltd. Dept. 149
P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631

Enclosed is my order for the items indicatedbelow. My order will arrive discreetly packaged within 4-6 weeks and I must be totally satisfied.

QUAN.	PROD. NO.	ITEM	PRICE
		SUB TOTAL	
		N.J. RES. ADD 6% SALES TAX	
		P&H $3.00 EA. ITEM ORDERED	
		TOTAL	

Method of Payment:
☐ Cash / Money Order or charge to:
☐ Visa ☐ M / C (Orders over $15)

ACCOUNT NO.
INTER BANK NO. FOR M / C
EXP. DATE
Name
Address
City / State / Zip

Signature (All orders must be signed) — I am over 18 years of age.

CALL TOLL FREE 800-526-4797 FOR CHARGE CARD ORDERS ONLY

MAFIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

dispose of toxic waste. He forced out the owner of Chemical Control at gunpoint.

The setup was ideal: a licensed facility just off the New Jersey Turnpike. Chemical Control was centrally located in the Northeast, a region where more toxic waste is generated than anywhere else in the country. But the incinerator was decrepit and half the time it didn't work. The kilns were so old it was amazing the fumes didn't kill half of North Jersey. So the plan was to use the license primarily to store waste, with as little burning as possible. Chemical Control also became a mob spinning point for the movement of drums to and from other storage sites.

In little more than one year they moved 52,000 drums into Chemical Control from some of the leading chemical companies in the Northeast. The 55-gallon drums were piled four- and five-high along the two-acre site, which was surrounded by population and industry. Some of the drums were rusted and corroded. Others leaked into a river and channel to the Atlantic Ocean, which bounded the site. The mob charged heavily for storage at Chemical Control and earned more than $5 million in the short time it operated the facility.

So what happened after the state finally caught on and closed down the place? The mob did what they would be expected to do. They made a fire one night. If the wind had been blowing in the right direction, half of Staten Island would have been wiped out.

During organized crime's control of the dump site, drums of toxic waste came to Chemical Control from all over the Northeast. It was especially convenient for certain mob associates who had ties to waste disposal conglomerates like SCA Services, the third-largest company of its kind in the country, which had been paying more to transport toxics for burial in the South. Now, they had a dump site right in their backyards.

I was president of another toxic waste storage dump at that time, Duane Marine Company, in nearby Perth Amboy. I was also making tapes for the FBI at the same time. When the state's Department of Environmental Protection started putting heat on Chemical Control, Duane Marine offered to take some of the drums from Johnny Albert, along with a dollar a day per drum. But Albert found a better alternative. He walked away. Later, the place burned down. But Johnny Albert is paying a stiff price. He's presently serving time in a federal prison for some of the toxic dumping deals he made. The New Jersey State Police, which investigated the fire, never learned who burned almost 40,000 drums of some of the deadliest chemical, biological, explosive, and other toxic waste known. The fire, according to arson investigators, is still classified "of suspicious origin."

The waste came to Chemical Control and Duane Marine (which also experienced a mysterious fire three months after the blaze at Chemical Control) from some of the Fortune 500 companies. At one point organized crime was storing 300,000 drums of toxic waste in New Jersey dumps and sanitary landfills. Everyone was getting a piece of the action: truckers, politicians, and law enforcement officials included. In fact, the only ones getting hurt were the public—they had to drink the water and breathe the deadly fumes.

Organized crime's evolution from the garbage to the toxic waste business was a natural phenomenon. But governmental authorities are just beginning to awaken to the full dimension of the mob's vast waste disposal empire in America, its grip on everyone from the giants of industry down to the smallest apartment-dweller, and how this stranglehold came about. Indicative of the underworld's ability to poison the environment with impunity, in return for the huge profits it reaps, is a letter written earlier this year by Congressman John D. Dingell, chairman of the powerful House Committee on Energy and Commerce and its Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. The letter was addressed to Federal Circuit Court Judge Irving R. Kaufman, of New York, who is also chairman of the President's Commission on Organized Crime. Dingell's subcommittee had spent more than five years investigating the toxic waste disposal industry, and the chairman sent one letter to help secure recognition by the president's commission of organized crime's tight hold in this area:

"I am writing to urge that your commission, during its two-year investigation, include the waste disposal industry as a major subject area of focus. This is in accord with your review of organized crime's increasing expansion into the legitimate businesses, industries and labor unions. . . ."

The Dingell subcommittee, which used its oversight authority to conduct what began as a routine investigation of toxic waste disposal in the New York and New Jersey area, had reached the end of the line. It learned far more than it expected about organized crime's involvement in the toxic waste industry. It discovered that the Mafia families which control much of the nation's garbage industry, holding millions of Americans hostage in the process, are using similar techniques to monopolize toxic waste disposal. But the congressional subcommittee could do no more. The powerful congressman's letter to the eminent judge was close to being an outright acknowledgment that the underworld's dominance over the waste industries was too strong even for the

United States Congress to break.

The letter specifically identified New Jersey as a major launching pad for nationwide control of the waste disposal business. It outlined findings that could well serve as a blueprint for mob takeover of the waste industries in any state it chooses:

"During 1980–81, the subcommittee's investigation developed evidence linking organized crime's involvement in New Jersey's waste disposal industry through elements of the Genovese and Gambino crime families of New York, together with the mob-controlled Local 945 of the Teamsters union in New Jersey. . . . Federal and state law enforcement officials and a former FBI informant, who is in the Federal Witness Protection Program, testified that organized crime for many years has controlled the solid waste carting industry in New Jersey through a rigid system of property rights enforced by threats and acts of violence, including murder. They further testified that organized crime has now extended its influence into the lucrative area of toxic waste disposal in New Jersey. . . ."

The events in New Jersey were indeed a systematic blueprint for organized crime's expansion into the waste disposal industry nationwide. The garbage monopoly, the foundation for expanding control of toxic waste, has for years produced enormous revenue, requiring a firm hand by the underworld. This has resulted in violence—including murder where necessary.

The private haulers who wake up at three in the morning so they can empty your garbage cans are harmless. But they form the backbone of the entire industry, garbage as well as toxic waste. They are not the people who make the big money and wear $800 tailor-made suits. They are not mobsters. In fact they are victims, subjects of Mafia domination, just as you are. In cities and towns across America they are under the firm control of those who know how to convert waste into treasure. They are chattels of the crime syndicates, as are the people who operate the landfills. In return, they have been assured by the Mafia that your garbage will always guarantee them their bread and butter because, whether you like it or not, you are stuck with the man who takes your garbage. The Yellow Pages list private garbage haulers, but don't expect to replace the one you have. And if he decides to sell his rights to your garbage, you have no choice but to accept your new garbageman.

Many cities and towns still provide municipal garbage disposal service. But the number of such municipalities is waning because the cost of maintaining such service is becoming prohibitive. Mob-controlled Teamsters locals, through timely strikes and other effectively exacted demands, have helped push municipal garbage disposal into the hands of private enterprise—the Mafia's brand of private enterprise. The rest of the help has come from bribes to politicians.

The most important element in organized crime's waste disposal scheme is property rights. Killings have occurred to preserve it, and its value to the mob as a principle has risen incalculably as a result of expansion into toxic waste disposal. A garbage hauler's stops under property rights can be your home, your business, a school, a hospital, or even the city hall. When a stop is sold, prices are negotiated in the presence of Mafia arbitrators, and the deal eventually worked out becomes guaranteed by Mafia enforcers. Disputes over stops or entire territories, such as an outlaw garbage collector attempting to underbid the stops of another collector or to just steal his stops, are settled in a routine manner. Mafia-style. It's the law of the underworld.

First, there is a visit from a mob tough guy with some friendly advice. If the outlaw persists in being a nonconformist, one of his trucks is destroyed. If he still doesn't understand what is expected of him, he receives a visit from the bone-crushers. And sometimes, to make certain that no one else gets the same idea, he ends up with .22- or .32-caliber slugs in the back of his head. Then, suddenly, there is peace.

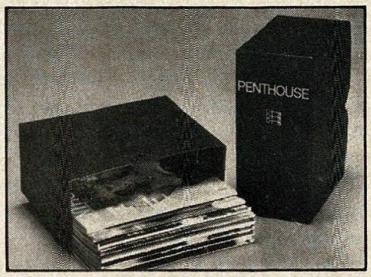
The Mafia views its expanding territorial lock on toxic waste disposal in the same way as its property rights to garbage stops. And the entire operation, garbage and toxic, has become a giant octopus—priced, protected, and monopolized by the big crime syndicates that originated in New York.

The Bonanno family, one of the five major Eastern crime syndicates, has controlled garbage contracts in the Southwest for years. But toxic waste has generated competition among the crime families. For example, the Genovese mob is now seeking control in the Albuquerque area. The prize to the winner will be the states of New Mexico, Arizona, and part of Texas. The approach is an old one: intimidation of local garbage haulers, forcing them to sell their routes, with tactics that range from destruction to physical violence.

Three of the New York crime families have been staking out some of southern Florida's booming areas, from the state's west coast to its eastern Gold Coast—using extortion, physical violence, and truck burnings to convince local haulers resisting takeover by the rackets. Tampa Mafia boss Santo Trafficante agreed to accept a percentage of the take from the New York families rather than engage in a mob war. A piece of the action in return for peace of mind. In the meantime, capos from the Bonanno, Luchese, and Gambino families have been monopolizing whole sections of Florida through acts of intimidation and violence.

That's the way it was when the New York mob took control of New Jersey's garbage disposal back in the mid–1970s.

THE PENTHOUSE CASE AGAINST TIME



Time is tough on the pages of your favorite magazine. Our new Custom Bound Library Case is even tougher; made of rich brown simulated leather, it's built to last and to keep 12 issues in mint condition. The spine is embossed with a gold PENTHOUSE logo and each case includes a gold transfer for recording the date.

Send your check or money order ($5.95 each; 3 for $17.00; 6 for $30.00) postpaid USA orders only. Foreign orders add $2.50 postage and handling per case) to: PENTHOUSE Library Case, P.O. Box 5120, Philadelphia, Pa. 19141.

CALL TOLL FREE 800-221-8180
IN NEW YORK CALL (212) 732-8600

23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY NEW YORK 10038

J&R MUSIC WORLD

RECEIVERS
AKAI AA25 30 w. ch. Digital $189.95
AKAI AA45 65 w. ch. Digital $339.95
TECHNICS SA450 50w/ch AM/FM/TV $219.95
TECHNICS SA350 40w FM/AM TV $189.95
SANSUI SX1070 55w ch Dig. SB/EQ CALL

TURNTABLES
TECHNICS SL0300 Auto DD Quartz $99.95
TECHNICS SL12 Lin-Trk Auto-DD $144.95
TECHNICS SL8200 Semi-Auto Belt $74.95

CARTRIDGES
SHUR V15 VMR Micro Ridge $149.95
AUDIO TECHNICA AT152LP P-Mount $84.95

CASSETTE DECKS
AKAI GX88B R.R.B.C. S-Hd $399.95
TECHNICS RS868R R.R.B.C&DBX $229.95

STEREO-TO-GO
SONY WM10 Mini Super Walkman $69.95
SONY WMF10 Mini Walkman w/ FM $99.95
SONY WM16C Pro Walkman B,C $249.95
AIWA HS1300 Auto-Rev. AM-FM $129.95
SONY WMF5 FM Data Walkman $99.95

CAR STEREO
BLAUPUNCT MANHATTAN AR Dlr $219.95
JENSEN RE980 DNR ATS, Univ. Fit $199.95
SANYO FTE25 10 w. ch. A.R.B&C $199.95
SANYO FTU12 A.R.9.5 w. ch. $64.95
CLARION 8550R Digital A.R. Mini $169.95
CONCORD HPL122R Digital Dolby $229.95
JENSEN JS033 6"x9" Triax 100w $84.95
CONCORD HPS152 5" Coaxial $44.95

RADAR DETECTORS
WHISTLER SPECTRUM REMOTE $219.95
COBRA RD4000 Super Het $149.95
FOX Super Het $179.95

VIDEO RECORDERS
SANYO VCR7200 Beta Hi-Fi $899.95
RCA VKP900 Modular VHS $879.95
JVC HRD225 VHS Stereo Remote $569.95
SONY SL2300 1-Day 1-Ev. Rem $339.95
PANASONIC PV1530 Str. Dlr. Rem $549.95
TOSHIBA V536 Beta Hi-Fi $749.95
PANASONIC PK0508 Auto Focus $609.95
SONY EMC110 Beta Movie $999.95
RCA CC017 Auto-Focus $749.95

TELEPHONES
dantark TouchTone Choice of Black, White, Black or Red/Black $89.95
AT&T NOMAD 8000 Cordless, Mem $149.95
UNIDEN EXT4800 Cordless, Mem $169.95
PANASONIC VA0850 PhAns. Mach $179.95

AUDIO TAPES
TDK SAC-90 Super Avilyn or MAXELL UDXL-90 or UDXL-II-90 Your choice $1.99

MINIMUM ORDER—12 AUDIO TAPES
MAXELL UDXLI or UDXLII-60 $1.89
MAXELL XLII-S or XLIIS90 $2.99
TDK SA90 Super Normal Bias $2.79
TDK AD(X)90 Super Normal Bias $2.19
SONY UCXS-90 $3.95
SONY HFS90 2-Pk Normal Bias $4.79
TDK HX(S)90 METAL/Particul. Bias $2.29
BASF Pro II C-90 $3.49
TEAC CR(S)90 HS Reel to Reel Cass

ADDITIONAL 5% DISCOUNT ON 100 OR MORE ASSORTED TAPES

VIDEO TAPES
ANY BRAND T-120 (Except HG) $5.99
ANY BRAND T-160 $11.89
ANY BRAND L-500 $5.99
ANY BRAND L-750 $9.99
ANY BRAND L-830 $7.79
ANY BRAND High Grade T-120 $8.29
ANY BRAND High Grade L-500 $7.99
ANY BRAND High Grade L-750 $8.29

SUPER SPECIALS
MAXELL T-120 $5.79
MAXELL GOLD T-120 $9.99
MEMOREX T-120 $5.49
BASF High Grade T-160 $9.99
JVC TC-20 $6.49
JVC T-20 $5.49

WE CARRY TAPES BY: MAXELL, TDK SONY, SCOTCH, JVC, KONICA BASF, MEMOREX, PANASONIC

COMPUTERS
COMMODORE 64 64K RAM $189.95
ATARI 800XL 64K $179.95
APPLE IIe 64K Starter System CALL
EAGLE PC2 256K Drive/ Monitor CALL
IBM PC 256K Drive/ Monitor $1249.95
SANYO MBC555 II 128K 2 Drives $1249.95

NOTE: WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF AUDIO VIDEO AND COMPUTERS IN EVERY MAJOR BRAND. THIS LISTING IS JUST A SMALL SAMPLE IN OUR 10,000,000 INVENTORY. PLEASE CALL US TOLL FREE OR WRITE TO US FOR PRICES ON ITEMS NOT LISTED IN THIS AD.

23 PARK ROW, DEPT. PH12, NYC, N.Y. 10038

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL: FOR PROMPT AND COURTEOUS SHIPMENT: SEND MONEY ORDER CERTIFIED CHECK CASHIER'S CHECK MASTERCARD VISA include card number, interbank number, expiration date and signature | DO NOT SEND CASH. PERSONAL AND BUSINESS CHECKS MUST CLEAR OUR BANK BEFORE PROCESSING | $25 MINIMUM ORDER. Shipping, Handling & Insurance charge is 5% of total Order with a $3.95 minimum. We SHIP TO CONTINENTAL U.S., ALASKA, HAWAII, PUERTO RICO AND CANADA ONLY. Canadian Orders add 15% Shipping with a $9.95 minimum charge | For shipments by air please double these charges. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S. NEW YORK RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX. ALL MERCHANDISE SHIPPED BRAND NEW, FACTORY FRESH, AND 100% GUARANTEED. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

FOR FREE GIANT CATALOGS: CALL TOLLFREE 800-426-6027
•288 PAGE AUDIO/VIDEO COMPUTER CATALOG
•80 PAGE RECORD AND CASSETTE CATALOG •80 PAGE VIDEO MOVIE CATALOG

Disputes and turmoil had been commonplace in the northern sector of the state for several years. The FBI and state police were becoming increasingly aware of such things as monopoly, anticompetitive practices, and violence in the garbage industry. All of this was creating an uncomfortable atmosphere for the comparatively stable and thriving New York garbage rackets. Property rights in the heaviest populated areas of the state were protected by Ernest Palmeri, business agent of Teamsters Local 945. Palmeri was an associate of the Genovese family. The club in Palmeri's hand was a form of selective unionism. Garbage companies competing with favored opponents were suddenly afflicted with union problems, undercutting their edge for municipal contracts.

Palmeri was ultimately convicted of bank fraud and embezzlement and is presently serving a seven-year sentence in federal prison. But the history of Teamsters 945 shows the union to be one of the dominant forces in aiding mob control of any state's waste disposal industry. Local 945 has ruled New Jersey's garbage industry with a fierce fist for the last 30 years. And as the corrupt local has lived by the sword, so have its Mafia-associated officials died by the sword.

As far back as 1958, a New Jersey Senate hearing revealed close connections between organized crime and Local 945 business agent John Serratelli, who disappeared in 1959 after two grand jury indictments and just before he was believed ready to cooperate with authorities. The president of the local suddenly became too ill to serve, and the vice president resigned, forcing the International Teamsters president, then Jimmy Hoffa, to place the local in a trusteeship. Hoffa appointed Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano, a powerful force in the North Jersey Teamsters and now residing in federal prison, as trustee for Local 945. But in 1961 the Senate Labor Rackets Committee identified Provenzano as a Genovese family capo and the trusteeship ended.

Michael Ardis then became president of the local, and he appointed John "Johnny Coca Cola" Lardiere as business manager. Both men were similarly tied to the Genovese family, and both ultimately met the same fate as their predecessors. Ardis, like Serratelli, disappeared without a trace. Lardiere met a violent death in 1977. Less than 24 hours after his release from state prison, where he had been held for refusing to cooperate with the New Jersey State Commission of Investigations, Lardiere was gunned down outside a motel. The mob feared he may have talked his way out of prison. Palmeri, who replaced Lardiere, was himself replaced by Anthony Rizzo, another Genovese associate. But Rizzo was among 46 of 59 garbage defendants who either pleaded guilty or were convicted last year of anticompetitive practices connected to the New Jersey Trade Waste Association, another pawn of the Genovese family.

The association, similar to some of the trade waste associations keeping a tight grip on New York's garbage haulers, was formed by the New York mob in an effort to put an end to union violence and other turmoil in New Jersey's disposal industry.

Garbage haulers were stealing stops, mob enforcers were firebombing trucks, and hit men were on a spree. But the final straw was the theft of a town's garbage contract from Crescent "Chris" Roselle, general manager of 15 disposal companies in New Jersey—most of them identified as mob-associated and all owned by SCA Services of Boston. Roselle had been losing stops to Alfred DiNardi, an outlaw hauler who was offering the SCA customers lower prices. DiNardi then tested the property rights of SCA by taking an entire town which had long been held by the SCA company. He won a two-year contract by underbidding the SCA company.

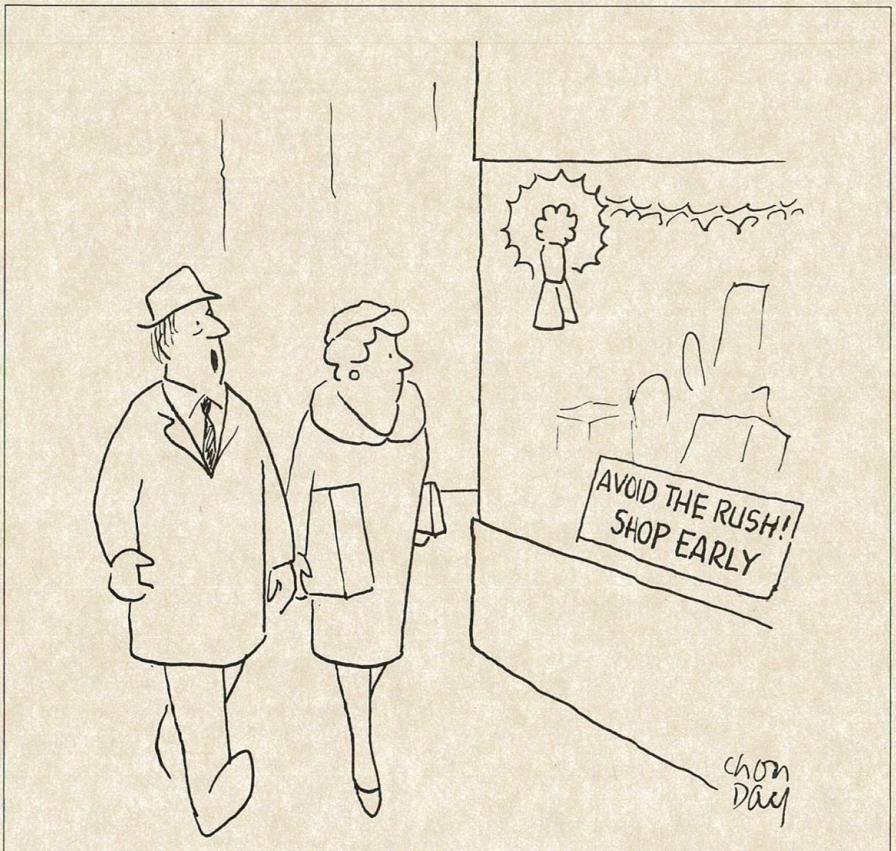
Several months later, after the usual mob efforts failed to convince DiNardi that what he was doing was contrary to all underworld principles, he was shot to death in a midtown-Manhattan parking garage in the familiar Mafia style. As usual the crime was never solved.

After the murder, the contract for the town DiNardi had stolen from SCA was rebid. Eight garbage contractors were invited by the town to submit bids, including DiNardi's company and the SCA company which previously held the contract. However, the SCA company was the only contractor to even request a bid application from the town.

DiNardi's murder shocked the rest of the New Jersey garbage disposal industry into submission, and a week afterward the New Jersey Trade Waste Association was born. Carmine Franco, a longtime associate of the Genovese family, was appointed head of the association. Tino Fiumara, a Genovese lieutenant whose strong-arm successes on the North Jersey waterfront and in other Mafia endeavors earned him recognition and respect in the crime syndicate, became the association's chief enforcer.

But in 1978, two years after the association was formed, Gabriel San Felice, another garbage hauler who had an earlier dispute with Roselle over property rights, was killed in the traditional style. Fiumara, Genovese kingpin John DiGilio, and other Mafia figures had attempted to mediate the long-standing bad blood between the two men. In December 1980, Roselle met the same fate in the same style. None of the murders has ever been solved.

The force thinly disguised by the trade waste association had taken control of the state's garbage and toxic waste in-



"I suggest you avoid the rush completely by not shopping at all."

dustry in normal mob style. But Fiumara didn't last long as the association's enforcer. He was convicted in Newark federal court in 1979 and is now serving a concurrent sentence of 25 years for racketeering and 20 years for extortion. DiGilio inherited his responsibilities in the mob hierarchy as the Genovese family's chief garbage and toxic waste enforcer in New Jersey, in addition to being boss of the waterfront rackets. At the sentencing proceeding for Fiumara, Patrick Kelly, one of my colleagues in the Witness Protection Program who served as an undercover mob informant for the FBI and the New Jersey State Police, explained how the Mafia normally mediates the sale of a garbage disposal company. He told of Fiumara's role as enforcer for the association, explaining how Fiumara and some of his pals attempted to dictate the sale of a New Jersey garbage hauling company, Tomae & Sons.

Kelly described in detail how pressure on Anthony Tomae to sell his business was being exerted in a way that would extract a substantial portion of the price as a commission for the underworld. Kelly also explained how he was instructed to tell Tomae to contact Carmine Franco "with reference to the sale of his garbage route and to remind Mr. Tomae that they knew the reason for him joining the association controlled by Mr. Fiumara was for the purpose of building up a route and getting a price for it." Kelly told the court that if Tomae did not agree to the price dictated by Fiumara, "customers would be taken away from him." But Tomae's response, Kelly stated, was, "Do they know they're fooling with Fat Louie?" Louis "Fat Louie" LaRusso was identified by Kelly as an underboss of the DeCavalcante crime family that controlled other mob activity in central New Jersey.

According to Kelly, a meeting was then held in Franco's office in which Franco said Tomae was trying to sell his route to a group in New York. The group was seeking permission from the president of the association to buy the business from Tomae. Franco said he put a stop to the sale, Kelly told the court.

Asked what other responsibilities Fiumara had in the disposal industry, Kelly said, "He controlled the dumping sites for garbage waste through the garbage association and other associates of his." He explained that Fiumara had a controlling interest in chemical waste through landfills owned by mob associates, and how he received kickbacks from other companies for toxic waste dumping contracts he arranged with sewerage authorities and other public agencies.

I got to know Tino Fiumara's style well. In 1977, I worked for Statewide Environmental Contractors, a garbage company owned by Chuck Macaluso. At that time, Newark officials decided to put out bids to private contractors for one-third of the city's garbage. Only two bidders responded. One was Statewide and the other was Browning-Ferris Industries, the country's second-largest waste disposal conglomerate. We entered a bid that was $385,000 a year under the BFI bid. Both bids were thrown out because, as one Newark councilman stated, "there was a procedural technicality."

Newark was a new territory. There were never any property rights established, since the city had provided garbage removal with its own employees. You would think hundreds of garbage contractors would have competed for this open territory. Instead, Mafia sit-downs were held in New York, where it was decided who was going to get the contract. So the fix was in. It was that simple. When the bids were thrown out, Macaluso complained to a friend, a Newark councilman, who only smiled and said, "Chuck, you gotta pay your dues."

Chuck was used to paying. Eight months earlier he had paid $30,000 to become an official host for the 1976 Democratic National Convention. But Macaluso tried it differently, since there were no property rights, by coming in with the low bid.

The city then put the contract out for rebid. We received a phone call from Franco who told Macaluso that Tino Fiumara wanted to meet with him. I drove Chuck up to a Holiday Inn in Bergen County. He spent an hour with Tino while I waited in the coffee shop. I was working undercover for the FBI at that time, and I taped Macaluso when he came out. He was scared. His face was as white as snow. He told me Tino looked at him with those steel-gray eyes and said, "You bid this fucking job again and you're a dead man." He told me on tape that Fiumara guaranteed him a couple of small towns in North Jersey, Boonton for life, Wanaque for life, and reasonably good health for himself if he didn't rebid Newark. Chuck didn't rebid Newark.

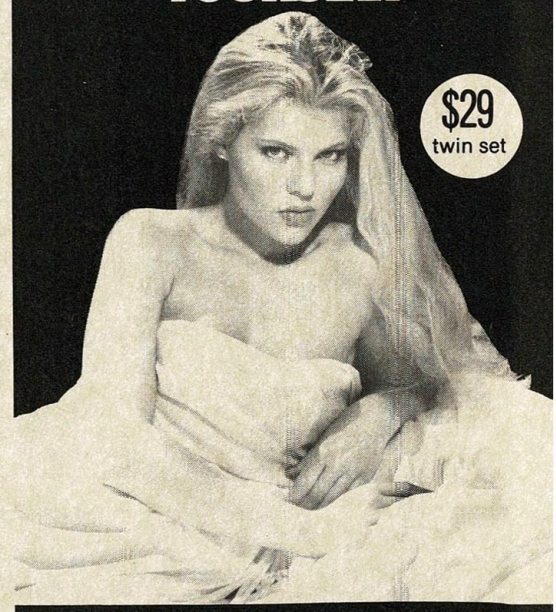
Last year Macaluso went to prison after pleading guilty to a series of indictments involving conspiracy in bidding for municipal garbage contracts. One of the indictments involved the town of Wanaque, which was one of Tino's gifts to Chuck.

I would have liked to continue making those tapes. But I know the time had come, for my own well-being, to get off the streets.

I'm not working because I can't get a job. Who would hire me? I live under a name and address that constantly change. The government gives me a subsistence, which I suppose is a form of welfare. I don't lead a good life, but it's a necessary life. My knowledge and testimony have put some of the most dangerous mobsters in prison, which is why there are contracts out for my life. I'm considered one of the most high-risk witnesses in the program.

But I would tape those guys again if I could. Becoming an informant was probably the most decent thing I could do with whatever time I have left. O

SATIN SHEETS
SPOIL YOURSELF



BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER, SENSUOUSLY SOFT, NO SNAG FINISH SATIN SHEETS, MACHINE WASH AND DRY, SEAMLESS, NO IRONING, IN 10 COLORS. SET INCLUDES: FLAT SHEET, FITTED SHEET, AND 2 MATCHING PILLOW CASES.

CALL NOW (ORDERS ONLY)

TOLL FREE 1-800-428-7825 EXT. 15H

IN CALIF. 1-800-428-7824 EXT. 15H

24 hours 7 days a week

Visa, Mastercharge, or American Express number and expiration date, or

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

KARESS

18653 VENTURA BLVD., SUITE 325H
TARZANA, CA 91356

☐ Twin Set $29.00
☐ Full Set $39.00
☐ Queen Set $49.00
☐ King Set $59.00
☐ Waterbed Set $69.00 (specify size)
☐ 3 Letter Monogram on 2 cases $4.00 initials _____

COLORS
☐ Black
☐ Brown
☐ Burgundy
☐ Champagne
☐ Red
☐ Light Blue
☐ Royal Blue
☐ Lavender
☐ Rose Pink
☐ Silver

Add $3.00 Shipping & Handling

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State ___ Zip _____

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.
☐ Amer. Exp. ☐ Visa ☐ M/C

Account No. _____ Exp. Date ____

Add 6½% Sales Tax for California Residents

Alexis Kirk Belts & Jewelry
385 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 532-3779
Contact Ed Riely, showroom

Alpha Sailboards
Hobie Cat
P.O. Box 1008
Oceanside, Calif. 92054
(619) 758-9100, for information

American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
100 W. Alondra Blvd.
Gardena, Calif. 90247

American Izusu Motors, Inc.
2300 Pellisier Pl.
Whittier, Calif. 90601
(213) 949-0611

Austin Nichols & Co., Inc.
Marketing Dept.
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019

Baja Industries, Inc.
4065 North Romero Rd.
Tucson, Ariz. 85705
(602) 887-1154

Ben Eloy International, Ltd.
3329 Nashville Ave.
El Paso, Tex. 79930-4535
(915) 566-1513

Berkey Marketing Cos.
25-20 Brooklyn-Queens
Expressway West
Woodside, N.Y. 10377
(212) 932-4040

CBSI
5242 Katella Ave.
Suite 106
Los Alamitos, Calif. 90720
(213) 431-6553
Contact Robert Rothstein
or Barbara Cole

Charles Belts
10 West 33rd St.
New York, N.Y. 10001
(212) 564-7463
Contact Jeff Mandel, showroom

Chinon America, Inc.
43 Fadem Rd.
Springfield, N.J. 07081
(201) 376-9260

Citizen Watch Company of
America, Inc.
1200 Wall Street West
Lyndhurst, N.J. 07071
(201) 438-8150

Durango Boot Co.
P.O. Box 10
Franklin, Tenn. 37065-0010

Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd.
P.O. Box 6500
Englewood, N.J. 07631
(800) 526-4797

Exotic Asian Import &
Export Wholesalers
6105 Oakway Dr.
Hudson, Fla. 33567
(813) 862-6372

Feuer & Wolf
576 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10036

Flemington Fur Co.
No. 8 Spring St.
Flemington, N.J. 08822

The Fone Booth
12 East 53rd St.
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-8310

Fredericks of Hollywood
6608 Hollywood Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

Fuji Photo Film, USA, Inc.
350 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10018

Gary B. Giberson
Wood Carving Studio
Port Republic, N.J. 08241
(609) 652-8849

Pet of the Year Gifts

For information on products shown on pages 148-153, contact these manufacturers or stores.

Gemini Optics, Ltd.
80 Remington Blvd.
Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779
National: 800-645-1050
N.Y. State: 800-832-1110

General Wine & Spirits
Box 1645, FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Gil Ferrer Salon
21 E. 74th St. at Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 535-3543

Gold Heart, Inc.
565 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 682-3602, for
nearest outlet

GTE-B.C.S.
1100 Cleveland St., 15th Fl.
Clearwater, Fla. 33515-6987
(813) 442-9661

Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 653
Milwaukee, Wis. 53201

Mr. Harris Lapidus
Gold Mountain Chalet Resort
Box 456
Spring Glen, N.Y. 12483

H. H. Scott, Inc.
20 Commerce Way
Woburn, Mass. 01888
(617) 933-8800

Hobie 16
Hobie Cat
P.O. Box 1008
Oceanside, Calif. 92054
(619) 758-9100, for information

Infinity Systems, Inc.
Attn: Sales Dept.
7930 Deering Ave.
Canoga Park, Calif. 91304

Japan Pearl Exporters Assoc.
c/o Tele-Press Assoc.
Attn: Linda Friberg
342 East 79th St.
New York, N.Y. 10021

Julius Wiles Sons & Co.
Lake Success, N.Y.

Kawasaki Motors Corp.
Advertising Dept.
2009 East Edinger Ave.
Santa Ana, Calif. 92705

Kneissl
187 Neck Rd.
Wardhill, Mass. 01830
(617) 374-9044

Marvin Michelson
Celebrity Attorney
1801 Century Park East
Los Angeles, Calif. 90067

Midwest Tropical
Enterprises, Inc.
7025 North Kedvale
Lincolnwood, Ill. 60646
(312) 679-6666

New York Academy of
Theatrical Arts
Philip Nolan, Director
184 Fifth Ave., 4th Fl.
New York, N.Y. 10010
(212) 243-8900

Nirvana Penthouse Restaurant
30 Central Park South
New York, N.Y. 10019

North Beach Leather
772 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 772-0707

Oleg Cassini
c/o Peggy Nestor
257 Park Ave. South
Suite 1506
New York, N.Y. 10010
(212) 477-3770

Para Plane Corp.
5801 Magnolia Ave.
Pennsauken, N.J. 08109
(609) 663-2234

Panasonic
1 Panasonic Way
Secaucus, N.J. 07094
Attn: Consumer Affairs

Pologeorgis Fur Fashions, Inc.
333 Seventh Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10001
(212) 563-2250

Reilly Securities, Inc.
3505 Camino Del Rio South
Suite 300
San Diego, Calif. 92108

Richters Jewelers, Inc.
680 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 355-4600

Sansui
1250 Valley Brook Ave.
Lyndhurst, N.J. 07071
(201) 460-9710

Schenley Imports Co.
888 Seventh Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10106

Skyline Limousine Services, Ltd.
660 Amsterdam Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10025
(212) 724-5444, for reservations
and information

Smirnoff Vodka
Heublein Spirits
330 New Park Ave.
Hartford, Conn. 06101

Smith-Corona
65 Locust Ave.
New Canaan, Conn. 06840
(203) 972-1472

Solana, Inc.
5112 Azusa Canyon Rd.
Irwindale, Calif. 91706
(818) 960-3885 or call
(800) T•A•N•N•I•N•G

Sparkomatic Corp.
Milford, Penn. 18337
800-592-8891 (within Penn.)
800-233-8831 (outside Penn.)

Strike Two Gallery
11 Washington Pl.
Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550
(914) 667-8332

Style Auto
Dept. PH
18720 Oxnard St.
Tarzana, Calif. 91356
(818) 705-1500
Send $1 for catalog

Ventura Travelware, Inc.
32-33 47th Ave.
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
(212) 392-6200

Toshiba
82 Totowa Rd.
Wayne, N.J. 07470

Water's Edge Restaurant
44th Dr. & East River
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
(212) 392-4055, for reservations

Yamaha Motorcycles
6005 Katella Ave.
Cypress, Calif. 90630

POISONERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

ing. This is beginning to happen in some jurisdictions, but the federal government must, nonetheless, take the lead in this regard and upgrade misdemeanor statutes to the felony level. Rather than take the easy way out—plea bargaining or negotiating settlements—federal agencies charged with enforcing waste dumping laws must let it be known that violators will be treated as serious criminals.

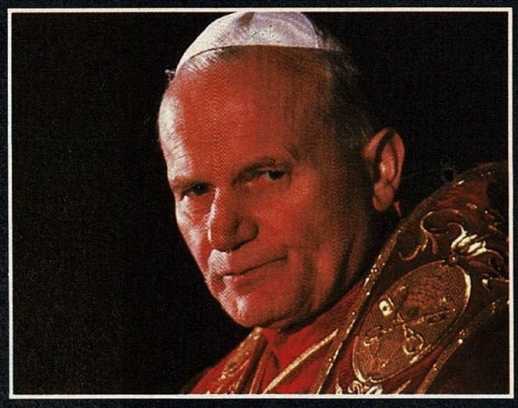
One way this may be done quickly and effectively is to use the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organization Act (RICO) in prosecuting dumpers. A part of the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970, RICO defines racketeering as involvement in two or more activities which are prohibited by federal and state statutes. Thus, if a "pattern" of organized crime involvement can be shown, a convicted individual is subject to 20 years in prison and a $25,000 fine. More importantly, however, waste haulers convicted under RICO may be forced to surrender their businesses. This is a much more powerful penalty, capable of true deterrence, than a simple fine or suspended sentence. For some reason, RICO has been used only once to prosecute dumpers.

Even though dumpers are the target of most waste disposal laws, generators of toxic chemicals must also assume a greater burden of responsibility. Generators may no longer claim ignorance of what their haulers do or how they dispose of toxics, since the manifest system now provides them with a way of checking on the work of their hired agents. Manufacturers seldom do this. The increasing trend of holding them responsible for disposition of their products, however, may force them to pay more attention to those with whom they do business. Like those makers of asbestos and Agent Orange who had no direct links with persons ultimately hurt by their products, manufacturers of chemicals with harmful wastes that are improperly discarded may in the future find themselves subject to frequent and expensive lawsuits.

And, if nothing else works, the government may have to impose rigid controls on production of goods that create dangerous wastes. It is entirely conceivable that the next decade's Environmental Protection Agency will limit industrial production to those commodities that generate only manageable waste. Drastic though such action would be, it may become necessary if we do not soon control toxic waste. If we fail, many aspects of our life-style will have to change, and conveniences to which we have grown accustomed may become prohibitively expensive. But, in either case, all of us will have to pay—either with money in the short run or with the health of millions in the future.

COMING IN THE DECEMBER OMNI

VATICAN SCIENCE



Throughout the course of history, the forces of faith and those of reason have waged a continuous and bitter conflict. But in the past few years the Pope and a group of scientists have become actors in the drama of reconciliation. The group orchestrating this remarkable encounter—the Pontifical Academy of Sciences—has recently briefed the Pope on everything from leprosy to human evolution, to the Big Bang and the moment of creation. They have even addressed the issue of nuclear war, bearing the Pope's concerns to powers at the White House and the Kremlin. To learn more about the Vatican's involvement with this extraordinary group and its inspired leader, Brazilian biophysicist Carlos Chagas, pick up a copy of this month's *Omni*.

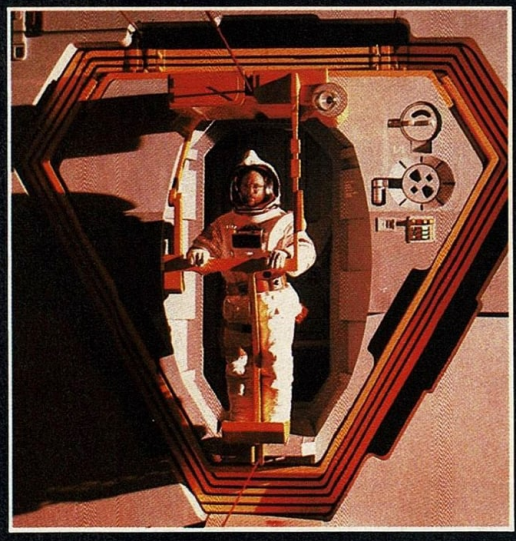
FICTION

Michael Swanwick's fantasy, "The Man Who Met Picasso," was a finalist for last year's World Fantasy Award. "Trojan Horse," featured in this month's *Omni*, is a hard-science-fiction novelette about an audacious and dangerous series of experiments on the human brain. The protagonist is a woman who receives a new personality after an industrial accident in space destroys her original one. In our other fiction selection, "The Serrated Edge," by Edward Bryant, a highly successful businesswoman seeks escape from terrifying nightmares by exploring the mysterious realms of her own psyche.

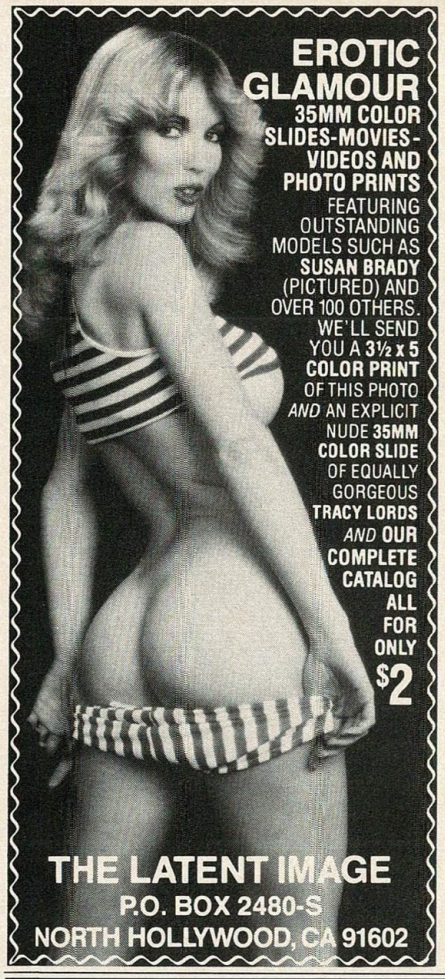
THE BIG CHILL

What is the best place on Earth to simulate the conditions encountered during long-term spaceflights? Antarctica. Explorers sent to this, the most isolated continent, face many of the same obstacles—harsh environment, limited supplies, reduced cognitive abilities—that families sent to colonize space will encounter. Writer Patrick Tierney takes a look at an Antarctic project initiated by the Argentines and Chileans, and tells how it will provide useful insight into the problems of space colonization.

CLARKE'S *2010*



For years Arthur C. Clarke said it couldn't be done: "I've stated over and over again that a sequel to *2001: A Space Odyssey* is totally impossible." But then the Star Wars and Star Trek series catapulted celluloid space adventures into the forefront of the modern cinema. That was enough for Clarke. Although he found them all to be "delightful fantasies," he found their science to be a little shaky, to say the least. Clarke began wondering if it were possible to "write an exciting interstellar adventure that could actually happen and that didn't defy the laws of physics." The result is *2010: Odyssey Two*. In December's *Omni*, an array of stills from the film accompany Clarke's behind-the-screenplay story of the one movie sequel that can boast more fact than fiction. Also in this issue: loneliness in the electronic cottage. The self-contained, computerized workplace tucked away in a corner of the house may turn out to be a hostile environment for people whose needs for intimacy extend beyond machines.



EROTIC GLAMOUR
35MM COLOR SLIDES-MOVIES-VIDEOS AND PHOTO PRINTS
FEATURING OUTSTANDING MODELS SUCH AS SUSAN BRADY (PICTURED) AND OVER 100 OTHERS. WE'LL SEND YOU A 3½ x 5 COLOR PRINT OF THIS PHOTO *AND* AN EXPLICIT NUDE 35MM COLOR SLIDE OF EQUALLY GORGEOUS TRACY LORDS *AND* OUR COMPLETE CATALOG ALL FOR ONLY $2

THE LATENT IMAGE
P.O. BOX 2480-S
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91602

You're not alone. Millions of men suffer from premature ejaculation.

Premature ejaculation is something men never, ever talk about. But for many, it's a fact of life. In fact, at one time or another, most men experience it.

At last, there's something you can do about it. It's called Detane. And it's clinically proven to help put you in control again.

Detane more than doubles the duration of foreplay and intercourse. Invisible and unscented, it desensitizes the genital area just enough to increase your control without decreasing your pleasure.

So get the same help so very many men get. With Detane.

Available without a prescription at drug counters in the US and Canada.
© 1984 Commerce Drug Co., Inc., Div. Del Laboratories, Inc.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD
PRESENTS A
SENSUAL POTPOURRI OF BODY ESSENTIALS

NEW TRAVEL SIZE PACKETS

HOT STUFF — Rub it on your lover. The erotic warmth will take anyone to the heights of passion.

ALOE VERA MASSAGE CREME — Massage all the kinks out with the natural wonders of Aloe Vera.

INSTANT PROLONG CREME — Stay up there, till you're ready to let it all go. Instant Prolong Creme for the super man in you.

BODY GEL — Spread this strawberry daiquiri flavored Body Gel in the area you want to get licked. Your lover will taste better than ever.

Get all four body essentials for only $3.00. Order today.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.
Dept. 150/ERSP
P.O. Box 6500
Englewood, N.J. 07631

All four Body Essentials $3.00

I have enclosed $_____, please send me (indicate quantity) _____ sets of Body Essentials.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All payments in U.S. currency. NJ residents add 6% sales tax. Allow 6 weeks for delivery

ERECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

treat impotence through direct injection of muscle-relaxant drugs. Priapism is a rare problem in medicine, but it occurs sometimes in men with sickle-cell disease or leukemia. Most of his patients, Zorgniotti says, are satisfied with the results of the treatment so far. "There have been no dropouts from the program," he notes. In the future he hopes to develop a technique for administration of the drug through means other than injection—perhaps an externally applied cream or ointment.

By the early 1980s interest was developing in phenoxybenzamine. Like papaverine, phenoxybenzamine is a muscle-relaxant. It is often used in treatment of high blood pressure and, in some cases, has been helpful in prostate problems. Early reports suggested it could also affect sexual function, but results of the first tests were confusing and, to some extent, contradictory. Some patients using low oral doses of phenoxybenzamine for blood-pressure problems discovered a slight improvement in frequency and rigidity of erections. Others were unable to ejaculate while using the drug.

Two urologists, Kailash Kedia and Lester Persky of Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio, reported in the 1981 *Uropharmacology Journal* that some patients being treated for urinary problems with low oral doses of phenoxybenzamine had experienced "dry" ejaculations. Normal ejaculations returned when they stopped taking the drug. Researchers suggested investigating the possible use of phenoxybenzamine as a male contraceptive.

In Israel the following year another team of urologists, from Tel Aviv University, investigated the effect of phenoxybenzamine on sexual function in diabetic men. Diabetes is often accompanied by varying degrees of impotence. The 1978 experiments with cats had suggested the possibility that the drug might help. Ten patients were first tested to see if their impotence problems were physical or psychological.

The doctors used a now-standard technique developed in 1964 by Charles Fisher at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York. He had established a close synchronicity between erection during sleep and rapid flickering of the eye. They occur routinely at the same time, several times a night, in the normal healthy male. Using Fisher's technique, the Israeli researchers attached a flexible loop to the base of each patient's penis before sleep to measure changes in penis size. They also fitted each patient with electrodes to measure eye movement. If erections occurred routinely during the rapid-eye-movement phase of the sleep cycle, the impotence was assumed to be due to psychological causes. If erections were

weak or did not occur at all, it was likely that a physical problem existed. All patients in the study had at least one erection during one of the eye-movement phases. This established that, despite the presumably diabetes-related impotence, the erection mechanism was intact.

For the next 30 nights the patients were given low doses of phenoxybenzamine before sleep. At the end of the month-long treatment they were again tested with the monitoring equipment to check the rapid-eye-movement erections during sleep. It seemed the drug made no difference. Researchers tried increasing the dosage but then ran into the problem of ejaculation failure. Some patients also complained of palpitations and other discomfort. Treatment was discontinued, and the experiment results remained inconclusive.

But the research that finally would lead to the discovery of the extraordinary powers of phenoxybenzamine in treating impotence had already begun in England. Ironically the investigator, Giles Brindley, had begun the research to see if phenoxybenzamine *prevented* erection. Brindley together with Gorm Wagner (the Copenhagen doctor mentioned earlier) had conducted an experiment in 1980 in which each of three subjects had been given a single large oral dose of the drug. Slight erection lasting between 24 and 48 hours occurred in two subjects.

Over the next two years, Brindley set out to explore different muscle-relaxants, using himself as the first test-subject. He began with the comparatively mild, short-acting muscle-relaxant phentolamine. Injected into an arm vein, a moderate dose of the drug produced a slight erection lasting about an hour. For his next experiment Brindley injected much smaller doses directly into the spongy erectile tissue inside the penis. It produced full erections lasting several minutes. Throughout 1982 Brindley continued his research, experimenting with different dosages and injection techniques. He finally settled on phenoxybenzamine, injected in very small doses directly into the rods of erectile tissue, as the most appropriate treatment to test on impotent patients. The first results, published in some detail in the *British Journal of Psychiatry* in 1983, took the medical world by surprise. More than half the impotent patients were able to have sexual intercourse—for the first time in months or years—while under the drug. Erections for this group lasted between 30 minutes and 30 hours.

Despite these results responses to phenoxybenzamine are, as Brindley concedes, "regrettably unpredictable." Of the 13 patients treated, a few developed only mild erections. Others achieved full erections but for a comparatively brief time. Most patients, however, had erections sufficiently lasting and firm to enjoy intercourse at least once. One 30-year-old man who had not had a waking ejaculation for four years is now a father. And two patients, who took dosages as low as those taken by the other 11 men in the study, had full erections that lasted through to the next day. One of these complained of discomfort, and after 24 hours Brincley surgically withdrew blood from the patient's penis and injected another drug, metaraminol, to counteract the effects of the phenoxybenzamine; the man's full erection and associated discomfort subsided immediately. The other patient, a 50-year-old man who had been impotent for a year, had full erections on three occasions that lasted 30 hours. There was no discomfort, and the patient reported that on each of the three occasions he had had intercourse twice. This individual remained unperturbed at the duration of the erections and described himself as "delighted" by the results of the experiment.

Apart from unpredictable patient responses there are other difficulties. Injections have to be accurately targeted directly into the penis and administered slowly over several minutes. The procedure, Brindley reports, is painful, but not severely so, and the pain disappears a few minutes after the injection. The physician must use a fine needle so bleeding does not occur and must take care to

THE RAMSES CONDOM LINE. A DECADE AHEAD.

Only Ramses offers a complete line of condoms designed with the most modern contraceptive technology and medical innovations.

Only Ramses Extra is the first condom with a patented spermicidal lubricant for extra protection.

Only Ramses NuForm has a patented delaying lubricant to prolong the pleasure. And all Ramses condoms are extremely thin yet exceptionally strong to give you heightened sensitivity, plus security and protection.

RAMSES®
A Decade Ahead

© 1984 Schmid Laboratories, Inc.

CATCH UP WITH PENTHOUSE

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF PENTHOUSE NOW. FILL OUT THE HANDY COUPON AND MAIL WITH YOUR PAYMENT TODAY.

PENTHOUSE Back Issues
P.O. Box 358, Belleville, N.J. 07109

List desired issues below using codes.

_____

_____

_____

☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $5.00 per issue. (Postage and handling included.) Payment must accompany order.

Total amount enclosed

$ _____

_____

Name

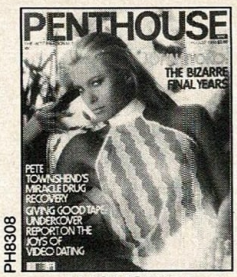
_____

Address

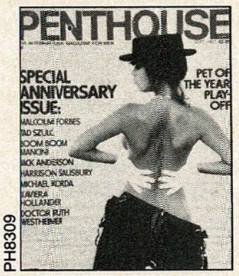
_____

City State Zip

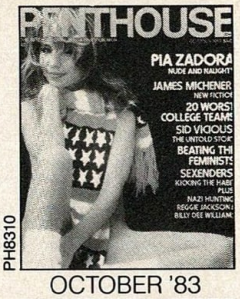
Payment must be made in U.S. currency. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. PB8412



PH8308 AUGUST '83

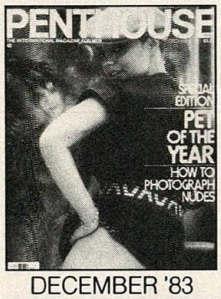


PH8309 SEPTEMBER '83



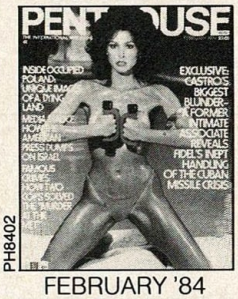
PH8310 OCTOBER '83

PH8311 NOVEMBER '83

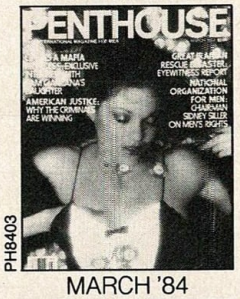


PH8312 DECEMBER '83

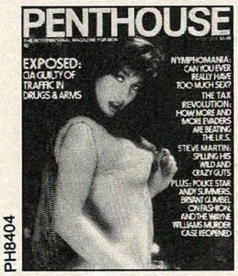
PH8401 JANUARY '84



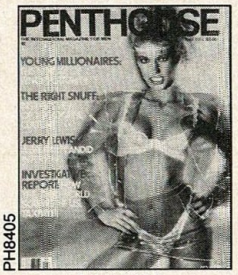
PH8402 FEBRUARY '84



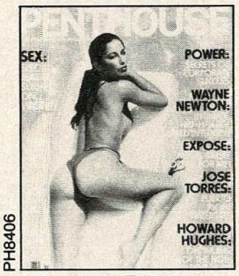
PH8403 MARCH '84



PH8404 APRIL '84



PH8405 MAY '84



PH8406 JUNE '84

PH8407 JULY '84

avoid puncturing arteries in the penis. Immediately after injection he must scueeze the penis in such a way so as to ensure proper drug distribution. In about five minutes erection begins to develop and usually takes between 10 and 30 minutes to achieve full rigidity.

Brindley presented more details on his research to the 1984 conference of the International Society for Impotence Research in Paris. He said he now uses both phenoxybenzamine and papaverine, depending on the patient.

Brindley is continuing to treat a number of patients. One man receives the medication at home from his wife, who has been trained in the procedure. Several other patients have expressed a strong desire to do likewise. But Brindley says that the drug should be used with caution. In his 1983 *British Journal of Psychiatry* article he urges that repeated injections into the penis must do some damage and that the damage may be cumulative. For this reason he concludes that doctors should administer the treatment no more than once a week, and that they should restrict long-term use of the drug in penile injection to men with severe impotence for whom simpler remedies have failed.

There are still many issues to be resolved in the use of phenoxybenzamine, but on balance Brindley thinks that his treatment is "probably useful and probably sufficiently safe." Similar follow-up research is now underway in Austria, Switzerland, and elsewhere in Europe. But not in the United States. Following reports of cancer in mice and rats that were given massive doses of the drug in laboratory studies, the Federal Drug Administration has banned phenoxybenzamine for use in injections. A number of American researchers regard the ban as arbitrary and irrational, and considerable controversy is likely to develop.

All the drugs being used in the investigations into the treatment for impotence have been used for other purposes for many years. Although there are several theories to explain how they work, the actual effect on the erectile mechanism is still incompletely understood. All the drugs are in regular medical use as muscle-relaxants. But apart from that they have little in common. Phentolamine and phenoxybenzamine are classified as alpha-blockers—drugs that interrupt signals at nerve receptors in such a way as to open blood vessels and increase flow. Papaverine, a substance found in opium, is not an alpha-blocker but seems to have a similar effect. The FDA claims the agency is not required to explain its ruling on any particular drug. The ban on injection of phenoxybenzamine seems unrelated to research on impotence. In fact none of the drugs has been specifically approved or banned for impotence research in the United States or anywhere else. An FDA spokesman says neither phenoxybenzamine nor papaverine is even available for injection. But, oddly enough, papaverine in injectable form is being produced and sold to researchers. Investigators assume that since it is not specifically forbidden its use is implicitly permitted. However, if the manufacturers seek to expand the official uses for the drug to include research into impotence, then the FDA rulings may change.

Phenoxybenzamine continues to be available in most European countries and in Australia where a major research program is now underway. At the Reproductive Medicine Research Institute of the Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital in Perth, Western Australia, investigators are preparing to study phenoxybenzamine, papaverine, yohimbine, histamine, and a range of other muscle-relaxants on impotent patients. They have already collected results from research on baboons, dogs, and on human erectile tissue obtained during penile-implant surgery. According to the institute's director, Dr. Edward Keogh, they hope their research will help them understand how and why the drugs work. "Most of the present theories will probably prove naive," says Keogh. "We still don't know how the sluice gates work." The institute has now begun treating patients with papaverine and reports suc-

cessful results.

Research continues on other related drugs. *The New York Times* reported recently on a Stanford University project that will soon begin testing of a drug called yohimbine on humans.

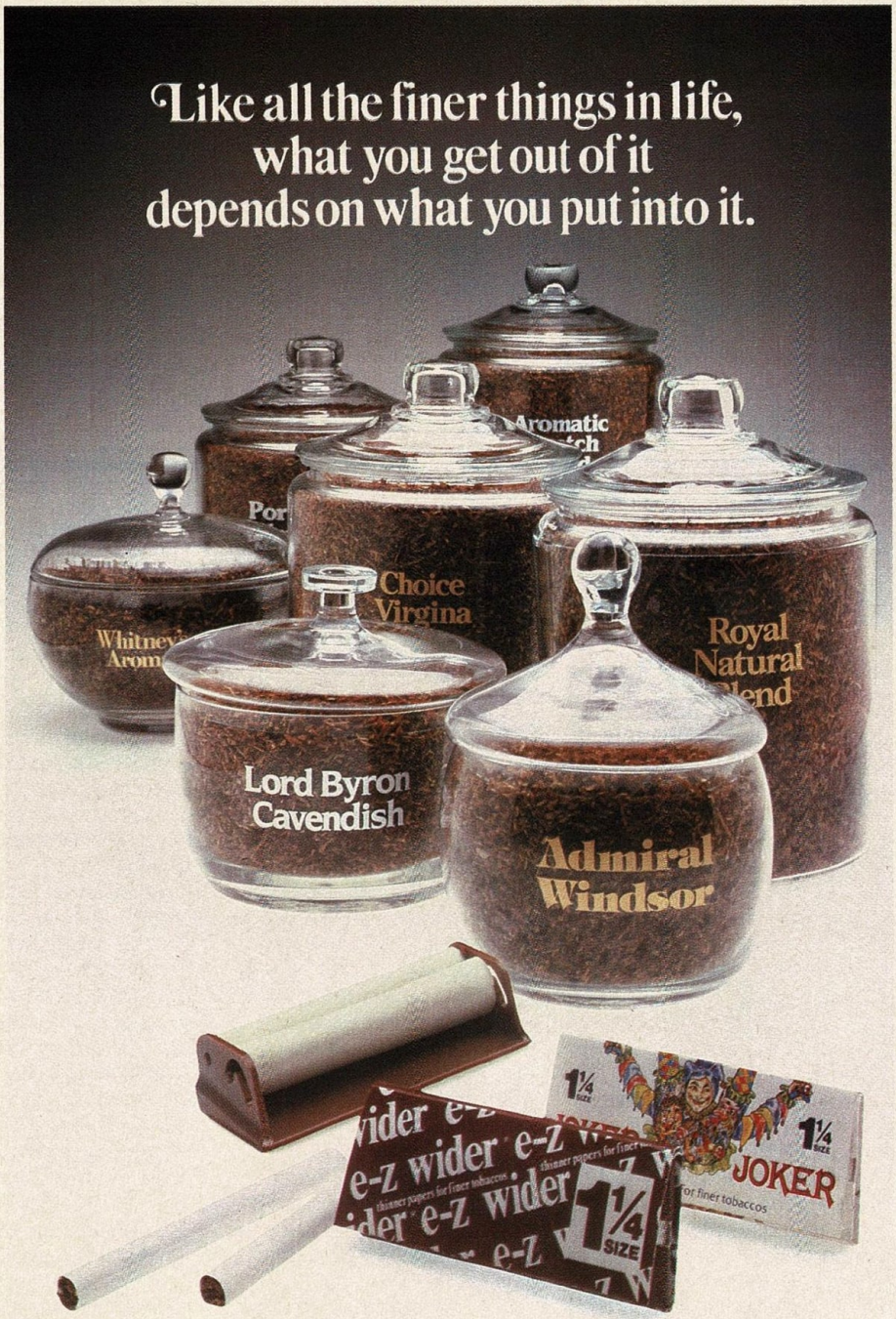
Objective reports of the phenoxybenzamine experience are not yet published; but in the medical community and elsewhere there is curiosity and a certain uneasiness surrounding the whole subject. There are more questions than answers: Are the drugs aphrodisiacs, or are these drug-induced erections merely "mechanical" responses—a trick of "plumbing"—unrelated to the sexual desire that normally precedes and apparently triggers erections? Could these drugs help the sexually unresponsive woman? No research has been reported, and scientists seem reluctant to speculate. Do the drugs create a state of "passionless" potency? Or has science opened a Pandora's box of new sensual experience? Will these drugs be the key to unlock secret gardens of rapture? Some younger patients have reported that papaverine has made sex "even better" than it had been before they became impotent.

Has medical science led us to some lush place, new to human experience, where sexual adventurers will roam, hour upon hour upon hour, finding higher mountaintops and deeper valleys, becoming lost in seemingly endless ecstasies? A sexual superman—the love machine?

Dr. Brindley, who has now used the drugs himself 41 times, thinks not. "A few people will try it experimentally," he says, "but I doubt they will persist with it very much." Why? "Well, I've done a lot of experiments on myself," he explains, "and although I don't know about other people, I reckon my own sexual impulses and instincts are rather like the average man's. And one can say that this sort of artificial erection is a little bit of fun, but not very much fun, and it isn't worth the trouble of pursuing it very far."

For Brindley, research on alpha-blocking drugs and impotence is now a project of diminishing interest. "I've solved most of the problems I set out to solve," he says, "and most of my research time will be spent on other matters—as it always has been." So Brindley is returning to his work on electrical stimulation of the visual cortex, and his work helping paraplegics.

But Brindley's work on impotence seems likely to gain more immediate attention. The proceedings of the Paris conference will be out next year. Newspaper and wire-service science editors have ordered translations of the Brindley report, and we will no doubt be hearing a lot more about the breakthrough in impotence treatment—and about the brilliant, audacious medical scientist who made the discovery and presented his findings so vividly.



Roll your own, It's e-z.

PEI

Yes, I want to roll my own the e-z way with Joker and e-z wider. Please send me the following item(s). I understand that you will refund my money if I am not completely satisfied. I certify that I am at least 18 years of age.

		Total
_____	e-z wider roll-your-own cigarette rolling kit(s) @ $3.50	$_____
_____	3-pack(s) e-z wider filters @ $3.00	$_____
_____	pick-a-pack 10-booklet assortment(s) e-z wider and Joker @ $5.00	$_____
	Total Order	$_____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose _____ Check _____ Money Order

The House of Rizla

Mail to: The House of Rizla, P.O. Box 1046, W. Caldwell, N.J. 07007-0829. Offer limited to U.S. New Jersey residents please add sales tax. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

©The House of Rizla 1984

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

Every year end for most of us, the holiday season heightens the joys of prospective family reunions. But for many—those of us who cannot share these good times with our children—this season deepens our despair.

Annually in the United States, about 100,000 children are clandestinely removed by parents to destinations unknown to their estranged spouses. The psychological damage done to these children and their deserted parents is incalculable. Amazingly, it is estimated that women are responsible for 85 percent of these 100,000 children who are parentally abducted each year. It is my perception that feminist leaders have kept this vital subject under wraps in their drive for political power.

All fathers should be advised that there exists a 1980 Parental Kidnapping Prevention Act (PKPA), which has elevated child-snatching to a felony in 39 states. In those jurisdictions activation of the Fugitive Felon Act can bring into play federal involvement, including the FBI and the Federal Parent Locator Service.

Author Richard A. Gardner, M.D. puts the question of child-snatching in proper perspective. In *The Parents Book About Divorce*, Gardner states, "On occasion, the custodial parent may refuse to let the absent parent see the children, have them unavailable when the visiting parent arrives, and even hide them. In response the absent parent may kidnap the children and consider this the only way of maintaining contact. A kidnapping parent may believe that he or she is protecting the children from the terrible treatment they are receiving at the hands of the other parent, or vengeful elements may contribute. What better way to wreak vengeance on a former spouse than to take away the children and not provide any information about their safety or whereabouts. Often, the children are brought to another state so that even their location is unknown; the "deserted" parent may find it difficult, extremely expensive, and often impossible, to get them back."

The 15 percent of cases where men initiate child-snatching generally arise from fear of judicial prejudice or the mistaken belief that blood is stronger than the laws of logic. But this rash deed could ruin a man's career and his relationship with the children whom he so devoutly seeks to protect from his spouse. Further, he may forfeit his property by leaving it vulnerable to the default orders of state courts. His professional standing may be affected by considerations of moral or legal turpitude if he holds a license that can be suspended or even revoked.

However, if the child-snatching occurs before the court renders any temporary-custody orders, the child's removal may be legal. If you find yourself considering such an action, be warned: Do not leave your state with your children without consulting your attorney—even if there is no temporary-custody order entered against you. Your actions may be admitted in evidence at a subsequent permanent-custody hearing and prejudice you throughout the usually protracted custody proceedings.

However, there are parents who prefer to take this route rather than enter into a gut-wrenching custody battle such as the one described by Linda Bird Francke in her *Growing Up Divorced*: "Sam, now nineteen, was twelve when he went to court to choose his father over his mother. 'It was nerve-racking,' said Sam. 'I had to memorize lots of material to reel off to tell the lawyers why I should not live with my mother. My mother came over to me. She was trying to be nice. I was nervous. I thought of her as I didn't look at her. Then I really gave it to her lawyers. I told them to stop wasting their time. I didn't want to give them one chance to make me live with my mother. And it worked. Then I went to the men's room and threw up.' "

These kinds of situations have given rise to groups across the nation that attempt to locate the child-snatchers, be they mothers or fathers. And these groups are effective. One in particular is Child Find, Inc. with headquarters in New Paltz, New York. This nonprofit organization was conceived by director Gloria Yerkovich who, following a divorce, had been unable to locate her own daughter for ten years. But Child Find, in existence four years, has located and helped return 1,214 children to their mothers and fathers. Another private organization worth noting is Child Search, located in Boston, which for a fee will distribute a child's photograph and description to 100,000 U.S. public schools. For the more affluent, there are private investigators.

In conclusion, let me as a practicing attorney admonish you never to abduct or remove your children unless you are willing to pay the steep legal, emotional, and economic costs that may pursue you over the course of a lifetime. Remember—don't act rashly and always consult your lawyer.

PENTHOUSE FITNESS

ROWING PLUS

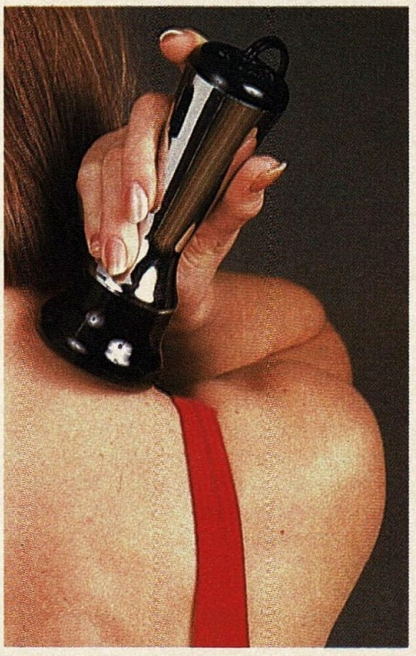
Rowing is one of the most popular forms of home exercise—with good reason. It exercises all the body's large muscles at the same time. It is private, and it's faster than almost any other form of exercise. Now Vitamaster has transformed a top-grade hydraulic home rowing machine into a multi-action home gym. The MA-500 enables you to do shoulder presses, curls, bench presses, squats, arm extensions–all in addition to rowing. This is a versatile, economical exercise machine for the whole family. It's like having a health club in your closet. The Vitamaster MA-500 costs a surprisingly reasonable **$169.00** ($18.95) #A1251.

THE LIFELINE GYM

Allows you to simulate any exercise done on expensive machines in health spas and gymnasiums. Yet it fits in an attaché case, and in 15 minutes a day, provides a total workout. The reason is rubber—a stretchable rubber cable that increases resistance with movement. And because you have to resist its tendency to snap back on the return move, you gain a double benefit from your effort. The Lifeline Gym comes with 8" x 17" carrying case and instruction book for only **$36.00** ($3.95) #A748.

DEEP HEAT PAIN RELIEF

Infrared heat goes deep beneath the skin to reach the actual site of inflammation and discomfort. It has been used for years by doctors and therapists to gain relief of pain. Now there is a home unit, the Infralux, that provides fast (5-10 minutes), effective relief of pain from sinus headache, arthritis, backache, muscular aches and pains. Perfectly safe to use. 6" long. Plugs in household outlet. Comes with carrying case for **$45.00**($3.95) #A1175.



PENTHOUSE Products, P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631
Please send the products indicated below. I understand that I may return any product within 30 days for a full refund. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

QTY.	ITEM NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE

SUB TOTAL
N.J. TAX
P&H
TOTAL

PAYMENT: ☐ Cash/M.O. ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ Am Ex
Exp. Date_____
InterBk No._____
Card No.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP
SIGNATURE

CREDIT CARD ORDERS: CALL TOLL FREE 800-526-4797 WEEKDAYS—9 TO 4 EST. 148

WORSHIP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

raunchy and violent Sex Pistols. They also were more pleasing to the eye—sort of pretty-boy punk. "Personally," Billy says, "I believe punk rock is out to destroy, but in the best way possible. It was out to push aside the dross that didn't really matter. We were out to make what didn't matter look old-fashioned." Leather and leather bondage were the key to this punk ethos. The bondage represented punk's idea that we all were prisoners trying to break away; the leather was meant to be sobering, in the sense that it said, "Take us seriously."

Things started to get shaky for Generation X during the recording of their second album, *Valley of the Dolls*. They had taken on a 25-year-old manager, Stuart Josephs, who, according to Idol, immediately cleared his own cut of 20 percent from the gross advances made by Chrysalis. Part of the management contract was also a service agreement, and by placing his own financial priorities first—an odd contradiction of music-business etiquette—Josephs deprived the group of substantial funds for touring, which is intended to boost record sales. "Here I was making 50 pounds a week," Billy recalls. "I kept thinkin', 'Where's the big advance?' " Yet the other band members were surprisingly apathetic about their management. "It was ironic," he remarks, "that musicians supposedly concerned with trashing everyday artistic exploitation could be so casual about their own undermining."

It took nearly three years, half of it in litigation, to end Generation X's relationship with Stuart Josephs, who left with a settlement in his favor of 12,000 pounds. By now the bad publicity and legal entanglements, which had prohibited the group from recording for more than two years, had virtually ruined the band. The record company had to write off a $500,000 loss.

Enter Bill Aucoin.

During the litigation with Stuart Josephs, Chrysalis asked American rock manager Aucoin if he was interested in trying to revitalize the foundering Gen X. Aucoin, a tall, misleadingly soft-spoken dynamo, listened to the group's earlier albums with only mild interest but instantly recognized Billy's potential to be a star. To Aucoin, Gen X itself seemed accessory. If the record company wanted to make back its advance, there was only one way to do it: Make Billy live up to his name.

Idol at first was suspicious of Aucoin, whose slick merchandising techniques seemed the antithesis of punk music. Straightaway Billy told Aucoin that he refused to do videos and be packaged and sold on television like a box of cereal. And further, he was committed to making yet another album with the band. So, according to Aucoin, he managed Gen X "in secret."

The secret became notorious in early 1981 after the commercial failure of the group's last album, *Dancing with Myself*. Abruptly Billy abandoned the band and went to New York as a solo act. Aucoin now plotted Idol's future "basically the same way I set up things for Kiss." Settling down in the midst of the carnival element of the East Village, Billy went to work rerecording several Generation X favorites on a mini-LP called *Don't Stop*. Released in autumn 1981, the album became popular in dance halls though seldom played on the Top 40 stations.

One night Billy met unemployed American guitarist Steve Stevens in a club where Stevens had purposely hung out in order to fraternize with the Gen X veteran. Stevens was exactly what Billy needed to launch his career in the States: an American filter through which to sift his ideas. Eventually, the two began composing together. With Stevens's help, Idol finally put together a backup band and was able to release his first solo album in May 1982. However, only one song, "Hot in the City," hit the Top 40, and then Chrysalis's changeover from independent distribution to CBS made the record virtually unavailable between December 1982 and February 1983.

> One night it's great having a wank, one night it's great screwing some bird, one night it's great getting a blow job. What's the big problem?

But Aucoin always knew that if it meant preserving his career, Billy Idol would become Billy the Idol. Strongly counseling a high-quality video, Aucoin got Chrysalis Records to shell out the 37,000-pound expense. *White Wedding* was made in England and directed by David Mallet, the creator of David Bowie videos. Released in February, the video was played relentlessly on MTV: hypnotic images of a brideriding in a gleaming black Rolls and anticlerical wedding scenes, punctuated with the mordant humor of toasters and water faucets—those tame conventions of connubiality—exploding. The single "White Wedding" made it into the Top 40. Music stations that had been resisting the punk were now excitedly proffering Billy Idol.

Chrysalis faced a dilemma. More Billy Idol material was needed immediately, although their artist was only just beginning to conceive his new album. After some deliberation, it was decided to rerelease the first mini-album, using its popular lead song "Dancing with Myself," now a three-year-old tune, as the basis of a new video. At the time Billy, a great fan of the film *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, was keen to exchange ideas with its director, Tobe Hooper. After a few meetings, which raised sparks between the two headstrong personalities, a working formula was agreed upon, the budget set at a whopping $80,000, and the video was created. Aired on MTV in August 1983, it steadily gained in popularity, while the twice-released single was finally able to catch a low rung on the charts.

Yet Idol's personal polemics, as seen in the video version of "Dancing with Myself," have aroused expressions of grave concern by the National coalition of Television Violence, the scourge of television's improprieties. The video was rated overtly misogynist as well as unnecessarily violent. Part of the coalition's disdain was a reaction to Hooper directing the video in his characteristically apocalyptic vein. The central sequence of the three-minute *Dancing with Myself* fantasy features a group of ghoulish dancers surrounding Billy on top of a building and clawing the edge of a stage apron. Like a blond monster, he takes a jolt of electricity from two ducts and, galvanized by the force, blows the zombies off the roof; they then magically regenerate, scale the building once again, and end up dancing subserviently before him. The most controversial scene, though lasting only a few seconds, is of a woman in chains with a rope around her neck, struggling behind a transparent screen.

"They don't seem to realize that the woman in bondage is Oktobriana," Billy protests. Oktobriana, an image of feminine strength, has always been his symbol. "Oktobriana is so important to my thinking she appears on my stationery. . . . The idea of being tied up is related to all of us, to our own bondage. Anyway, lots of women in this society are kept down—and I'm saying it *shouldn't* be that way. People think the video is too violent. But what it is is too appealing. Not violently appealing, but appealing in general. Adults superimpose their own experiences over what they see as horrible. They've already been tied up so they're genuinely afraid. And in the video it's the idea that society is violent and the end of the world is happening and that violence is what holds people together. And what we say at the end is what it should be—dancing, music, and happiness. And above us, as we're dancing, is the banner of Oktobriana."

Billy is late for his interview at Trader Vic's in Manhattan, held over by a personal appearance at Tower Records, where his

presence attracted so many fans that whole squadrons of police were needed to contain the potentially riotous situation. Idol had been asked to remain at the store long enough to accommodate all those who had been waiting in subfreezing temperatures for signed albums. Nattily dressed, Bill Aucoin precedes Idol's late arrival by a few moments, chatting softly of his client's latest opportunities.

Suddenly Billy sweeps in, his near-sepulchral paleness enlivened for a change by a suntan, his aquiline nose burned—he has just spent a week relaxing in St. Thomas. Heedless of Trader Vic's dress code, he wears a maroon haik that cloaks his shredded black angora sweater, coquettishly baring one shoulder. The outfit is as calculated and iconoclastic as Aucoin's temperament and dress are decidedly conservative. The two men speak a few words to one another, with warmth and respect, the raw jerky explosiveness of Billy Idol complemented by the silken-mannered Aucoin. Indeed, one sees Billy Idol as Aucoin's prodigal son returned, tamed in a perceptible way. Aucoin zips off, telling Billy he will be at home later; Billy is left with the option of ringing him up at any hour he chooses.

The contrast is equally striking between Idol and the wrinkled Polynesian waiters who refill drinks and with shaky hands serve him his strict vegetarian regime of steamed vegetables, regarding him with beneficent curiosity. He orders a white-coconut-and-rum cocktail, which arrives in an iced glass shaped like a curvaceous woman, as the subject of his attitude toward women (as well as sex) is raised.

"I don't like people who demean sex," Billy says heatedly, looking at the glass. "Once a woman interviewing me asked if I had had any sexual failures . . . and I said, 'Look, basically, I don't think there's any failure—it's all success. I think it's only an element of degree how you get on with people.' One night you can be actually brilliant and the next night shit with the same person. . . . Sex isn't anything wonderful and magical, it's not anything terrible and awful. It's kind of in between. One night it's great having a wank, one night it's great screwing some bird, one night it's great getting a blow job. What's the big problem?"

As outspoken as he is about his sexuality, he still clings to his personal life, trying to ward off public scrutiny. He has been involved with Perri Lister for years. She is a former dancer with the group Hot Gossip, which performed weekly on the *Kenny Everett Show* in Great Britain. Although in America Billy is the celebrity, in England the couple have been featured in newspaper photographs with Billy referred to as "Perri Lister's boyfriend." It was Perri Lister who portrayed the bride in the *White Wedding* video.

In light of Billy's choice to live in America, the couple has had to face long periods of separation, their lives divided by careers bound respectively to each country and by those several-week stretches when Billy is on the road. Only recently has Perri seen the possibility of acquiring steady work, which would allow her to live in America on a permanent basis. As for Billy, he has sought companionship on a nightly basis for much of the three years he's spent in the United States.

"Look at those two birds," he remarks, "they've been looking at me. Are they young?" Suddenly growing sheepish, he says, "I don't know quite what to do tonight. I always feel like picking up some extra birds, for a laugh. That's my trouble. Perri's a great bird. She's really sexual, she is. I like girls who are really fucking wild. Cool birds are always a little bit way out. I'm sure *Penthouse* readers will like to hear Billy Idol says cool birds are way out. Even I'd want to read that."

Outside the Plaza, Billy waits for a cab among elegantly dressed men and women, suddenly made smaller by the hotel's opulence. People begin to smirk and frown at his bristled hair, his swaddle of shreds and cloaks. He seems out of place. But he is oblivious to such scornful attention.

What used to be clothing to him has now become costume; what used to be attitude has now become affectation. And this is probably not the last the Plaza Hotel will see of Billy Idol, a performer who has cleverly managed to survive. Maybe a year from now he'll want to dine at Lutece, which will require compromise: a sport coat. Perhaps the punk will slowly fall away, leaving just another fabricated rock star.

Let nothing come between you and true tobacco flavor.

JOB Cigarette Papers channel tobacco taste, never change it.

Show you have no taste.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Check or money order only. Illinois residents add 8% sales tax. Mail to "No Taste, c/o Republic Tobacco, 5100 North Ravenswood, Chicago, IL 60640."

☐ **T-shirt(s)**—$3.95, plus 2 booklet covers from JOB Cigarette Papers
Indicate Size ☐S ☐M ☐L ☐X

☐ **JOB 1.25—24 booklets** at $11.60 per box

☐ **JOB 1.5—24 booklets** at $11.60 per box

☐ **JOB sample kit** includes 3 different JOB booklets at $1.00

CIGARETTE JOB PAPERS

You must be over 21 to order. Offer good only in Continental U.S.A. and offer expires December 31, 1984.

Republic Tobacco
5100 N. RAVENSWOOD CHICAGO, IL 60640 (312) 728-1500

PH12

Give your lover something sexy to sing about!

What Xaviera Hollander has done for sexuality in her renowned book *The Happy Hooker* and in her columns for PENTHOUSE she now performs for your erotic listening pleasure. "Happily Hooked" is *the* titillating turn-on for liberated lovers! Use the handy order form below to order your copies of this collector's edition album in time for Christmas and birthdays. "Happily Hooked" is *not available in stores*. Order today! We'll be happy to include a card from you on all gift copies.

PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS, DEPT. LBA 169, P.O. BOX 6500, ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631

Yes! Please send me _____ copies of Xaviera Hollander's "Happily Hooked" collector's album. I have enclosed my check or money order in the amount of $9.95 plus $2.00 postage and handling (total $11.95) for each album.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Sorry, we cannot accept shipments to P.O. boxes.
I am over 18 years of age. Signature_____
All payments must be in U.S. currency. NJ residents add 6% sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

STERLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184

Sterling: I guess so. But year after year I've seen terrorism escalate, and now I see it being used far more successfully, as the Russians and the Syrians and Iranians realize how easy it is to manipulate us. I also see a badly uninformed public, which is less willing to make sacrifices for important principles and which is burdened by an extraordinary inertia in finding out what is happening. On the other hand I do see changes, most notably on the part of the administration. Since the Italian court released its findings on the role of Bulgaria in the papal assassination plot, people are starting to wake up. And following my story in the *Times*, when I was asked to the White House, I got the sense that for a number of key people in Washington it wasn't enough to explain away the CIA's bumbling as another bureaucratic hang-up. Also, CIA Director Casey has canned the Rome station chief and replaced the director of operations. The important thing was that the tone of this gathering was very much "We don't understand how this thing happened to us. We've got to find out and not let it go on happening." Myself, I still don't understand but feel at least that people at the topmost level are now trying to understand in a new way.

Penthouse: Who was at this meeting?

Sterling: The list read like the roster of the War Room, extraordinary people on an inner ministerial level. The new CIA director of operations, people from the National Security Council, from the attorney general's office, from the Department of Defense and the president's legal staff. We talked for two hours and they asked me to fill in background detail that I just couldn't pack into my report for the *Times*. They also wanted to know about how judicial procedure works in Italy and what kind of political pressures were on the Italian prosecutor.

Penthouse: Was there discussion about the administration—the whys and wherefores of its up-until-then silence on the Bulgarians?

Sterling: Yes, there was. Nobody in the room pretended to understand and I think they were genuinely baffled. They had just been given to understand that there wasn't enough for the judge to go on, and then they got this double whammy, and I think it shocked the hell out of them. "We can't let this go on happening," was their attitude, so I was encouraged. It was vindication of what I'd been saying all along, sure—but more to the point, I was encouraged. I'd been feeling so damned bruised and here they seemed to be taking a new look at the situation.

Penthouse: As would also be indicated by Secretary of State Schultz's statement two weeks earlier in which he spoke of dramatically reversing U.S. policy of remaining silent on terrorism. Ditto for Casey's transfer of the Rome station chief. Still, where do you see it all heading? Do you realistically expect a significant change of posture on the part of the administration?

Sterling: Well, just a few days after my piece appeared in the *Times* there was a personal statement by Reagan himself saying that he would welcome the possibility of a summit meeting with the Russians. It certainly hasn't shaken those who are making policy to the point where they are backing off anything, and I don't think they should back off anything. They say that when and if the Russians and Bulgarians turn out to be convicted in a court of law that this will have to mean something in their diplomatic relations. Remember, though, it's not only Schultz who has talked about state-supported terrorism. By now Jeanne Kirkpatrick and four or five other very important figures have named the Soviet Union as bearing responsibility. Even more promising, I think, is that now even the CIA has conceded as much, and this has come from Democrats as well. At the Second Conference on International Terrorism, sponsored by the Jonathan Institute last June, the same sentiments were being expressed by Arthur Goldberg, Gene Rostow, and even Alan Cranston. It's a new awareness brought on largely, I think, by the debacle in Lebanon.

Penthouse: Isn't there the danger, however, that "terrorism" may be a buzzword comparable to "Communism" or "Communist infiltration" as used by McCarthy? That, in waking up to what's happening, the administration may overreact?

Sterling: I agree, completely. There's definitely the threat that this can grow to menacing proportions. But we're in a grave situation because we can't not do anything. We have to react, recognize and identify the problem. It comes back to the public's understanding of the phenomenon. If the public really understands terrorism it won't stand still for a fascist reaction, what's commonly meant by police state control. Why? Because ultimately terrorism's whole purpose is to force democratic societies into calling out more cops. That's the essence of it; so, again, it comes back to dealing not only with terrorists but with ourselves. The press has been a major player in not informing us, both Democratic and Republican administrations have been misled as well, so we've been caught in a vicious circle. The only way out is an awareness of the problem—not panic and certainly not indifference. I may have an overinflated notion of the public's capability, but the higher the level of public awareness, the more chance you have of preventing the worst. Raising the right question: "How does a democratic society cope with this?" That's the only sound approach I can think of.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

and started to fingerfuck her. I decided that the bedroom was too far away and that I would have my way with her right on her living room floor. By this time she had my pants unbuttoned and was grabbing at my hard penis. She slid between my legs and put the head of my penis in her mouth. Within a minute she had almost all of my meat between her beautiful lips. I was in ecstasy.

I could not wait any longer and I exploded in her mouth, shooting what seemed like a gallon of my warm come into her throat. At this point we traded places and I positioned myself between her wet legs. Her legs were pulsating open and then would close around the sides of my head. It seemed like every time she opened her legs more of her love juices flowed into my already drenched face. She worked herself into a frenzy and right before she climaxed she pulled me on top of her and told me to "fuck her hard." My penis had recovered from its first adventure and was ready to try this woman's open cunt. I slid my penis into her lubricated vagina in one long stroke and proceeded to hump her. We both climaxed and then showered.

Afterward she explained to me how her second husband had died, leaving her a small fortune and no one to spend it on because she had no living family. Within the month I had quit my job and moved in with my queen. We have been traveling and fucking the hell out of each other for the past three years.

My problem is this. A few weeks ago I was rummaging through the attic and found some old pictures of her first husband. It seems her first husband and my father are the same person. I've been screwing my long-lost mother now for over three years. It seems she split right after I was born, not even waiting around until I was named. My feelings are confused to say the least. I'm dying to tell her who I am, but I fear it may change our relationship for the worse. Tell me, is there anything wrong with me for wanting to continue this relationship? Is fucking your mother really all that evil when it involves two consenting adults?—A. S.

Your story is not unique. It has its counterpart in Greek mythology. Briefly, a guy called "Oedipus" never knew his parents, and having grown up, he accidentally killed a man (Laius, king of Thebes) in a brawl without ever knowing that the victim was his own father. He then visited Thebes and solved the riddle of the Sphinx, the reward for which was the crown and the king's widow, Jocasta (who, of course, was Oedipus's mother). So without realizing it, poor Oedipus marries his own mom, and to make matters worse, they even had kids. Then came plague, famine, and all the traditional type of ancient disasters to Thebes and Oedipus decided he had to find the dead king's murderer. Of course when he came up with the fact that it was he himself, the shit hit the fan. As self-punishment he blinded himself, and his mother/wife hanged herself.

Hence the term "Oedipus complex" for a guy who falls in love with his mother. I think you are heading for disaster. Incest is considered a serious criminal offense in many countries of the world, including the United States. I sympathize with your mother. What 40-year-old woman could refuse a horny, good-looking 19-year-old boy? And what young man would not find a mature, experienced, and rich woman irresistible, even though she might be twice his age? It is an exciting experience in the growing-up process for young men, but it should stop there.

I suspect a lot of your sexual attraction to an older woman is caused by your motherless upbringing. I notice that not once in your letter do you use the word "love." I do not respect any young man who settles for the life of a gigolo.

Regardless of the world's opinion of your relationship, I think it would be wrong to continue it without telling the other party, your mother. The only consenting adult at the moment is you, as she is unaware that you are her son.

You are 22 and embarked on this affair at 19. You have really had very little experience in the world. Ignoring every other aspect, you are living at home with Mom and spending her money. I think it is high time you got off your ass and went into the world and got a job. When you are sufficiently independent, write her a letter explaining your true identity.

Between 50 and 100 Million Americans Suffer From . . .

HERPES

. . . And There Is No Cure!

But There Is Help.

HVS1+2 Topical Solution™ has been proven, in laboratory tests and clinical studies, to . . .

- **REDUCE FREQUENCY & SEVERITY OF HERPES OUTBREAKS.**
- **RELIEVE PAIN & DISCOMFORT.**
- **PROMOTE FASTER HEALING.**
- **INACTIVATE 99.9% OF HUMAN HERPES VIRUS WITHOUT ANY SIDE EFFECTS IN TESTED MEN AND WOMEN SUFFERERS.**

. . . AND IT IS AVAILABLE AT DRUG COUNTERS WITHOUT PRESCRIPTION!

If you suffer from herpes, or know of someone who does, call our toll-free number *1-800-4-HERPES for further information or if HVS1+2 is unavailable in your direct area.

THERE IS HELP FOR HERPES VICTIMS.

*in New York State, Call 516-454-9286
Chemi-Tech Labs, Inc., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

HVS 1+2™ THE SOLUTION

Sweet chastity
HERE—TAKE THIS AND COVER ME! THE HUMAN RACE HAS STRUGGLED HARD TO ACHIEVE A TINY VESTIGE OF CIVILIZATION! IT CAN'T ALLOW THE BARBARIANS AND VANDALS OF THIS WORLD TO DESTROY THE WORK OF SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS!
I'M GOING TO PUT AN END TO THIS!
TERRORISM AND REVOLUTIONARY VIOLENCE HAS INVADED THE PAGES OF PENTHOUSE. PERHAPS IT SERVES AS A WARNING TO US ALL TO BE ON OUR GUARD. OUT THERE IN THE HOSTILE WORLD THERE ARE LUNATICS AND FANATICS WHO WOULD EXPLOIT OUR NATURAL DESIRE FOR A QUIET AND PEACEFUL LIFE TO FURTHER THEIR OWN EVIL ENDS.....
AND HAVING STRUCK A HIGH MORAL TONE WE CONTINUE IN THAT VEIN.....
MY GOD! PEOPLE COULD GET KILLED IN COMIC STRIPS! IS NOWHERE SAFE FROM VIOLENCE NOW?
THAT GIRL IS A SAINT! SHE CARES—SHE REALLY CARES! JOAN OF ARC WAS NOWHERE COMPARED TO HER!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
RIGHT—COVER ME!
OKAY—OKAY! YOU'RE COVERED! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—GO!
ARE YOU WATCHING, FERRARO? SO WHO'S IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE FIGHT FOR A MORE PROMINENT POLITICAL ROLE FOR WOMEN?

HIGH ABOVE TRANSYLVANIA AIRPORT A PILE UP OF PLANES CARRYING PRESSMEN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, CIRCLES IMPATIENTLY.....
THEY CAN'T TREAT A SYNDICATED COLUMNIST LIKE THIS! TIME IS MONEY!
I'LL SUE THE CHARTER COMPANY IF I MISS THIS REVOLUTION!
THEY CAN'T HAVE A REVOLUTION WITHOUT T.V. COVERAGE!
I CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE MY TIME LIKE THIS — THERE MAY BE A BETTER REVOLUTION SOMEWHERE ELSE!
FLIGHT 247 TO GROUND CONTROL! MOVE YOUR ASS AND GET US DOWN — BEFORE WE FALL DOWN!
THEY NEVER TREATED US LIKE THIS IN LEBANON! THEY'D RUN IN THE ROAD AND GET 'EMSELVES SHOT TO APPEAR ON TELEVISION!

EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL. BE PATIENT. THE T.L.A. IS IN FULL CONTROL OF THE AIR-PORT!
IN A SHORT WHILE YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO LAND AND FILM THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION THAT HAS FREED THIS COUNTRY FROM A THOUSAND YEARS OF TYRANNY!
WHO THE HELL IS FIRING AT US OUT THERE?

WHAT THE HELL HAS HAPPENED TO THE BLACK WIDOW?
SHE SHOULD HAVE KILLED THE CROWN PRINCE AND FRANKENSTEIN BY NOW! WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THIS PLACE 'TIL WE GET WORD!

WE'VE GOT 'EM PINNED DOWN! NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS GET 'EM OUT OF THERE!
TRAFFIC CONTROL OFFICE
WE COULD COUNTER ATTACK.
ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS AIN'T MY REVOLUTION! I'M AN ADVISER!

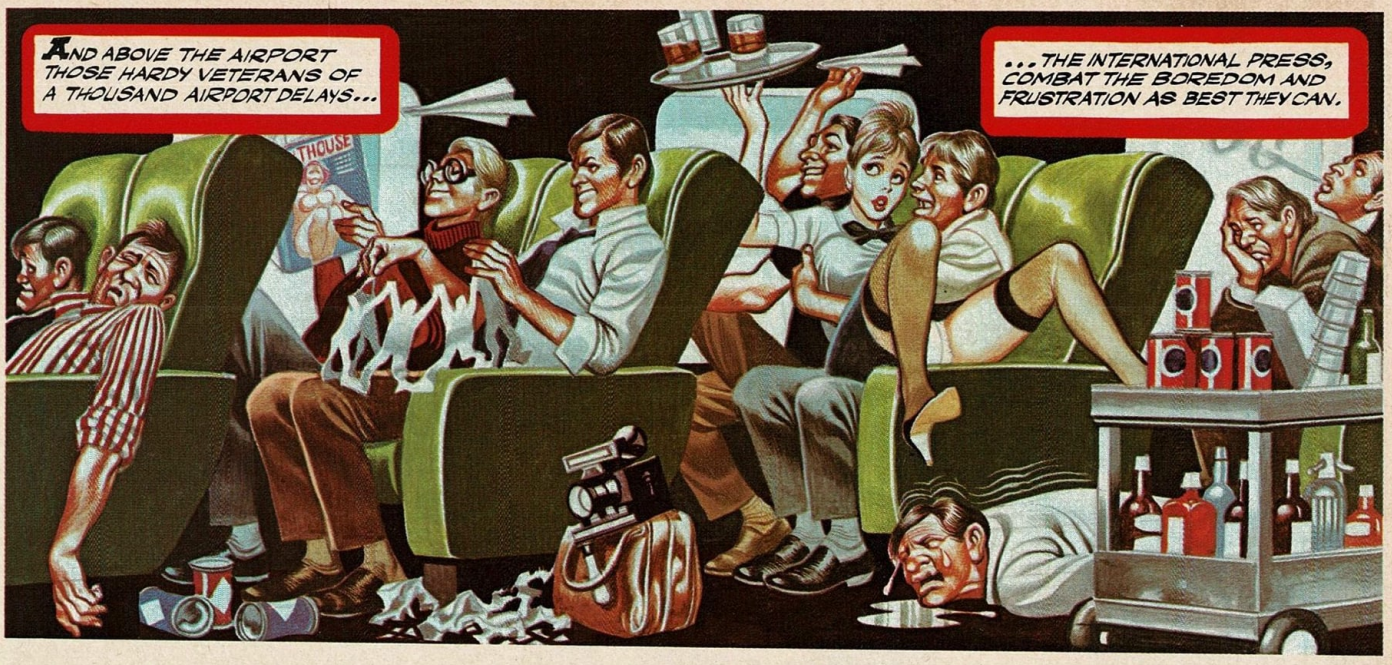
TRANSYLVANIA INT. AIRLINE
FUEL DEPOT
?
WHAT'S ALL THAT GUNFIRE GOING ON OUTSIDE!
NO SMOKING
THAT IS THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTIONARY ARMY LIBERATING THE DOWN-TRODDEN PEOPLE OF THIS DECADENT CAPITALIST IMPERIALIST COUNTRY!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE OUT OF YOUR MIND— LIBERATING THAT LOT!
YOUR CONTEMPT FOR THE PEOPLE IS TYPICAL OF YOUR INFIDEL IMPERIALIST RACIST POLITICS!
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED HAVING A POLITICAL DISCUSSION WITH A WEREWOLF?

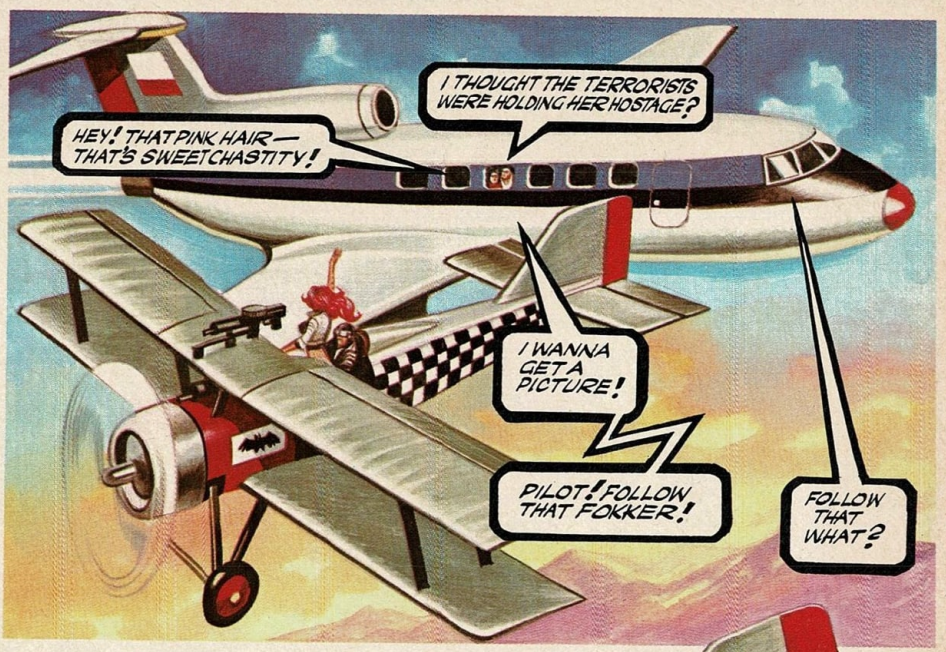
I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT DESPOTISM IS THE ONLY THING THAT WORKS HERE!
SAME THING IN YOUR PART OF THE WORLD, ISN'T IT?

YOU WIELD A MEAN SPANNER, SWEET CHASTITY!
YOU KNOW ME?
IS THERE ANY LIVING MALE WHO DOESN'T? MANFRED VON SPLITHOPEN, AT YOUR SERVICE!

IS THIS FOR REAL—OR HAVE THESE PEOPLE ESCAPED FROM AN ASYLUM?
IT'S FOR REAL! THERE HAS BEEN AN ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT!
IS THAT PLANE OF YOURS READY?
OF COURSE—I MAINTAIN IT MYSELF!
THEN PREPARE YOURSELF FOR SOME ACTION!
ACTION! REAL ACTION?
ALL MY LIFE I'VE WAITED FOR THE CALL TO ACTION!
A CHANCE TO TEST MY METTLE! THE ACRID SMELL OF GUNSMOKE! THE WHINE OF BULLETS!
WELL NOW YOU'VE GOT IT! LET'S GO!
YOU KNOW THIS IS ONLY A ONE SEATER?
CAN YOU COPE WITH THE JOYSTICK?
WHAT'S MORE TO THE POINT—CAN YOU?
HEY! WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THAT THING!


AND ABOVE THE AIRPORT THOSE HARDY VETERANS OF A THOUSAND AIRPORT DELAYS...
...THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS, COMBAT THE BOREDOM AND FRUSTRATION AS BEST THEY CAN.

I THOUGHT I'D EXPERIENCED ALL THE HORRORS OF IN-FLIGHT BOREDOM—BUT NOW I THINK I'M HALLUCINATING!
I DUNNO WHAT YOU CAN SEE, MAN—BUT I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I CAN SEE!


I THOUGHT THE TERRORISTS WERE HOLDING HER HOSTAGE?
HEY! THAT PINK HAIR—THAT'S SWEETCHASTITY!
I WANNA GET A PICTURE!
PILOT! FOLLOW THAT FOKKER!
FOLLOW THAT WHAT?

OOH! HEY— WHAT'S THIS?
IT'S CALLED A VICTORY ROLL!
THE KREMLIN ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS!
I AIN'T COMPETING WITH THAT KIND OF TECHNOLOGY!
I THINK I JUST JOINED THE MILE HIGH CLUB!
GIVE OR TAKE A FEW INCHES!
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOING?
WHATEVER IT IS —I WISH IT WAS ME!
COME ON— LET'S GO!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
THAT'S A SURRENDER FLAG DOWN THERE! YOU'RE ABOUT TO BECOME A HERO!
WELL, THAT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE — SOME MEN ARE BORN HEROES AND SOME MEN HAVE HEROISM THRUST UPON THEM! YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT MONTH!

THE 1985

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD

OUR MOST SENSUAL CATALOG TO DATE!

The all new EVELYN RAINBIRD catalog is our most sensual to date, with more enticing sex-oriented products than ever before.

The EVELYN RAINBIRD catalog has a huge selection of the very latest in marital aids that will stimulate anyone to the heights of passion... and the most erotic lingerie at very special prices.

The EVELYN RAINBIRD catalog offers products that make perfect gifts all year round.

To order send $3.00 in check or money order to: EVELYN RAINBIRD CATALOG, Dept. 160, P.O. 6500 Englewood, New Jersey 07631.

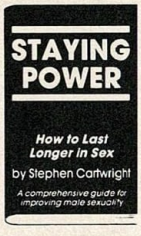
AND EVELYN RAINBIRD PRESENTS THE LADY ANNABELLE SENSUAL LINGERIE CATALOG FOR THE RUBENESQUE WOMAN. To order send $2.00 to: EVELYN RAINBIRD CATALOG, Dept. 160L, P.O. 6500 Englewood, New Jersey 07631.

SPECIAL OFFER:

$3.00 credit on your first offer with the EVELYN RAINBIRD CATALOG
$2.00 credit on your first offer with the LADY ANNABELLE CATALOG.

STOP PREMATURE EJACULATION!

Learn how to last longer in Sex!



Now any man can eliminate the embarrassing problem of premature ejaculation **PERMANENTLY** with Stephen Cartwright's "STAYING POWER". This is the first book *ever* to deal exclusively with ejaculatory control. With "STAYING POWER" you will learn the techniques that have taught countless men to last as long as they want to in sex.

FEATURES: *an easy to follow program that lets you learn sexual control at your own pace *and* in privacy *a helpful step-by-step guide to lead you to sexual success *a comprehensive format that makes "STAYING POWER" the most effective method available for improving male sexual performance.

IMAGINE *being able to last as long as you want to in sex.* **Never again** will you have to worry about coming too soon and leaving your partner frustrated and unsatisfied. With "STAYING POWER" you can: ***maximize your partner's satisfaction with sex** *maximize *your* enjoyment from sex ***boost your self-confidence with women** *and improve your relationships.

THIS IS IT, with "STAYING POWER" *you'll never have a problem with premature ejaculation again ... guaranteed!* It's cheaper than a dinner date - yet so much more important in impressing your lover. *Don't let yourself put up with a mediocre sex life any longer.* Order "STAYING POWER" *today!*

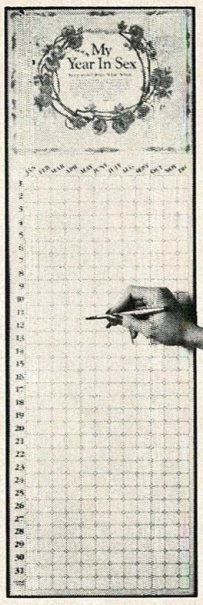
To order Stephen Cartwright's "STAYING POWER: HOW TO LAST LONGER IN SEX", send just $12.95 U.S. ($15.95 Can.) plus $1.00 shipping to **HARMONY PRESS, 3015 Blakiston Drive, Box 727, Station G, Calgary, Alta. Canada T3A-2G5,** Mastercard and VISA accepted. Books arrive in 2-4 weeks in plain wrapper to ensure your privacy. 60 Day Unconditional Guarantee.

Name _____ Street _____

City, State/Prov. _____ Zip/P.C. _____

☐ Mastercard Card No. _____ Expiry Date _____

the GIFT of Fun!



(Actual size 11" X 34" folds to 8½" X 11")

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

A perfect "fun" gift for loved ones, friends, business associates and yourself!

"My Year in Sex" . . . Now, record your best performances. Who. What. Where. How. Colorful, easy-to-use, start your year anytime, keeping score of, er, scores. (Hint. Buy one each for your favorite couple. Tell them to compare scores after a year.)

Fill out coupon. Or, send your name, address, etc., and quantity, along with check, money order, credit card number, exp. date. Then get ready! This is *your* year!

Only $4.98 each*

* MI residents add 4%, Canada add $2.00

Concept to Reality, Inc.
Department 101
P.O. Box 6280
Saginaw, MI 48608

I need _____ copies of "My Year in Sex"
Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ VISA ☐ MC
SIGNATURE _____
CARD NO _____ EXP DATE _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SWALLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

dent. "Beamish was a damn good coach."

"I'm sorry?"

O'Reilly chuckled. "Well, I guess we don't have to worry if it can last that long!"

The Russian stared at the screen. His heart started to beat quickly. The screen read: "Soviets attack Dallas. Nuclear." But it simply couldn't mean what it said. A NATO maneuver. At worst, a Warsaw Pact exercise. "What does that mean, Mr. President?" he asked, his voice tremulous.

"He was a good coach. Have you ever seen baseball?"

"On the screen now. What does that mean?"

"On the screen, you mean? Yes. Well, you tell your leader they'd better get the hell out of there. . . . Oh, shit! Holy fucking shit!" The president stumbled to his chair, crashed into it, picked up a red telephone. Surkov, standing up, heard a faint double echo, a rough Russian greeting, translated almost simultaneously into English. He heard O'Reilly growl, "Comrade, have you attacked Dallas?"

A mumble at the end of the line. "Yes, hello, Comrade," growled O'Reilly. "Are you attacking us?"

Surkov gripped the desk top to save himself from collapsing. Nausea swept through him; he thought his heart would burst out of his chest. The president slammed down the phone and sank back into his chair, his face chalk-white. "I can't believe it!" he said. "He joked with me! He said it had nothing to do with him personally, but he recalled something about it in *Izvestia*! But surely it was not important! Why was I phoning? I tell you, the guy was fucking playing with me!"

"I can't believe it! There must be some mistake," mumbled Surkov, dry-mouthed, pulling out a handkerchief and dabbing his sweating face. A terrible pain clenched at his heart; he crashed back into his chair.

"We must keep calm," said the president to himself. He pressed a button. Surkov saw a grave, deeply lined, gray-haired man in an American officer's uniform appear on the screen in place of the innocuous-looking, dreadful message.

"Hello, Vane," rapped the president. "Is there a Red ICBM on its way to Dallas?"

"Hello, Mr. President, what can I do for you? We have a slight communications problem here. An electrical storm, interference. I guess we may not have vision for very long." Surkov saw the general glance at his watch.

"Is this a false alarm?"

The general looked puzzled. "No, we've no evidence of it."

"Shit! How long have we got? Is this the big one?"

"I guess it must be, sir."

"How long have we got, Vane?"

VIDEO PRICE BREAK!

60-90 Minute Features for $29.95-$39.95

Take advantage of these fantastic prices NOW! Each super-hot sexual video cassette is a first quality original in full vibrant color and sensual sync sound. Each individual cassette is a full 60-90 minutes in length and is filled with explicit, uncensored sexual action as performed by beautiful young starlets and handsome well-endowed super studs. So, don't wait. Act NOW!

ONE HOUR SHORTS-$29.95 ea.

3-6 Short Subjects-1 hr. running time

#983 SHORTS-4: Six features including a high society girl, an anal cl-ass reunion, an oriental delight, a gardener plows his mistress 3-ways and Bunny begs for mercy but loves it.

#982 SHORTS-15: Two girls make a sailor very happy, a cowboy hitches his saddle to a bucking nympho,and a cheerleader shows her boyfriend what she does for the entire team.

#981 SHORTS-5: Six features including Swedish girl and black stud, housewife and doctor, Georgia takes two at a time, eating out, and a fast, furious blonde who can't get enough.

#980 SHORTS-26: A farm girl satisfies her anal desires with the hired hands in the barn, Ingrid's well-endowed boyfriend fills her desires, and a Peeping Tom replaces Shelly's dildo

#979 SHORTS-9: Five features including Sailor and Babysitter, Cowboy on the chicken farm, Dr. Flasher's house calls, and the Dirty Preacher's threesome.

#978 SHORTS-33: A beautiful heiress uses her butler and maid sexually. Plus, a sky diver lands in Amanda's back yard, and a sex-starved sugar babe gets satisfied.

#976 SHORTS-50: Billy gives Crystal a double-up sandwich with their well-endowed neighbor, a kinky guy experiments on his lover, and sexercises you'll enjoy.

#975 SHORTS-53 Two girls tie-up and tease a young stud until he reaches a climax, plus the doctor cures a redhead and two young couples swing and swap.

90 MINUTE FEATURES-$39.95 ea.

#990 TAXI GIRLS—Nancy Suiter, Serena, and some hookers start a cab company and keep the meter running while they make John Holmes and Jamie Gillis give'em big tips!

#989 LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY—After a motorcycle gang uses little Rhonda Jo, an artist takes her in . . .into his bed with all his other models.

#988 HEAVENLY DESIRE—A big black devil commands Seka and Serena to change a sorority house filled with young virgins into a whore house. Once they start, no one can turn 'em off.

#986 PEACH FUZZ—Lisa looks so young, they call her "Peach Fuzz". This boiling hot sex kitten is a sensuous woman and all the fellas take advantage of her.

#985 ONE LAST SCORE—Many sexy women give their all hustling for Big Al in a beautiful outdoor paradise. These sexy nymphs will do anything but it's not enough.

#984 THE AWAKENING OF EMILY—The football team captain becomes teacher's pet. He turns this frustrated lady and her incredible body into a perpetual sex machine.

#991 LINGERIE—Scantly clad high-fashion models don't let their male co-workers rest for more than a minute. See plenty of sex, sex, sex in the intimate apparel business.

#992 SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—3 beautiful girls go camping out. Ranger Jim and Derek rub their sticks all over them and start a sexual forest fire you'll never forget.

$33 ea.
ORIGINAL 60-MINUTE SPECIALS

#997 COED FANTASY—Sex in the Frat house with the dean's wife in a 2-man sandwich, a black maid initiating a recruit, bedding a campus virgin.

#996 18 & ANXIOUS—Betsy wants action, so she joins a troupe of female wrestlers who perform sex for men with strange fetishes.

#999 SEXERCISE CLINIC—The doctor gives his patients giant anal sex, double insertion, etc. Nymphomaniacs are his specialty.

#998 THE GOODBYE GIRLS—Collecting debts is no problem with a bevy of beautiful girls who satisfy customers, no holes barred. Hot sex.

#995 LENNY'S COMEBACK—Class reunion flashback of beautiful cheerleaders making it with the football captain, "yell" coach, and class tycoon.

#994 WAY DOWN DEEP—A comedian has so many lovers that his friends must make love to them all so he can find the niece of a mafia enforcer before it's too late.

#993 GO YOUR OWN WAY—As their 5th anniversary present, he gives it anally to a young housewife, she gets her 1st black man. Lots more sex.

© 1984 CMG, Inc. 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, CT 06903

21st Century Products, Dept. RMJ444, P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, CT 06907

Sirs: I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! (N.Y. & CT. res, add sales tax.)

ONE HOUR SHORTS-$29.95 each
90-MINUTE FEATURES-$39.95 each
60-MINUTE SPECIALS-$33.00 each
(Fill in item #'s below) & check either: ☐ VHS(VH) or ☐ Beta (BT)

#	#	#
#	#	#
#	#	#

Video Total $ _____
N.Y. & CT. Tax _____
P & H $3.25 each/3 or more $9.75 _____
Total Enc. $ _____

NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!
I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it-to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including explicit material.

Signature _____
Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms. _____
Address _____ Zip _____
City _____
State _____
☐ Master Card ☐ Visa Account # _____
Exp. Date _____

VOID OUTSIDE U.S. AND WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

CONVERSATION WITH GIRLS IS AN ART!

- Money, fine clothes, and expensive cars are impressive. But the man who is good at **TALKING** to girls is always the most successful socially.
- Author John Christie shows many new approaches in his popular new book.
- Learn how to open up exciting conversations anywhere, anytime, with strangers (or with girls you've already met).
- Men often strike-out with girls because they just can't think of anything suitable to say. So, this book is loaded with conversation material to fit any situation. Applied Psychology discussion, a collection of the best "pick-up" techniques known, and lots of other useful information. A great way to polish up conversation techniques. This is a serious self improvement book and definitely the best work available on this subject.
- Selling heavily worldwide. Current edition in paperback.

SEND $9.95 ($7.95 + $2.00 shipping) by check or money order to:

Cragg Publishing Inc.
Box 6167 (Dept. 6), Arlington, Va. 22206

Please rush my copy of "Do You Come Here Often?"

Name _____

Address _____

Zip

* Orders accepted on any suitable stationary.
* Money-back guarantee.
* Customers outside U.S.A. welcome, but must make payment by Bank-Draft or money order in U.S. DOLLARS, and include extra $3.00 for special shipping.
* All orders shipped in sealed, plain packages.

Sexual Photo Books!

295 **Illustrated Guide to Sexual Pleasures** — Step-by-step, in over 200 close-up photographs, you will discover all the many ways to make your sex life more exciting and pleasurable. Nothing is taboo. $9.95
292 **Interracial Sex** — No longer taboo, you'll see black and white together in over 100 full color and black and white photos that will show you the varieties, attractions, and the erotic lure of forbiddenlove. Explicit and complete. Only $9.95
325 **The Ultimate Kiss** — Over 200 close-ups in this 8½" x 11" photo guide to performing cunnilingus and fellatio. Includes all the pleasures, techniques and beauty of oral love. Just $9.95
579 **John Holmes For Hire** — See him do it to Kitten, Candy, Seka, Uschi, Nancy & Bobbie. $7.00
529 **Diamond Collection** — Interracial film classics and young girls with older men. $15.00
389 **Climax Lovers** — 2-on-1, fantasies, all creamy in 76 color pgs. $10.00
501 **Too Hot to Stop** — Two boys and a girl do it all. Boy-boy, boy-girl, threesome. $13.50
624 **Solo Oral Love** — Scott Taylor shows you every way to do-it-yourself in full-color, $13.50
581 **Thrust** — Three young men turn-on by themselves, with each, and all together. $8.50
396 **Ball Busters** — Handsome Chris, big Vic and passionate Curt in bed, grass, shower. 88 color pgs. $12.50
009 **Buddies** — 100 creamy color pgs. of 7 men in all-male action. $30.00
180 **Lesbian Lovers** — Over 200 sexy ladies do it all to each other and a toy or two. $6.00
575 **Overload** — Ten men do it all. Lots of torrid man to man action. $30.00
034 **Tubs** — 100 color pgs. of 6 hot men doing it all with each other, in groups, etc. $25.00
506 **Girls Who Love Their Toys** — 100 sizzling color pgs., boy-girl, 2 girls-boy, 1, 2, & 3 girls, with toys. $25.00
621 **Lesbian Bondage** — Ropes, gags, restraints, and leather in all girl pain & pleasure. $6.00
567 **Oral Urges** — Lee and Bob do it on the patio and in the hot tub in full color. $15.00
440 **Hot, Wet and Wild** — From virgin honeymooners to experienced threesomes. $15.00
426 **Foxy** — Seka 2-on-1, a sex starved couple, and old man with young girl, 64 color pgs. $15.00
684 **Double Dynamite** — 100 color pgs. 2 cousins discover each other and execs pick up a hitchhiker. $25.00
518 **Hard Leather** — 8 tough and smooth young men with leather garments and devices. $25.00
248 **Satin Dolls** — 17 girls in lace undies turn on. 200 photos. $6.00
520 **Superstar Sex** — 231 photos of X-rated stars demonstrating every sexual act. $12.95
150 **Photo Guide to Sexual Intercourse** — Over 1500 photos, 50 couples. Printer's error sale. $2.95
319 **Masturbation** — See hundreds of women and men masturbating themselves and each other. $14.95
383 **Orally Yours** — 192 pgs. of oral sex in groups, interracially, lesbian, at the office, etc. $4.95
432 **Anal Frenzy** — Blonde and delivery boy, housewife and gardener in backdoor action. $8.50
587 **Sting** — Paddles, hair brushes, and naked hands punish beautiful derrieres. $6.00
195 **Step Sisters** — 2 Beautiful young girls do it all for you individually and together in full color. $7.50
179 **Men of Arena** — Individual wet 'n wild performances by 3 gay young hunks. 48 full color pgs. $8.50
591 **Foot Teasers** — A foot fetishist's delight, putting your foot into it. onto it, all over it. $6.00

© 1984 CMG, Inc. 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903

21st Century Products, Dept. 9MJ444
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find my check, M.O., M.C. or Visa information. Please rush me in a plain wrapper the item(s) indicated below under your 30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE (N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax) Void outside U.S.

NOTICE! SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!
I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____

Book Total _____
N.Y. & Ct. tax _____
Add $1.50 p&h per item _____
TOTAL: _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
[ ] M.C. [ ] Visa (min. $20) Exp. _____
Acct. # _____
Bank or Org. issuing card _____

"I guess three–four minutes. The big what? The main computer?"

"Then what do you suggest we hit?"

"As I said, Mr. President, about three minutes now. But as regards to any nuclear threat, we've no indication. . ."

"Three–four minutes. . . Can't you be more precise?"

"Don't hit anything. As I said, we've no indication of any nuclear attack or preparation for one, Mr. President."

"Jesus Christ, three minutes! I'm going for Rostov and Tbilisi. Good–bye, Vane."

O'Reilly pressed the button, and the general blanked out. The fateful words returned. Surkov, who had for a few moments blanked out like the general's worried face, came round hazily to a babble of commands through an intercom. Where was Mako?. . .Where was the vice president? Send for the first lady. . . . SAC on Red Alert.

Mako, still in his jogging outfit, was urging the president to hold back. O'Reilly was not listening. The Russian remembered Mako's advice about the president's slow responses. O'Reilly's brain was trying to keep pace with the second hand of his watch, but was failing. The talk of Rostov and Tbilisi made Surkov undergo another cramp of nausea. His second wife, Yevgeniya, lived in the Georgian capital; and Katya was working in Rostov.

"Not Rostov and Tbilisi, Mr. President," he beseeched. "Why not Kiev and Voronezh? Kiev would be a much more terrible blow."

"Fetch my wife, Mako. Ask her what the hell's keeping her." Mako loped out. "Kiev and Voronezh?" said the president. "No, we agreed on Tbilisi if we ever got into this situation. Fuck, we've got a minute and twenty seconds, roughly." He zigzagged ponderously around the room again, rubbing his chin. "Maybe Tbilisi and Kiev, that's not a bad idea. . . . Okay."

Surkov heaved a thankful sigh. Katya would be all right. As for Yevgeniya, he had tried. Anyway, she would not pauperize him anymore with her demands for alimony.

The president's wife arrived. She had hair curlers in. "What's wrong?" she asked, anxious, fumbling nervously with a pearl earring.

"What kept you?" shouted the president. "We've got one hell of a crisis. The Russkies have launched an ICBM on Dallas."

"Oh my God!" Mrs. O'Reilly's wrinkled eyes spilled tears.

An officer carrying a handbag—well, it had looked to Surkov like a handbag, though now that he saw it for the second time he realized it was not—stood at attention near the president.

"Mako's looking for you, Wanda," shouted the president. "Why is nobody around when I need them? Where the fuck is Mako? There has to be two of us. Wanda, you'll have to step in. I guess the first lady can do in an emergency." He fumbled in a drawer and produced a key. He dug into a trouser pocket and took out a second key. "Put the bag on the desk," he ordered the young officer. The officer complied. The president's clumsy hand fumbled. "Kiev and Tbilisi," he muttered. "That's it! Wanda, put your key in there and turn it when I've counted to three."

The president and his wife stood side by side behind the desk, their hands together in the case. O'Reilly stared at his wristwatch. Surkov staggered round the office, in a daze. Passing in front of the screen, he saw that the words had changed slightly. They were saying: "Soviets attack Dallas—unclear." Then, even as he stared, the message flickered to: "Soviets attack Dallas—confirmed."

"Mr. President! Look at the screen!" he screamed, only in Russian, and at that moment Mako, stooping to get through the door, rushed in. "It's a false alarm, Mr. President!" he cried, but in a faint, choked voice. "It was just a piece in today's *Izvestia* about our television programs. Capitalist trash—that kind of thing. No crisis!"

Staring at the president and the first lady, Surkov recalled none other than his friend Bliudich telling him at Sheremetyevo Airport that he had written a punchy

MICHAEL SALEM'S BOUTIQUE

A DIVISION OF MICHAEL-SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.

LOOK FOR OUR FUTURE ADS IN FORUM & VARIATIONS

FOR IN PERSON PURCHASES VISIT OUR BOUTIQUE LOCATED AT 328 E. 53rd ST. BETWEEN 1st AND 2nd AVES, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS AND STORE INFORMATION CALL: (212) 371-6877 OR (212) 986-1777

TO CALL STORE DIRECTLY, CALL (212) 319-8897

Soon to open in Florida Another Michael Salem Boutique Call for details

(#501-1)
2 pc. HAREM OUTFIT
Sexy Halter Embroidered top. Red, Plum, Black, White. Sizes S,M,L,XL.
$32.99

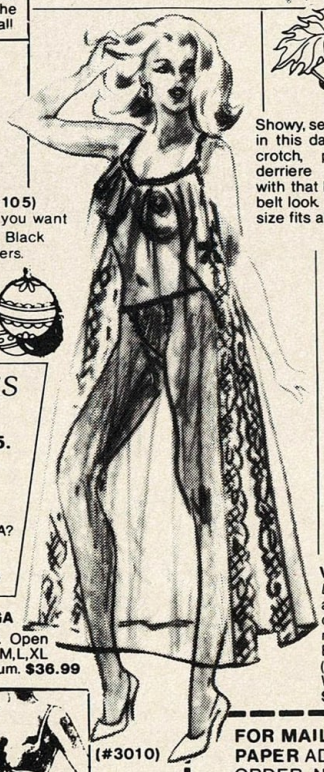
(#968) Black, Beige, White.
FOR HIPS & DERRIERE THE PADDED PANTY
Adds instant curves to your figure Sizes S,M,L,XL **$29.99**

TREASURE CHEST (#108)
New improved strap-on treasure chest. Changes your entire appearance with a soft, pliable "Real Latex" torso. Easy to put on, light, comfortable and washable. Nude. One size fits all. ~~$99.95~~
NOW $69.99

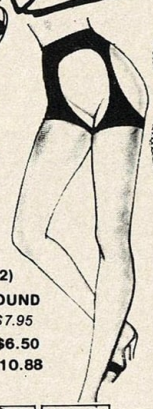
$15 pr.
LITTLE LIES (#104)
Life-like nipples and soft 'nude-look' rubber breast pads feel *natural* to the touch. One size fits all

SATIN CINCHER (#105)
Pulls you in where you want to be slim. White, Black w/removable garters. Sizes 24-40.
Reg $47.50
NOW $39.99

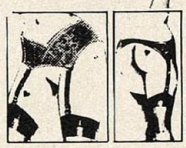
WAIST NIPPERS (#007)
This sensuous Baby Doll Waist-Nipper garter & girdle with convenient snap open for that come-and-get-it look! Side hook, step in. All over lace detachable garters. White or Black. Sizes 24-34.
$39.99



Showy, sexy cut-outs in this daring open-crotch, peek-a-boo derriere pantyhose with that bold garter belt look. Black. One size fits all (up to 5'9")



(#5682)
EARTHBOUND
Reg. $7.95
NOW $6.50
2 for $10.88

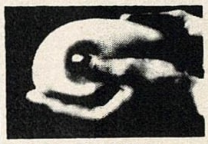


VENUS GARTER BELT (#106)
Lush Lace hooks easily in back and has *adjustable garter.* The open "Peek-A-Boo" rear is dynamite. Pink, Lemon, Beige, Red, Black & White. Sizes S (22-25), M (26-27), L (28-30) **$15.99** XL Waist Sizes (32, 34, 36, 38, 40) **$19.99** Red or Black only.

WICKED WIGS
FOR MEN & WOMEN

(#903)
~~$89.99~~
Special
$59.99
One size fits all. Your choice of color.

THE LONGEST SHOWGIRL WIG



(#1710) SILICONE TYPE DESIGNED BREAST
Will fit directly into the cup of a proper-fitting bra and worn directly against the skin. Looks and feels natural. Sizes A,B,C,D Nipples included.
Reg. $375.00 per set
Grand Opening Special $200.00

VIDEO TAPES
$89.95
Special **2 for $175.**
T1-SLAVE MANSION
T2-TRANSVESTITE CASTLE
T8-GLEN OR GLENDA?
T12-A LADY AT LAST
Specify Beta or VHS

FULL LENGTH TOGA
(#712-1) With panty. Open sides with lace trim. S,M,L,XL White, Black, Red, Plum. **$36.99**

(#3010)
SEXY FRONT CLOSING BRA SIZES A32-36, B32-38, C34-40. Black, White or Beige
$15.99

(#9121) 6" SPIKE HEEL
$179.99
Classic pump, superior quality patent leather. Black or Red. Sizes 5 - 13½ Indicate Male or Female Shoe size.

Romance your love life with these outrageous Marabou slippers. Sensuous to the feel and touch. A must for your boudoir. Daring almost 4" heel. Red, Black. $49.95.

(#9152)
Marabou

EXPOSED (#112)
Nylon open nipple bra - open crotch panty set. Black, Red, Purple. Sizes S-M-L **$14.99** XL **$25.99**

(#7250)
BARELY NOTHING
Sheer, nylon enticer is the easiest little garment to slip in and out of with *Peek-A-Boo* nipples. Bare back, derriere and exposed crotch. Purple or Black. Sizes S, M, L.
$16.99

hair away is pleasant and effective
ELIMINATE HAIR with a unique formula that penetrates hair follicles. Fragrance-free formula in a handy roll-on applicator lets you rid yourself of unwanted hair quickly, easily in the privacy of your home. For men or women. 2.5 fl. oz. **RC0101, $11.95, 2 for $21.00**

Stockings

SPECIALTY ITEMS -
OPEN CROTCH (#115) panty hose **$8.99** in Black & Beige. One size fits all. XL for Men **$11.99** Black, Navy, Brown.

SHEER OPAQUE (#201) Sexy thigh-high stockings, have soft elastic that stay-up without garterbelts. One size fits all. Black, Brown, Navy. **$10.99**

BLACK FISHNET STOCKINGS (#3077) One size fits all. **$11.99**

OPERA HOSE (#117) Approx. 42" long. Sizes 8½ - 13 Black, Off Black, Beige. **$9.50 pr.-2/$16.99**

SEAMED STOCKINGS (#122) for that ultra sexy look Sizes 8½ - 13 long. Black, Beige, Taupe. **$10.99**

BLACK LACE TOP (#118) Stockings. One size fits all. **$11.99**

OVERNIGHT EXPRESS SHIPMENT, DOMESTIC $75. FOREIGN $150.

FOR MAIL ORDERS, USE SEPARATE PAPER ADD $3.75 SHIPPING PER ORDER. N.Y. State Residents add sales tax as applicable. If you are not certain of your size when ordering PLEASE STATE WAIST____ BUST OR CHEST____ HIPS____

MAIL TO:
MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC.
PO Box 1781, Dept. P1284
FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10150

VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS

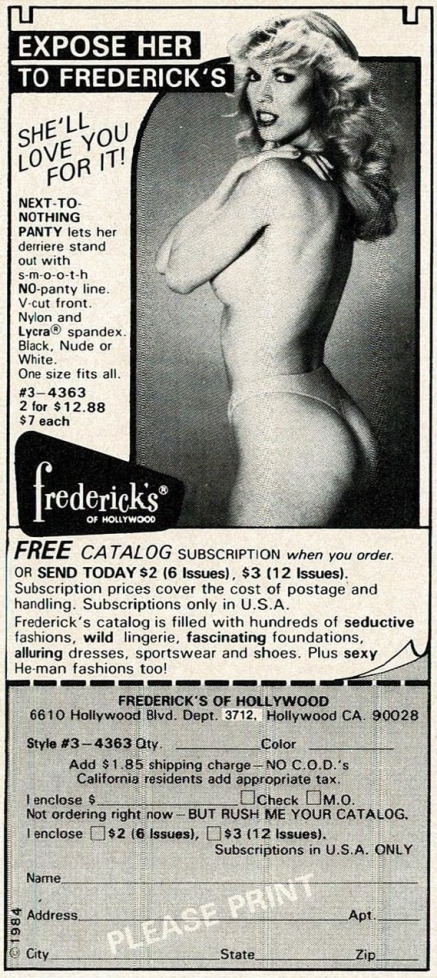
Check Catalog(s) Desired:
- ☐ Exotic Boutique Catalog Subscription ($5.00) *(deductible from first order)*
- ☐ Sexual Aids Catalog ($10.00)
- ☐ Transvestite Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Transvestite & Rubber Clothing Catalog ($15.00)
- ☐ Bondage Fiction Books *Reg. $8.50 ea.* 3/$11.00
- ☐ Catalog of Restraints ($15.00)
- ☐ EXCITING BOOK by MICHAEL SALEM *How to impersonate a Woman* ~~$49.95~~ ***Holiday Special!*** **$24.99**

New! ☐ Information On Private Clubs, Parties, Entertainment, etc. $15.00

I enclose $_____ in ☐cash ☐check ☐M.O.
Airmail USA add $5.00 Foreign add $15.00

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
I am over 21 years of age SIGNATURE:

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER - OUR NAME DOES NOT APPEAR ON RETURN ADDRESS



piece on the so-called "freedom" of American television, concentrating on the popular soap opera *Dallas*.

"One-two-three!" growled the president, as Mako and Surkov stood transfixed in the center of the office. The keys turned.

"Jesus Christ!" groaned Mako, subsiding into a chair.

O'Reilly also collapsed into his chair, covering his face with his hands. His wife sat down on his lap and put her arms around him. Surkov sat. The young officer stood at attention.

"You say they attacked the TV program, Mako?"

"Yes, sir. It was just a small item in *Izvestia*."

"Fuck."

"You weren't to know," his wife said, smoothing his disheveled red hair, her scrawny neck quivering, her eyelids wet. With her face sinking against his, her hair curlers touched his cheek and he jerked away.

The quavery voice of General Vane filled the office; the screen had replaced the Dallas message with "NORAD Headquarters—sound only."

"Mr. President, they're hitting Houston, Boston, San Francisco, and Detroit."

"Hello, Vane. What a fucking balls-up!"

"What do we strike, Mr. President?"

"Shit! Detroit, too? There goes our auto industry. . .and cousin Beth in Boston. . . What do we hit?"

"Hello, Mr. President. What do we go for?"

"Moscow and Leningrad."

Surkov leapt to his feet. "No, please, Mr. President! Not Moscow! Think of my little boy!"

"I suggest we hit Moscow and Leningrad, Mr. President," said the spectral voice.

"As I said, go for Moscow and Leningrad. . . No, wait a moment—what's that, Mr. Surkov? Well there's something to be said for backing off a little. And then, of course, they wouldn't strike at. . . They'd probably be content with New York. Vane! Just Leningrad."

"I'm glad you agree, Mr. President. Moscow and Leningrad."

"Just Moscow, General Vane. I mean, just Leningrad."

"Leningrad. Very well, Mr. President. Though it may be taken as a sign of backing off. But very well. Now take my advice, sir, and get your arse out of there pretty damn quick!"

Surkov wept with relief. They could have the Hermitage, the Winter Palace, all of it, so long as Petya was spared.

"Now let's get our arses moving!" snapped the president. He eased the first lady from his lap. "Mako, stop gaping! Mr. Surkov, you can see this is where the buck stops. I'm afraid you'll have to take your chances. It's been good talking to you."

Far under flattened Washington, O'Reilly was listening to General Vane on a crackly radio and sipping coffee. Mako, still in his red track suit, was pacing agitatedly around the operations center. Other aides were rushing about, looking purposeful. "Blue" White, the famous evangelist, was kneeling, and murmuring prayers.

"Shall I freshen it up?" asked the first lady, lifting the coffeepot in the president's direction.

"Hello, Vane," the president was saying. "How is it going?"

"Can you hear me, Mr. President?"

"Shall I freshen up your coffee, dear?"

"Hello, Vane."

"It's not going too badly, Mr. President. Their last attack took out a couple of ghost towns in Arizona—Pearce and Tombstone—but nobody got killed except a few billion tarantulas. Frankly, I don't see any point in responding. There's not much to go for. We'd have to start in on the less friendly Third World countries!" General Vane's bleak chuckle mixed with the static. "Maybe India!"

"Do that. I'm really enjoying this. I've re-acquired a taste for it." The president held out his coffee cup and the first lady, holding the coffeepot in both shaking hands, gratefully obliged.

"Hello, Mr. President. Did you hear me?"

"Okay, Vane, I don't think Mother Teresa would appreciate that. Call a halt."

"Okay, Mr. President. You're the boss. We'll hit Calcutta and Bombay."

"I hear you, Vane."

The crackle stopped as General Vane switched off his radio. The president said, "You can still make great coffee, sweetheart!" and his wife's face lit up.

Mako strode around with increasing desperation. He could see there was something wrong with the president. His keen Princeton-trained mind had worked it out that the man's slowing down brain could only respond to the last question but one: a strange condition that had simultaneously affected General Vane. It was a senile condition; it could be brought on by some shock to the system or even by violent atmospheric conditions (the thunderstorm at NORAD). Cormorant, the White House doctor, would probably have diagnosed it more quickly, and then he, Mako, could have stepped in. But the doctor had been screwing his mistress in Charlottesville when the unreal crisis had blown up, and when trying to drive back had got caught in the crazy exodus. He was now, presumably, no more.

Without medical authorization, it was against all the values Mako held dear to incite a mutiny against the president. Especially since he gave every appearance of firm command. The obsessional way in which he grated two ball bearings in his hand could scarcely be regarded as evidence of mental derangement; and since General Vane's responses, equally confused, were muddling up O'Reilly's confusion, no one else on the team appeared to have noticed anything.

After the Soviets had nuked Alice Springs and Vane informed them that every single American missile and bomb had been employed or destroyed by the enemy, O'Reilly embraced his wife, shook hands with everyone else, and ordered them into the underground swimming pool. The O'Reillys, holding hands, jumped in first. In the water they all, evangelist included, changed into lithe, twisting shapes.

O'Reilly nudged a button at poolside with his nose; with a rumble the roof parted, creating an aperture. One after another the great lithe shapes shot out vertically, their jagged-toothed jaws open, straight up through the silo.

They all aimed for small towns or villages, in Africa, Asia, South America, chosen for them by the president, out of the *Reader's Digest* atlas. In mid-flight White, the evangelist, made a self-correction and a few minutes later immolated himself at Bethlehem. Thirty-six of the thirty-eight ICBM's landed in the correct place. The remaining missile, the first lady, wobbled, went awry, and came down on the site of an ancient Roman town near an erupting volcano—a flattened coastal city. OH

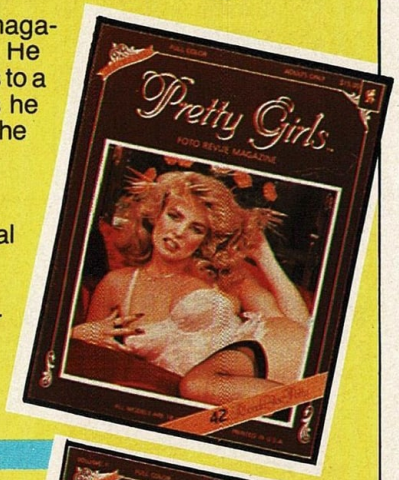
This novel is to be published by Viking-Penguin, Inc. and by Lester and Orpen Dennys Ltd., in Canada.

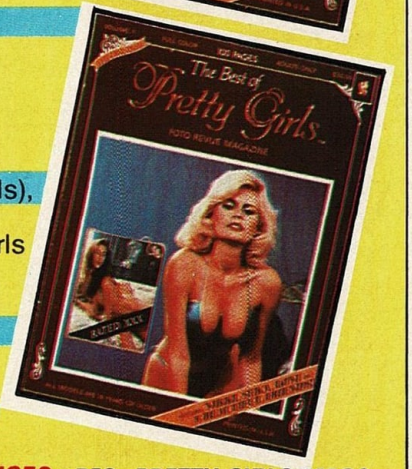
Pretty Girls Are Back

To the creator of Pretty Girls films and magazines pornography was never a dirty word. He elevated the realm of sexually explicit visuals to a high art by virture of the ravishing beauties he employed as actresses and models. When he died in 1982 it was believed that his style would pass with him.

But Pretty Girls magazines are back . . . under the direction of a dynamic new editorial and art staff who promise to maintain the same high standards.

Yes, it's hardcore. Yes, it's deliciously sinful. But the girls . . . *the girls* will take your breath away. Which only goes to show that pretty girls do it, too. And *our* Pretty Girls can be your personal fantasies come true.





NOW AVAILABLE

#42. Featuring Rhonda Jo Petty
#43. Featuring Sheri
#44. Featuring Pam & Racheile
#45. Featuring Cheryl & Riva in a blistering 3-way.

BONUS BOOKS (The Best of Pretty Girls), each containing min. 100 color pages.)

Vol. 1 Nikki, Seka, Loni & other Pretty Girls
Vol. 2 Nancy Suiter, Marianne, Dawn, Jinx & Jill

AVAILABLE SOON

In December: Bonus Book Vol. 3. In January: #46. In February: #47.

ALSO AVAILABLE

Back issues from #1-41. Because quantities are mixed, and some issues are sold out, we cannot promise specific issues. Let us choose the issues and you save a bundle.

PRICES • **REG. PRETTY GIRLS MAGS** ($15 in stores)1st mag, $9. Ea add'l., $7
THE BEST OF PRETTY GIRLS ($30 in stores) 1st Bonus Book, $19. Each add'l., $14 • **BACK ISSUES** 1st Back Issue, $7. Each add'l., $6

Send to: Dynamite Distributors,
Dept. PG-1 Box 763 • Van Nuys, CA 91408

Please Print

Name _____

Addr. _____

_____ Zip_____

Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

Sign. _____

Signature & street address req. on bank card orders. $1 surcharge on bank card orders. COD handling fee is $4. Failure to pay COD results in loss of deposit. Checks verified before shipment.

CHECK ITEMS DESIRED
Reg. Pretty Girls
☐ PG #42 ☐ PG #43 ☐ PG #44
☐ PG #45 ☐ PG #46 ☐ PG #47
The Best of Pretty Girls
☐ Vol. 1 ☐ Vol. 2 ☐ Vol. 3
Back Issues (Quan. desired)_____

Order Total $_____
In Cal. add 6½% sales tax $_____
P & H ($1 1st mag. 50¢ ea. add'l) $_____
Amount Due $_____

METHOD OF PAYMENT
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ Visa
☐ M.C. ☐ C.O.D. ($5 dep. req.)

60 MINUTE Video FEATURETTES
ONLY $25.!
WHEN YOU PURCHASE ALL THREE

☐ ✓ VOL 1 Starring Cara Lott & Tina Marie
☐ ✓ VOL 2 Starring Cody Nicole & Laurie Smith
☐ ✓ VOL 3 Starring Janey Robbins, Erica Boyer & Tracey Donovan

If you've paid $99 each for Video Tapes you didn't buy from us! NOW at a Price that you can Afford, the Most Explicit Video Tapes ever produced. Famous PORNO Lovelies & Gorgeous New Models Perform Every Act, Combination & Variation. Just For You! So, why rent when you can buy at these Fantastic Prices! Note: All new customers automatically qualify for future offerings at Tremendous Savings!

Moneyback Guarantee
All Video's Are Approx. 60 Minutes Each. Full Color & Sync Sound. 100% Uncensored Action. No Returns-Rentals or Rejects.

PRICES
☐ ✓ ONE FOR $12 ★ ☐ ✓ TWO FOR $20
☐ ✓ ALL THREE FOR ONLY $25.00!
(Just $8.25 Each!)
AVAILABLE IN ☐ ✓ VHS or ☐ ✓ BETA

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER – CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

PREMIERE VIDEO, Dept.# EY4 ★ 664 N. Michigan Ave. Suite 1010 - 2M40 ★ Chicago, Illinois 60611
RUSH Items Indicated. I Enclose $ _____ Plus $3 P & H.
☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check Fastest Service with Cash or M.O.
CANADIANS REMIT IN U.S. FUNDS. NO FOREIGN C.O.D.'S.
☐ Send C.O.D. I Enclose A $10 Deposit.

Name (Print) _____
Address/Apt. _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
Signature _____ I Am Over 19 Years.

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US.

Moving? We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form.

New Subscription or Renewal? One year of Penthouse is $30 in the U.S. $40 in Canada and overseas. Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount and allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Listing/Unlisting Service? Penthouse makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers. If you would like your name removed from this mailing list please check the appropriate box on the coupon.

PENTHOUSE
P.O. Box 6000, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621

Please check the appropriate box below. Payment must accompany order.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.
☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.

Name _____
Address _____
City State Zip

Attach mailing label

HAEP0

WOMEN'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

He exuded sex, and I was helplessly drawn to him. We gyrated beautifully to the slow strains of romantic melodies. I am, and always have been, madly attracted to black men and could feel myself weakening.

I looked at my watch and discovered that it was getting a bit late. He walked me to the women's staff room to get my coat. The room was empty.

Suddenly there I was: pressed up against my locker, passionately kissing my no longer platonic, no longer shy *friend*! Amid the textbooks and typewriters I felt a bit awkward, yet it was a beautiful, tender, and incredibly exciting experience. We gazed into each other's eyes. Fifteen years fell away from my life. I felt like a teenager after my first kiss!

With his lovely hand on my breast, he breathed into my ear, "I think we should go somewhere. . . ." I couldn't believe this! Urgently, we sneaked down to my art classroom and the office I shared with another teacher. The maintenance men were just outside, mopping in the corridor. This made it all the more exciting.

All of a sudden I looked up, and there he stood—all dark and sexy, clad in nothing but the tiniest of briefs. I began to laugh hysterically. This was extracurricular all right! But I was game if he was, and, from what I could see, he was!

"The lights," I hissed. "The cleaners will see us!" I raced around my classroom, almost naked, until he located the light switch, while I continued roaring out laughter in the office.

When he returned, I had undressed. But where could we do this? The floor was filthy—and hard. I sat on the other teacher's desk while Jeremy and I made love. Fortunately he was the right height to accommodate. We giggled and laughed, but it was very kinky and terrific. I knew, then and there, that Jeremy was a phenomenal lover. Even sitting on a desk, he was excellent. I was very amused by the fact that the other teacher would be sitting, come Monday, at the very same desk on which his colleague (me) had been royally fucked! Fortunately I have a stack of industrial-strength paper towels in my classroom. We couldn't believe what we had done: Two respected teachers had just made it, while the old bags and biddies boogied on nearby.

We became lovers after that. Sometimes, during our lunch hour, we would go to a clearing in the nearby woods and make love fantastically. Then we'd return to our classes, smiling and contented. Does that shock anyone out there? Well, teachers are human too (and horny—so I've discovered). Jeremy and I love each other, and we always will. I wonder how many students' exam sheets are soiled by the love juices of their teachers? Curious, isn't it? Maybe you readers should return to high school. The teachers are infinitely more interesting than their students. Believe me, I know.—*Name and address withheld*

HOPELESSLY HORNY

Men of all ages admire my full, voluptuous body, and I like that very much. I'm proud of my large uplifted breasts and like to go braless to emphasize my nipples. A tiny waist and a saucy ass on exceptionally long legs complete the picture men see. I seldom wear panty hose or panties, just nylons with a garter belt. My clothing fits like a second skin.

In crowded places, men like to press themselves against me from behind: like in elevators, you know, or standing in line, wherever people are congested. Invariably, some man will manage to maneuver behind me and plaster himself against me—always on the pretense, of course, that it's accidental. I've felt many a hard cock pressed against my ass in a lot of crowded places. I, too, act as if it's accidental and ignore it, but I know better! Some guys have even ejaculated in their pants while pressing against me!

One old dude at the office building I work in actually waits for me to arrive before he gets on the elevator each morn-

ing. The old coot stands behind me and gets his jollies by pressing his cock against my ass. What he doesn't know is that I enjoy it as much as he does! For an old dude, he can sure get it hard and stiff! Poor guy, he gets so worked up, he's gotten so he's started to lightly caress my hips and behind; I ignore it, pretending to be innocent and naive about it all. Sometimes, I think about that old coot: He'd probably die from a heart attack if I went to bed with him and allowed him to do what he wanted!

Everybody has hang-ups to some degree, and I guess teasing and giving men erections is mine. It makes my day when I can get at least one man hopelessly horny!—*Name and address withheld*

THE DREAM HOUSE

It's about 11:15 P.M. and my lover has just left. He has a hectic business appointment tomorrow, and we both agreed that some uninterrupted sleep in his own space was needed. I'm not at all sleepy, just relaxed and pleased with myself, like a smug cat—you know the kind of feeling you get after a superb evening of lovemaking? Like that. Since I'm awake, I've finally decided to share some of my feelings with your "Forum" readers.

My lover's name is Carl, mine is Georgette. We met about two years ago at a convention—a meeting that changed my life and my philosophy, because Carl is into bondage. He is also very fond of assfucking, a fantasy that I've had all of my active sexual life and never experienced until I met him. My story is about one of our first weekends together. It has since been repeated many times.

Carl owns a vacation house in a small picture-postcard town in Connecticut. It is old, lovingly built, made almost entirely of hand-hewn stones, and set on a hill among secret, giant trees. It's like a scene from *Snow White*. We took Friday off from our jobs and drove up early in the morning. We purchased groceries first, then found our way to the house. My belly was hollow, my heart thudding in my cunt, because Carl had described to me many times what I would find at his dream house. I was deliciously frightened.

We carried the bags into the kitchen and while I started a dinner that would simmer all day, Carl disappeared into the bedroom to "get things ready." When he emerged 20 minutes later, I was chopping and stirring, my belly more hollow than ever, my cunt slightly moist with excitement. Carl held me in the kitchen, his hands moving lightly over me, his mouth in my ear. Then he moved into the living room and lay down on the couch facing me. "Keep cooking," he whispered. "I can wait." He waited for ten minutes. Finally, the summons came. "Georgette, come to me. Put the fork down and come to me." The game we play always begins this way, with an order from Carl. I was not expected to obey immediately, and I didn't. Just a look over my shoulder and a pouty

X-RATED WATCH PRICE BREAK!

A quality LCD Chronograph/Chronometer that one touch turns into...

...an explicit animated X-Rated movie with throbbing Can-Can music!

From this to...

Ready to go

Oral pleasure

Making love

Not only is it a fine quality Quartz LCD Chronography/Chronometer, at the push of a button it's an X-Rated animated movie of a man and woman meeting, undressing and performing explicit sexual acts accompanied by rhythmic, throbbing Can-Can music and a special rendition of "La Marseillaise," the French National Anthem!

It was originally $79.95. Now it's yours for only $29.95, and we'll even throw in a gift box FREE!

NO-RISK TRIAL

Try out the X-Rated Watch for 30 days in the privacy of your home or show it off to all your friends. Use it to break the ice with new girls, score at parties or just as an accurate Chronograph/Chronometer with many fine features. Any way you use it, you must be completely satisfied or just return it for a full refund (including postage and handling). And, it comes with our complete 1-year warranty against defects.

This titillating timepiece will give you many hours of entertainment as well as the right time. It will make you the center of attention wherever you go as well as let you time sports events with lap time and split time accuracy. Its melody will wake you up for work on time, while even your boss will want to sneak a look at the animated X-Rated movie display.

But don't wait! Order several today and guarantee yourself one of the most unique timepieces available anywhere in the world. Don't delay. Order NOW! © 1984 CMG, Inc.

FINE WATCH FEATURES

1) Hours, minutes, seconds
2) Month, date, day of week
3) 24 hour melody alarm
4) Stop, lap and split time
5) Night light button
6) One-touch time correction
7) Adjustable stainless steel band

Visa & Mastercard holders NO C.O.D.'s

☎ Call TOLL FREE ☎

800-824-7888 Operator #125

24 hours a day... 7 days a week... including Sunday

In Cal. 800-852-7777 In Alaska & Hawaii 800-824-7919

21st Century Products, Dept. GMJ444
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, CT 06907

Please rush me _____ X-Rated Watches (#110SVR) at $29.95 each plus $3.85 postage, handling and insurance (Total: $33.80). Please include my free gift box with each watch. (N.Y. & CT. residents add sales tax)

I've enclosed my ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ credit card numbers. Total enclosed: $_____

Mr. Mrs.
Miss Ms. _____

Signature _____

I am over 18 years old

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Charge it: ☐ M.C. ☐ Visa Exp. date _____

Acct. # _____

Bank or Org. issuing card _____

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR INHIBITIONS

Our new 40 page color catalog of adult books, films, cassettes, erotic sex aids, condoms, lingerie and much more arrives in our **discreet envelope.** BOOKS, LOTIONS, SEX AIDS CAN BE YOURS FREE WITH EVERY ORDER!

STAMFORD HYGIENIC CORP. Dept. PP-70
733 Canal St., P.O. Box 932 Stamford, CT 06902

☐ **Free 40 page "For Lovers Only" Catalog.**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

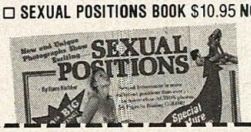
State _____ Zip _____

TRY OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFERS!
FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

☐ **SUPER GLIDE SEX LUBE** $6.95 **NOW $2.95!**

☐ **BEDTIME COLLECTION** $8.50 **NOW $3.95**
A random selection of 3 sex packed thrillers filled with love, lust and passion. Guaranteed to never collect dust.

☐ **SEXUAL POSITIONS BOOK** $10.95 **NOW $6.95!**



An incredible variation of positions in this 224 page book filled with explicit sections on sex. © 1984

WE DEVELOP EXPLICIT PHOTOS

UNCENSORED AND DISCREET

Send us your 110-126-135 color print film (C-41 process). We will develop, print, and return it to you in 24 HOURS. YOUR PRIVACY IS GUARANTEED.

12 Exp. $5.95/24 Exp. $8.95/36 Exp. $12.95

ADD $1.00 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING

ALL PHOTO SERVICES AVAILABLE

★ FAST ★ RELIABLE ★ QUALITY

SEND FILM & PAYMENT TO:

MALE ORDER PHOTOLABS • DEPT. PH

18718 Ventura Boulevard • Tarzana, CA 91356

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Payment enclosed $ _____

or Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

(MC Interbank No. _____) Exp.Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature of Cardholder _____

I certify that all models are of legal age. PH

remark about finishing dinner. Carl then became a bit angry and added a small threat to his previous command. Now I was to obey. The game had begun. I walked over to him slowly, the bulge in his jeans guiding my way. He sat up, pulled me down to him, and folded me in his arms with a small moan of satisfaction in his throat. Carl's mouth is like silk to me. I can make myself wet just by imagining the feel of his lips and tongue. It's sometimes frustrating to kiss him—the softness of his mouth makes me hungry. It's like needing a fix, and he knows it. He kissed me hard and fierce, running his tongue over my teeth then deep down my throat. My hollow belly jumped and growled. I was wearing a light cotton sweater, which he pulled off. He squeezed and rolled my full breasts with his palms and fingers. I stiffened automatically, waiting. Thus the game moved forward—I could not go back. He held me there for a long moment—squeezing, pinching, kissing. When his silken mouth moved to my breasts, I moaned with pleasure. His teeth closed over my tender nipples, bringing me pain again. Then he kissed them softly, running his tongue around each tip, gently. By the time Carl had slid my jeans and panties over my hips and dropped them to the floor, my cunt was slippery with excitement, aching to be filled. He loves that about me, my wetness, and how quickly he can cause it.

Having lightly probed my wetness with his fingers, he pushed me back on the cushions and reached behind him with a soft smile. "Now, darling, you must be cuffed," he said. "Give me your hands." I hesitated, my cunt jumped. They were about three inches wide, heavy, lined with black velvet, with a silver ring and a clip embedded near each buckle. He fastened the cuffs on each wrist, watching me under lowered eyes, checking to make sure they weren't uncomfortable. He kissed me again, saying how well I looked in black. "Now your ankles, Georgette." My ankles! My cunt bubbled as he pulled my legs forward and produced a second set of cuffs. He buckled them on softly. The last bond was a waist cuff, also set with rings and clips at regular intervals. He placed it on my hips, pausing to brush my nipples with his mouth. By now my insides felt loose and I needed to go to the bathroom. The request was quietly denied.

Carl smiled softly, folding me into his arms again. He pushed my arms behind my back, pressing my breasts against his now bare chest, probing my mouth with his hard tongue. His hands moved suddenly, sliding down to my cuffed wrists, and I heard the click as he fastened the cuffs together behind my back. I felt limp and hot. Again, the soft brush of mouth against nipple, the sharp pain of a bite. Then I was flipped forward across his knees like an errant child about to be spanked. "Keep your head down, don't look around," Carl commanded. Of course, I looked around, gasping in fear. I received a light slap on my ass for disobeying, then another. "I told you to keep your head down, Georgette. Do you want another?" "No!" I cried. "No, please!" He stroked my back and ass cheeks tenderly. Then I felt him move, reaching for something hidden. "Now you can look, my love. I want you to see this little gift I brought just for you."

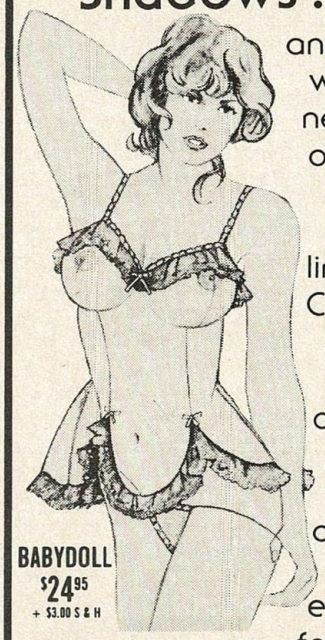
Hanging over his knees with my hands secured behind my back, it was difficult to move easily, and I protested his request. I was also afraid of what I would see. I turned my head and screamed at what Carl was holding. I had seen one before, in a catalog that comes in the mail now and then—lovingly described as "the ultimate anal exciter." It was flesh-colored rubber, shaped like an inverted cone, bluntly pointed at the narrow end, and flaring out at the wide end to about three inches in diameter. The thing was about four inches long. A skin-colored Christmas tree flashed through my mind. Embedded in its base was a small ring from which trailed three strips of leather. I started wriggling frantically across Carl's lap. "No! You can't do that! You'll split me in half. Please! How can you love me and hurt me so much?" He only held me tighter on his knees, stroking my bucking cheeks and sliding his fingers in and out of my dripping cunt. "Calm down," Carl said softly. "Now lie still while I oil our toy."

He touched me then, his fingers wet with cool lubricant. Slowly and lovingly his fingers slid into my tight, puckered secret. Then as quickly as Carl's fingers slid in, they were out, prying my ass cheeks apart and touching the blunted point of the plug to my quivering ass hole. My gasp and stiffening were automatic and impossible to prevent, and the plug fell away. Then his hands moved again, softly stroking my cheeks. "Let's try again, sweet love. Now you know you must relax and not fight me. You're going to enjoy this."

This time I forced myself to accept the blunted tip. He pushed it in slowly, then out, then in again. Each push sent the cone deeper into my tight passage. He talked to me softly, telling me how beautiful my ass was, how it should always be full for him, how he would make me wear the plug all day, someday. Then suddenly it was all the way in. I could feel its weight—intruding, demanding, erotic—and I wondered if his prick would feel the same when the time came.

"Now I must make sure you don't shit it out." I felt movement, a slight pull on the plug, and heard the click as he snapped on the plug's leather thongs onto one of the waist-belt rings. "Now stand up, my darling, and don't try to push it out." He helped me to my feet, smiling softly, brushing the wetness from my face, flicking my nipples with his tongue and fingers. I felt violated and impaled, shak-

Step into the Shadows . . .



and shine with our new line of erotic and exotic lingerie. Call and order today or send $3.00 for our catalog of exciting fashions.

BABYDOLL
$24.95
+ $3.00 S & H

Shadows

800-458-3000
220 Shrewsbury Ave.
Red Bank, NJ 07701
All Major Credit Cards accepted

PENTHOUSE STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Statement of ownership, management, and circulation (Act of August 12, 1970; Section 3685. Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: PENTHOUSE. 2. Date of filing: September 14, 1984. 3. Frequency of issue: Published monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023. 5. Location of headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Publisher and Editor, R.C. Guccione, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023; Managing Editor, Claudia Valentino, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023. 7. Owner: The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023; R.C. Guccione, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023; A Trust for the Benefit of the R.C. Guccione Family, Georgetown, Grand Cayman. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: NONE. Average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies printed: 5,257,957. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales, 3,156,643. (2) Mail subscriptions, 193,503. C. Total paid circulation: 3,350,146. D. Free distibution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary and other free copies, 10,831. (2) Copies distributed to news agents but not sold: 1,879,910. E. Total distribution: 3,360,977. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 17,070. G. Total: 5,257,957. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total number of copies printed: 5,123,294. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 3,270,876. Mail subscriptions: 196,556. C. Total paid circulation: 3,467,432. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: (1) Samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 5,700. (2) Copies distributed to news agents but not sold: 1,634,822. E. Total distribution: 3,473,132. F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 15,340. G. Total: 5,123,294. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete: David J. Myerson, Executive Vice President

ing with rage and excitement. I thought how I would enjoy doing the same thing to him. Maybe my turn would come later

Carl reached between my legs for the two remaining thongs and clipped them to the two other rings. "This will stay there until I remove it. Do you understand, my darling?" Again, he used the tone of threat, spoken with seduction and anticipation of my resistance. My refusal to let him own me completely was part of the game and his ultimate goal. I nodded quietly. The feeling of helplessness frightened and excited me. Carl said that the pain made me more aware of the pleasure. The well-bred social part of me said it was wrong, even kinky.

Carl then unclipped my wrist cuffs, and drawing my hands around to my belly, he fastened them together again. He pushed me gently down on the couch. He knelt beside the couch, his skin shining in the sunlit room. He took my face in his hands and that satin mouth found my own with a long and hungry kiss. God! I wanted him. I needed to scream with wanting him, and hating him, and needing him, and loving him. His fingers trailed across my breasts, tightening suddenly on my nipples. My body arched and I cried into his mouth. He let go and slid his fingers down my shaking belly and inside my cunt. I moaned, pushing my hips forward, feeling his fingers against the pressure of the plug in my ass. They probed up, then down, searching for the spot that would drive me into a frenzy of pleasure. I wanted my hands free to touch him, to pull him into me, but he held them with his free hand, refusing me the pleasure of holding him. I was totally his for the evening.

There is a place deep inside my cunt that turns icy-hot when Carl touches it. I squirmed and twisted against his fingers, afraid of losing my control and yet wishing to do so and explode. My ass hole rippled around the heavy plug. My need to come was now becoming urgent. But Carl held me off. When he finally yielded to my pleas and his pleasure, I burst in a shuddering climax.

Carl brought me down slowly, stroking me, whispering. When the quivering stopped, he sat on the floor and pulled me down to him, cradling me in his arms and unsnapping the wrist cuffs so I could hold him. We sat, rocking quietly for several minutes. He finally wiped my tears and stood, pulling me up to face him, softly tapping the plug between my cheeks, smiling. "Here's your top, sweet-ass. Put it on and finish dinner for us. I'll pour some wine." I asked, carefully, about the plug. "Can't I take it out now? It's uncomfortable." He kissed me softly. "Is it? You'll stay full, my darling, until I say so." My ass hole pounding, I shivered, then turned and walked toward the kitchen. I walked carefully, aware of his eyes on my backside and how he smiled, imagining the hours ahead in his dream house.—*Name and address withheld*

Gone with the wind.

We could lose our national symbol . . . the majestic bald eagle.

Once man drives eagles out of their nesting areas, they rarely return. Today there are only about 1,400 pairs of eagles known to be nesting in the lower 48 states.

We can save the eagle by establishing eagle preserves. You can help. Join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 102, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Let's keep the eagle around another hundred years.

12 FREE Full-Color 32 Page SEXUAL PHOTO BOOKS!

Nothing more to buy—No other obligation, ever

Just include minimal P&H charge.

Our company, and particularly our exclusive photo book service for sexual connoisseurs called *Passport to Pleasure*, has built up quite a reputation for delivering the best, hottest, most orgasmic sexual photo books in the world at incredible discounts.

Each of our photo books is filled to the brim with beautiful people doing anything and everything to excite themselves, each other, and YOU! Now, for nothing but a small postage and handling fee, you will get to enjoy as much as 12 full-color, 32 page sexual samplers. But don't wait. This super introductory offer may be withdrawn without notice. Act NOW! ©1984 CMG, Inc.

21st Century Products, Dept. TMJ444
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, CT 06907

Gentlemen:
Please rush me the 32 page full-color sexual photo books indicated below in a plain package. I have enclosed $1.85 p&h for each. Total enclosed: $ _____

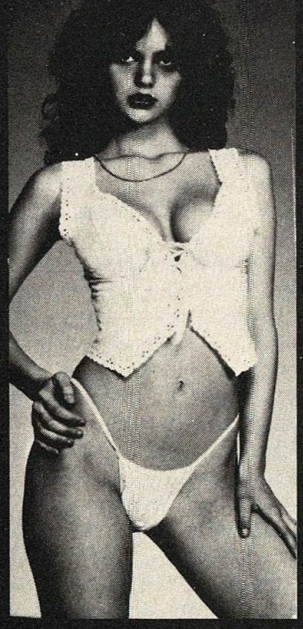
- ☐ #020 Seka's The One
- ☐ #016 Anal Lovers
- ☐ #017 Oriental Box
- ☐ #018 Oral Babes
- ☐ #019 Head Masters
- ☐ #021 Naughty Vanessa
- ☐ #022 Hot & Cool Les Girls
- ☐ #023 The Lesbians
- ☐ #024 Oral Gay Men
- ☐ #025 All-Male Sex
- ☐ #026 Last Licks (Gay)
- ☐ #027 Gay Climaxes

SAVE ☐ **#028 ALL 12 full-color 32 pg. photo books FREE plus $20-p&h**

Special ☐ Here's $1.00 extra p&h. Send information on *Passport to Pleasure*, your connoisseur's photo book service, and how I can get $50.00 worth of free sexual photo books plus nine other free bonuses.

NOTICE: SIGNATURE AND P&H REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!
I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe than my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____
Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
VOID OUTSIDE U.S. OR WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW



NICOLE — Tightly fitting camisole top and g-string panty are beautifully made of white eyelet 100% cotton. Camisole is designed to round each breast perfectly and lies at the cleavage with soft satin bows.
Sizes: P(7-8), S(9-10), M(11-12), L(13-15). Just $18.50.

FREE PHOTO BOOK!

To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers we're making an unprecedented intoductory offer. A FREE 176-page book bursting with dozens of explicit, close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just $2.00 for postage and handling.

SEXUAL SPECIALTIES

An Adam & Eve exclusive Sexual Specialties From Around The World is a complete illustrated guidebook of sexual preferences, taboos, specialties, and unusual techniques collected from around the globe! From places such as Japan, Sweden and France you'll learn hot love secrets that turn private lives into international incidents! 160 pages with over 100 full page photos. A $5.95 value for only $3.95. (Money-back guarantee)

SEXUAL POSITIONS

Would you believe 12 variations of the Missionary Position alone? This incredible turn-on of a book is just bursting with the most imaginative sexual positions ever, with new photographs never before published anywhere! 224 action packed pages in color and black and white — plus a special feature, flip-corner "movies" of a couple in action. Treat yourself and your lover to an unforgettable experience! "New Sale Price" $8.95. Your money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER: Buy all 4 books and SAVE! Just $17.50!!

THE COMPLETE MANUAL OF SEXUAL POSITIONS

Brand new book of sexual positions with over 200 photos — many in blazing color — features foreplay, the P.C. muscle, threesomes and a multitude of positions for couples including anal and oral. Special section on the "G spot" tells women how to achieve intense orgasms of unbelievable power. Explicit 7"x10" paperback is the most complete picture book of sexual positions ever offered. Just $9.95.

SPECIAL CONDOMS!

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives, including Trojans, ribbed Texture Plus, and NEW DOUBLE PLAY, the revolutionary new condom that stimulates both inside and outside. For men who prefer a snugger fit, we offer Sims — the condom that is 5% smaller. Choose from 33 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Sample pack of 21 condoms $6.00.

GUARANTEE — Use and enjoy your Adam & Eve sexual aids for 10 days! If you are not absolutely satisfied with your order, you may return the merchandise to us, and your money will be refunded in full — no questions asked!

FREE MYSTERY GIFT: With any order placed using the coupon below we will send a free mystery gift! Worth $3.50, this sexy gift will please the most demanding lover!

Send check or money order to:
Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900, Dept. PH-104 Carrboro, NC 27510
ADAM & EVE® FGM

Please rush under moneyback guarantee:

- ☐ #9W Nicole (Size ___) $18.50
- ☐ #FB2 Free Photo Book (P&H Only) ..... $ 2.00
- ☐ #H13 Sexual Specialties ..... $ 3.95
- ☐ #H4 Sexual Positions ..... $ 8.95
- ☐ #26G Complete Manual of Sexual Positions ..... $ 9.95
- ☐ #G15 All 4 Books ..... SAVE! $17.50
- ☐ #C4 Special Condom Sampler ..... $ 6.00
- ☐ #FGM Free Mystery Gift with all orders!!!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
OVER 900,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS!!

IN THE DECEMBER
VARIATIONS
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

CANDID SHOTS OF A NUDE LADY
She's shy about her body; her husband's a photography buff. Find out how he gets her to open up to his camera and to become a much sexier woman in the process.

DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS
A guide for every man who's ever wanted to penetrate his ladylove's nether regions, this frank account of one man's anal seduction of his inhibited woman is a must-read.

JINGLE BELLS AND TINGLING TENDERHOOKS
Plastic wrap, a tight-fitting corset, some exotic leather gear—there's no end to the lengths this couple will go in their quest for an ultimate bondage experience.

VIVE LA DIFFÉRENCE
Read this electrifying account of how a middle-aged woman learns to live and love again in the beds of obligingly attentive, endlessly virile young men.

BLISS IN THE BATH
A young woman learns to go with the flow as her man initiates her into the delights of steamy, sensuous, deeply arousing bathing.

SULTRY SCENARIOS
It's improvisational-theatre time for this imaginative young couple who write, produce, and then perform in the hottest vignettes that they can think up.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

weather started getting warmer, I could see that her clothing was diminishing. On one of the first warm spring days, she came outside to work on her garden. At first she had on a long-sleeve shirt and a pair of jeans. After about an hour of working on her plants, she took a bunch of them back inside. The next time she came out, she had changed her shirt and jeans for a T-shirt and a pair of cutoff shorts. Every once in a while she would bend over and I could see that there was nothing under her shirt—except, of course, for her full tits. I knew then that it was going to be an enjoyable summer.

As the weather got warmer, I got used to seeing my neighbor walk around the yard in skimpy outfits. One day I looked out and she was in a string bikini. I almost fainted on sight. As she lay face down on the towel, my cock got hard as a rock. Imagine my delight when she reached around and untied her top. I could see the mounds of her breasts pressing into the towel. After a while, she untied her suit bottom and exposed the white flesh of her ass to the sun. I was in heaven: Here was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen lying with her ass facing me. To keep from burning, she rubbed lotion into her skin from time to time. It seemed that the rubbing lasted longer than necessary, but I was not about to complain. I did not know how much more I could take. After about 45 minutes, she retied her strings and walked back into the house. I thought the show was over.

A half hour later she proved me wrong. This time she walked over to the towel and lay down on her back. I started to tremble. She lay there for several minutes, then reached up and pulled off her suit top. Here were the tits I had been dreaming of for several months. As she put the lotion all over, she gently rubbed her cunt through her suit. Without thinking or caring I stood up, pulled my pants down, and started to stroke my prick. I was still playing with myself when she suddenly sat up and looked right at me. I could contain my orgasm no longer and shot off all over the window.

I thought that she would cover up and leave. Again I was wrong. She must have liked being watched, because she lay back down and started to rub more lotion on her body. Then she untied her bikini bottom and threw it to the side. Slowly at first, then with a frenzy, she played with her cunt. I could see her fingers slipping in and out of her pussy. As her back arched, I could tell she was climaxing. She lay there for a little while longer, then slowly got up. She left her suit on the ground and went in.

Since this episode, she rarely wears anything when she comes outside. Now she sunbathes and masturbates in the yard several times a week. I usually watch and play with myself until I come. She has not acknowledged me again, so I don't know if she enjoys playing for me as much as I enjoy watching. I know that she reads *Penthouse*, and I hope that she sees this letter.—*Name and address withheld*

HEAT RELIEF

One hot day I decided to get some relief from the heat by lying on my bed with no clothes on. Forgetting about my new neighbor, I opened all the windows and sprawled out on the bed to let the cool breeze caress my body. After reading a few pages of a dull book, I dropped off to sleep.

After my short nap, I awoke and looked out the window. To my surprise the woman next door was looking out her window with a pair of binoculars. Feeling aroused by this, I decided to give her something to look at. I picked up my *Penthouse* and read a few "Forum" stories. It did not take long for my cock to reach its full height of hardness.

I stood in front of the window and stretched to give her a clear view of my hot meat. When I did this I noticed her hand was on her crotch, working frantically. I then turned around and bent over to pick up my cutoffs, giving her a view of my ass. Then I left the room.

When my wife came home from work, I was so excited that I decided to give her supper in bed—in front of the open windows. I did not tell her our new neighbor may be watching us, because my wife is very timid and would not fuck me if she knew someone was watching. The lady was back at her window, with her binoculars in one hand and her cunt in the other. Not being able to take any more of this excitement, I entered my wife's juicy cunt. As we fucked, I looked over at our peeping Tina. She had her head tilted back, and her fingers buried deep inside her gyrating cunt.

About an hour after my wife went back to work, I heard a knock at the door. There stood my new neighbor. Even better-looking up close than she was from my window. She had dirty-blond hair and shapely tanned legs. She was still in her bikini and carrying a six-pack of beer. She said that she wanted to get acquainted.

I learned that she was 22, single, new in town, and her name was Julie. After we drank a few beers and made small talk, Julie commented on our hot weather and wanted to know what we did around here to cool off. I told her I like to get naked and lie on my bed. The ice was broken.

Her face became flushed and her legs separated to give me a better look at her bikini-covered snatch. Realizing my opportunity I told her in great detail how wonderful and relaxing it was to lie around in the nude. With the memory still fresh in her mind of my show a couple of hours earlier, she started to get horny. Her legs parted more, revealing the outline of her pussy. She squirmed in her chair and

commented on how warm it was getting. Noticing her condition I decided to tell her that I saw her watching me as I played with my cock and fucked my wife. She confessed that she could not help but watch and that it made her box hot. Soon her hand went behind her back and undid her top, exposing her firm tits with erect nipples. She asked if we could go to my room and cool off.

As I led her to the bedroom, she was unsnapping my cutoffs. She sat me on the bed and teased me with her hard nipples as she removed my shorts. It was not long before she was deep-throating me and licking my balls. She then stood and removed her bottoms. As they hit the floor I pulled her tanned body to me so I could explore her nicely trimmed cunt with my tongue. While my tongue parted her pussy lips, she pushed me back onto the bed and sat on my face. As I ate her succulent slit, she turned around to assume a sixty-nine position. I licked and sucked her clit until I felt her body tense. She started moaning, begging me to bury my tongue in her hole and taste her juices. By then I was ready to shoot my hot load. I ran my tongue around her exposed creamy ass hole which made her scream with delight. She turned to face me and started lowering her cunt onto my thick cock for a ride I will never forget.

She had the hottest and tightest hole I have ever felt wrapped around my shaft. As I filled her tight cunt, she told me how much she needed a hard dick. She begged me to fuck her little cunt. As she spoke she reached back between my legs and grabbed my balls and ran her finger over my ass hole. All of this was too much for me to handle. I shot my hot come into her inviting cunt. After a few more hard and deep thrusts from me, Julie exploded into orgasm. After a short rest to cool ourselves, I was back between her thighs. For the first time I ate my own come out of a pussy.

As our lovemaking came to an end, she asked if my wife knew she was watching us. I told her now, because my wife would not approve. She said she was interested in making it with both my wife and me. I will work on getting my wife to agree to a threesome, but until then our neighbor will remain a secret. And my wife and I will be making love more often with the windows open—for Julie's satisfaction and mine.—*Name and address withheld*

RING MY BELL

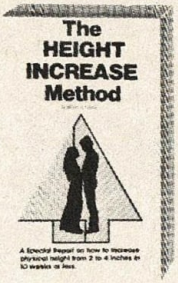
My girlfriend Sheila and I were together at a local bar last Thursday when she decided to go home alone. I was sorry to see her go, because I love to party with her and was looking forward to one of our good fucks. We've had a few problems lately, but we seem to be reviving things between the sheets.

Like the night before—we both had really loosened up and done something new. We masturbated in front of each other, and it was a tremendous turn-on.

Are You Too Short?

"You can add 2-4 inches in 10 weeks or less!"
Says William A. Reldnas

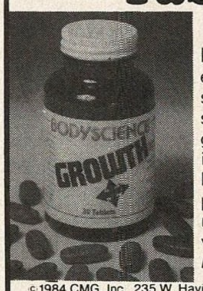
"I have positive proof you can increase your height. Here are the indisputable facts.



"For many years, scientists believed height increase was not possible after the end of childhood. Recent factual data proves they were wrong. If athletes can increase the length of their limbs AFTER the age of puberty, you can certainly increase the length of your legs and complete torso and, you can do it scientifically, without artificial contraptions or possible injury by using The Height Increase Method."

While it may not yet be acceptable scientific dogma, the research sources are well known and respected scientific journals. And what's more important, if you're not 100% satisfied that *The Height Increase Method* is living up to all of Reldnas's claims, simply send it back for an immediate refund, no questions asked. Isn't that fair? Order your copy right away. Do it now!

Free Growth+ Tablets



Scientific research that has yet to be clinically evaluated has identified substances that may stimulate the pituitary gland to release a chemical known as Growth Hormone. A 30-day supply of these all-natural nutrients is yours FREE when you order ***The Height Increase Method.***

©1984 CMG, Inc. 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903

Mail No-Risk Coupon Today

The Height Report, Dept.HMJ444
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Gentlemen: Please RUSH me William A. Reldnas's ***Height Increase Method*** which I may inspect at no risk for 30 days, plus my free supply of ***Growth+*** tablets.If I am not satisfied for any reason, I may return my order for a prompt refund in full. I enclose my check or money order for $19.95 plus $1.75 p&h (Total: $21.70, N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax). Code #969F

Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss_____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

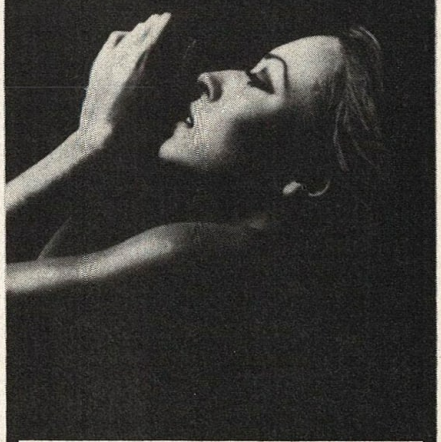
☐ Visa ☐ M.C. Exp. date _____

Account # _____

Bank or Org. issuing card _____

Canadian residents add 25% and send to The Height Report, Suite #207, P.O. Box 2213, Postal Station "P", Toronto, Ontario M5S 2T2.

Premature Ejaculation?



HOW "STUD 100" SPRAY FOR MEN CAN HELP!!

STUD 100 World Famous Delay Spray for Men can make an important contribution to all men who wish to prolong sexual pleasure and satisfaction for themselves and their partners.

STUD 100 is applied in advance of intercourse, reducing over sensitivity and helping to avoid premature ejaculation. Made in England under strict quality control supervision. It is colorless, odorless, slightly lubricating local anaesthetic.

STUD 100 is discreetly packed in a small 3" spray container with controlled dosage. This unique formulation has achieved worldwide acclaim and success.

STUD 100 adds to your sexual confidence, and gives the help you've been looking for, in obtaining greater sexual pleasure and satisfaction. Available at progressive Drug stores or order direct with coupon.

To: Dept. PH2
Pound International
919 Third Ave., NYC, NY 10022

Rush me___ cans STUD 100 at $7.50 each

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

NY Residents add Sales Tax.
Price includes postage and handling.
Pay by check or money order.

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD - Exp. Date _____

CARD NO. _____

SIGNATURE _____

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. P-12-84
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

60 MINUTE VIDEOS

Sex Goddesses

FEATURING
Eleven of the Hottest Girls Today.
INCLUDING Tina Marie, Cody Nicole, Cara Lott, Laune Smith, Janey Robbins, Erica Boyer, Tracey Donovan & More! Complete with Original Soundtrack. 60 Minutes Each Volume. 3 Hours Total in VHS or BETA. MFG Suggested Retail $59 Each. Your Cost

ONLY $8.50
each, when purchasing all 3 volumes

☐ ✔ **Volume One**
Two sex-starved rock promoters literally tear a budding young singer in half . . .

☐ ✔ **Volume Two**
An unlimited sex carnival of oral & anal sex . . .

☐ ✔ **Volume Three**
A sizzling 4-way ending in climactic seminal explosions.

— PRICES —
☐ ✔ One for $12, ☐ ✔ Two for $20
☐ ✔ All Three for only $25
Available in ☐ ✔ VHS - or ☐ ✔ BETA

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
All Videos are approx. 60 minutes each. Full color & sync sound - 100% uncensored - action - no returns - rentals or rejects.

Use Entire Ad to Order - Check Prices & Selections

VIDEO EXPRESS, Dept EY4, . 664 N. Mich. Ave.
Suite 1010 - 2M40 - Chicago, Illinois 60611
RUSH Items Indicated. I Enclose $ _____ Plus $3 P & H
☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check **Fastest Service with Cash or M.O.**
CANADIANS REMIT IN U.S. FUNDS. NO FOREIGN C.O.D.'S.
☐ Send C.O.D. I Enclose A $10 Deposit

Name (Print) _____
Address/Apt. _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
Signature/Age/Date _____ I am over 19 Years.

The scene just kind of developed while I was burying my face in Sheila's cunt. She was very hot, and her fingers moved in to take the place of my mouth. The next thing I knew she was totally lost in self-satisfaction. I just sat between her legs, watching her fingers dance over places only she knew needed touching. She brought herself to a beautiful orgasm with all her familiar gasps, moans, and little yelps tingling in my ears.

When she calmed down and caught her breath, she said it was my turn. I was on her in a second, ready to fuck, but she stopped me and said she wanted to watch me jack off on her. I grabbed some lotion off the nightstand, greased up, and knelt across her stomach, looking down past my dick and right into her eyes. She couldn't wait for my come to start splashing. Her verbal urges and body squirming under me drove me to immediate orgasm: I shot white gobs of hot come across her breasts, shoulders, and open mouth, and fell in exhaustion.

These were my thoughts as I watched Sheila leave the bar.

I went home about an hour later and was sound asleep when about 3 A.M. Sheila called to say she was horny and couldn't sleep. We bantered back and forth about who was going to get up and go visit the other one, when the talk started getting steamy. Sheila said she loved the sight of me stroking myself over her face. Well, this statement produced an instant hard-on for me, and I told her about it. Then she said her hand was on her pussy just like the night before. And we were off to the races, urging each other on. I told her to think of my fingers in her cunt, and that quickened her raspy breathing. She wanted to know how my hand felt inside her pussy. She said that I should replace my fingers with my dick and then told me to pull out to shoot my come into her mouth. Even though we were fifteen miles apart it felt as if she was in bed with me. Two minutes later Sheila was gasping in my ear, and I had a belly covered with my own come.

Of course I wanted to hold her then and couldn't, but the feelings were great. We may never duplicate this experience, but it has sure given us a new feeling for each other.

So, friends, if things are lagging a bit with your lover, try a little variation. Something new *can* renew!—*Name and address withheld*

AFTERNOON DELIGHT

I knew when I met her that I was in trouble. We met at a party where we were both with our spouses. It was her beautiful eyes, warm smile, and beauty that drew me closer to her. She felt drawn too, and it was not long before we were dancing. The music soon slowed, and we danced closer and closer to each other. She felt my dick getting hard and pressed her pelvis against it. Things could have really gotten out of hand if our respective partners hadn't been close at hand. She asked me to call her next week at work and gave me her phone number.

We met at a restaurant on the bay, across from the yacht club. She was more pretty than I had realized and was dressed like a fox. Our attraction was intense, and after a few drinks we were looking for a more private place to explore each other's feelings. I started talking about a sailing experience of mine, when she said, "Let's go to my boat!"

Everyone must have known what we were up to—me dressed in a business suit, she in a nice dress, heading down the gangway toward her boat, in the middle of the late afternoon. Once inside, she locked the door, then turned, and melted into my arms. My hand went for her tit, her hand for my dick. It didn't take long for me to get her blouse off. Her breasts were beautiful—nice and firm, with taut nipples begging to be sucked. My hand found her wet crotch soaked through her panties. They came off quickly. Her cunt was light brown in color, and I could see her clit just waiting for my attention.

I wanted to dive my tongue into her pussy, but she wanted my clothes off, pronto! My dick sprang loose when she pulled my shorts off. She put one hand on my shaft, and the other under my balls,

and her mouth over the head of my proud cock. She really knew what she was doing. She gave me one of the best blowjobs I'd ever had. I kept on coming, and she kept on taking it all. I knew then that I had found a remarkable woman. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined I could feel such pleasure. Sure I loved my wife, but can a man love two women at the same time? I was confused and very happy about it. I'd worry about the complications later; right now I'd enjoy myself.

We went forward to the big bunk over the sail locker, and it was my turn to make her happy. I began by kissing her all over: starting from her lips, to her ears and neck, to her breasts, stomach, and then the insides of her thighs. By the time I reached her pussy, her cunt was wetter than I could believe, and my tongue traced its way around her lips and then to her clit. With pinpoint precision and explicit instructions, I located her most sensitive spot with my index finger. She came almost before my tongue's third stroke and squeezed my head between her thighs. She told me in a husky voice that she wanted my cock buried deep inside her. I shoved my impatient rod in until I could push no further. I stretched her elastic twat to the limit. Her pussy muscles sucked at my cock as she came again.

We made love all afternoon—with my dick sliding in and out of her beautiful pussy, and our mouths enjoying the fruits of each other's lovemaking. I hated to leave, but I had to. Actually, I had to tear myself away. I'll never forget the loving look in her beautiful eyes as I drove away.

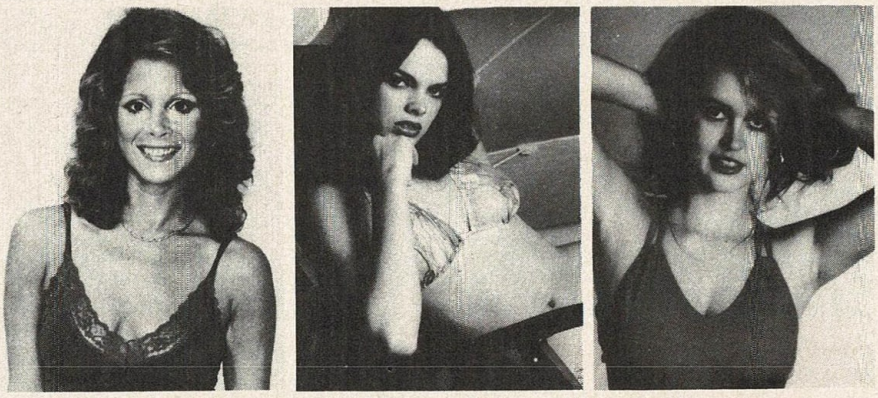
That afternoon was many years ago. She has moved to the East Coast with her husband. However, we have kept in close contact and each time she is in town, we take the opportunity to bring each other happiness.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Year Linda Kenton was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. Linda appears on this month's cover, and on page 131. Pet of the Month Angela Mineo, who appears on page 95, was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F-2 Photomic camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Carol and Lynn were photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. They appear on page 76.

Get Any Girl Within 5 Minutes and PAY NOTHING!



My 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control will have you Scoring at work, at parties, even on the street!

It's true! *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put Psychic Mind Control to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women...the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want you. You will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it every time!

It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you use these 7 steps, you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours within 5 minutes!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* from J.M. in Madison, Conn.:

"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I have a good sense of humor. Somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the really beautiful women who turned me on.

"Your 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time.

"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore. I know I'm going to get more than my share and it would amaze you if you knew how many really sexy ladies ask ME to sleep with THEM now!

"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough!"

Turn Women Into Putty

The results enjoyed by J.M. can be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. I will show you how to harness just that extra bit to get that "edge," and use it to turn women into putty. You will approach women differently than ever before. You will be confident of success with ANY woman you desire!

Just read these *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* and give it a try. After your first few conquests, women will think you've always had this gift. Sometimes when you use the powers of Psychic Mind Control you won't have to say a thing. She will feel it, be moved by it, and SHE will approach YOU as if your thoughts were her desires.

My *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gets right to the point, giving you an easy method for getting the girls you've always wanted...no matter where they are, no matter when. So, live out your fantasies, while your friends beg you for the secret! Take your first step to scoring with beautiful women, today. Order *now*!

Let Us Take the Risk!

Just fill out the coupon below and postdate your check for 30 days from today! You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but we will send you *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control*, NOW! Try it. Use it. Approach any woman you desire. That's right, *ANY* woman.

If for any reason you're not delighted with the results, send it back. We will return your check or money order UNCASHED! Even if you send it back later we'll still refund your purchase price. Thousands of satisfied customers make us bold enough to offer you this super guarantee!

©1983 CMG Inc., 235 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Ct. 06903

Mail No-Risk Coupon Today

21st Century Products, Dept. PMJ444
P.O. Box 4228, Springdale, Ct. 06907

Please rush my *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* in plain wrapper. I enclose my check or money order for $10 plus $1 p&h (Total: $11.00. N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return my *7 Steps* within 30 days for a prompt refund (less postage and handling, of course), no questions asked.
☐ Check here if you want us to hold your check or money order uncashed for 30 days.

Mr. Mrs.
Ms. Miss _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

277

COMING IN THE JANUARY PENTHOUSE

TOM CHIAPEL

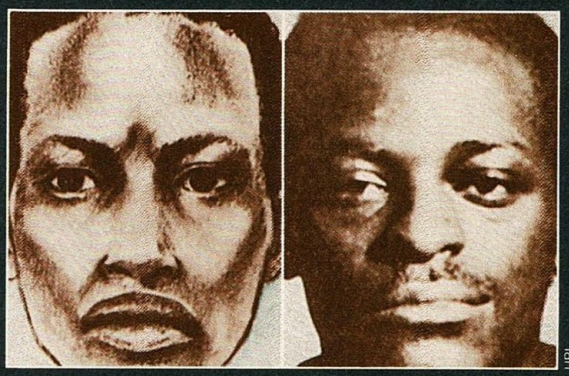
VANESSA—BOUND FOR GLORY

The September 1984 Anniversary Issue of *Penthouse* was the all-time instant best-selling magazine, thanks to the exclusive nude photographs of Miss America, Vanessa Williams. Next month, you'll be able to see a *second* portfolio of photographs of Vanessa, pictures that reveal another entire dimension of eroticism and sensuality. Vanessa has said that it was the existence of these secret pictures that convinced her to resign her crown. "People wouldn't forgive a second mistake," she said. Be that as it may, you'll want to make sure to reserve your copy of January's *Penthouse* right now . . . not to miss out on what's sure to be yet another special collector's edition.

ERIC MEOLA

BLUE ANGELS

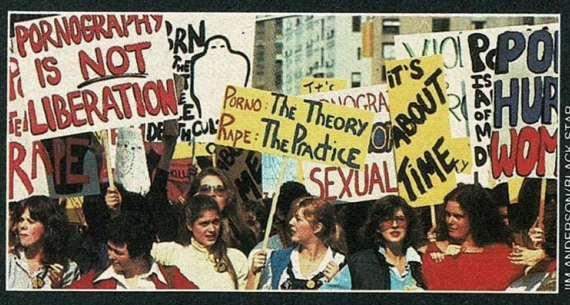
We have all heard of the Navy's exhibition flight team, the Blue Angels. But how many of us have had the opportunity of flying with these courageous and daring young aviators? In an exclusive *Penthouse* photo essay, photographer Eric Meola and writer Peter Manso have captured, firsthand, the spirit of these ballsy and charismatic flyers who transform military tactics into an art form of balletic air stunts.



UPI

SACRILEGE!

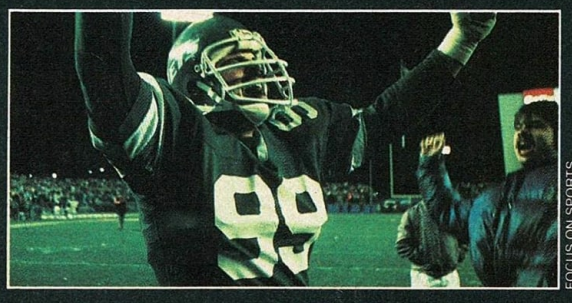
Even to hard-bitten New York City detectives the crime was horrible and almost unthinkable. Two men had broken into a Harlem convent, grabbed a nun, beat her mercilessly, then raped and sodomized her, stuck a broom handle up her, and—finally—carved 27 crosses into her body using a sharpened nail file. Before leaving the woman for dead, the criminals urinated over her violated body. The crime, writes Bob Guccione Jr., "cast a gray pall over this normally dispassionate city and, while the nun's desecraters remained free, suspended it there." In a thrilling, in-depth police story, Guccione reports on how two cops, seeing their work as a mission from God, broke the case in three days—earning the gratitude of millions of New Yorkers and the daily prayers of the recovered nun who lived to forgive her tormentors.



JIM ANDERSON/BLACK STAR

STOP THE PRESSES

Every day an increasing number of fanatics—including religious groups, feminists, the New Right, housewives, and even bureaucrats within our own government—are working to restrict what you can read or look at in the privacy of your own home. Their efforts result in censoring news documentaries, throwing literary classics out of libraries, and halting the sale of magazines and textbooks and the broadcasting of TV programs. Even *Webster's Dictionary* has been cited as obscene. *Penthouse*'s regular monthly compendium will—with your help—report from the front lines on these battles in this continuing war against our basic freedoms.



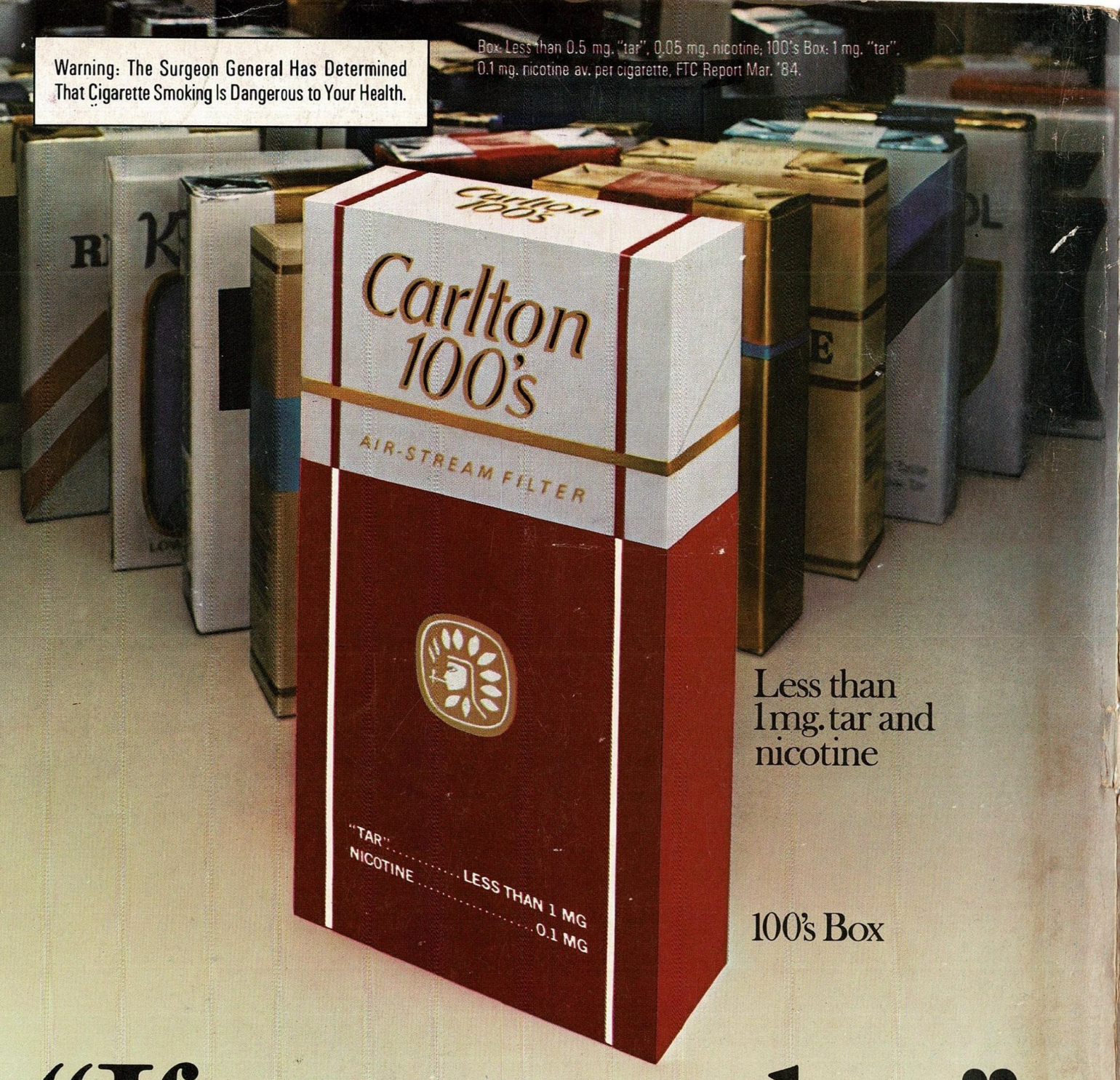
FOCUS ON SPORTS

MARK GASTINEAU INTERVIEW

The black sheep of the New York Jets has earned the distinction of being the highest paid player in the NFL as well as being the first man ever to have a rule passed against him by the league. No longer allowed to celebrate his controversial "sack dance" on the field, the best pass rusher in the league discusses this dubious honor—as well as other players' demands for equal pay (or "Gastineau money"), his hopes for the Jets, his turbulent relationship with his teammates, and why he is worth $750,000 a season—in an outspoken, exclusive *Penthouse* interview with Lawrence Linderman.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY •
86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

It's enough to make you want to get lost.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

Less than 1mg. tar and nicotine

100's Box

"If you smoke..."

...please try Carlton 100's Box.

Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.